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REAL WEST

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

THE MAN WHO TOOK
CUSTER'S PLACE

BOONE HELM
MAN-BEAST
OF THE FRONTIER

NED BUNTLINE
& BUFFALO BILL

THE MYSTERIOUS
MESSAGE

KNIGHTHOOD
THE COWBOY'S
HERITAGE

MORE FACTS REVEALED
JESSE JAMES' DEATH

THIS ISS
THE PPACE PIPE
SMOKED BY YOGAANT,
TWO MOONS
CRAZY DOG,
AND OTHER CHIEFS
ENDING THE WAR
THAT KILLED
CUSTER. (PG. 16)

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Volume XIV
Number 99
December, 1971

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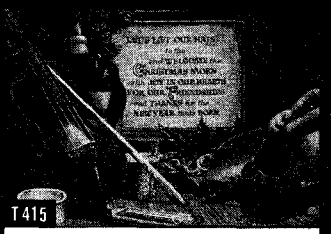

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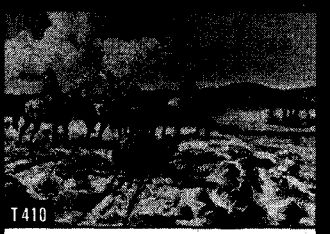

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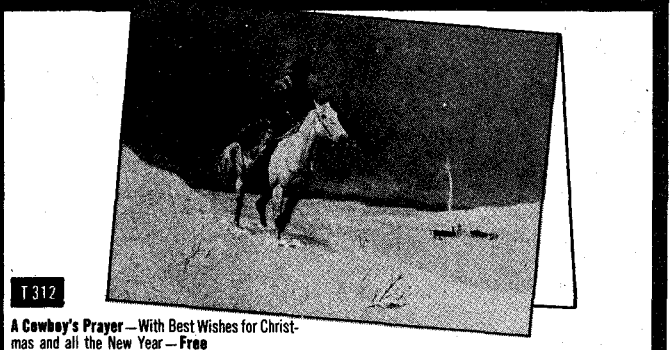


T 312

A Cowboy's Prayer — With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year — **Free**

T 402

Stablemates — May there come to you this Holiday time the precious things of life, etc. — **Dick**

T 418

From Our Ranch to Your Ranch — The folks at our place all join in to say..."Happy Holiday" — **Thomas**

T 532

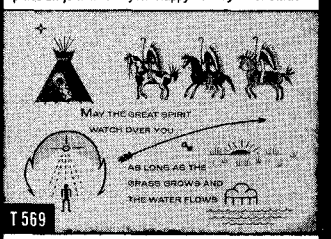
Greetings — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to Your Outfit from Ours — **Paris**

T 561

"Open face of heaven,..." — May every happiness be yours at Christmas, etc. — **Lowdermilk**

T 412

Ridin' In — To wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year chuck full of Happiness — **Long**



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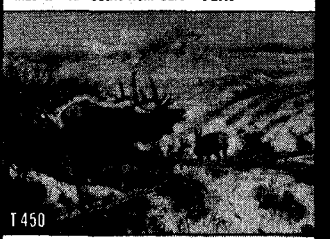

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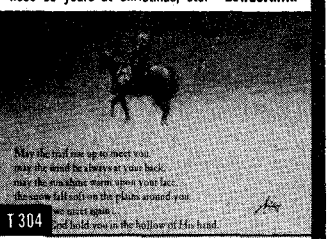

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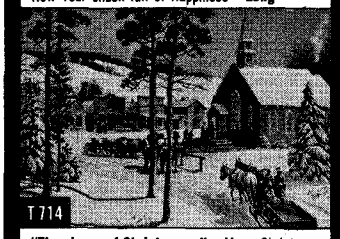

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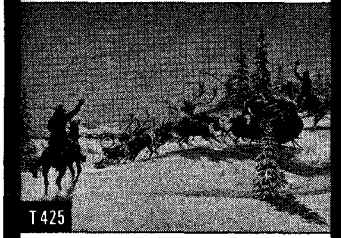
"The charm of Christmas..." — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**

T 428

Appaloosa Colt for Christmas — May you and yours be blessed this Christmas day, etc. — **Quigley**



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When Old Friends meet on Christmas Eve — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**

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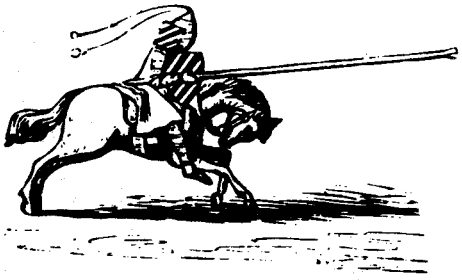
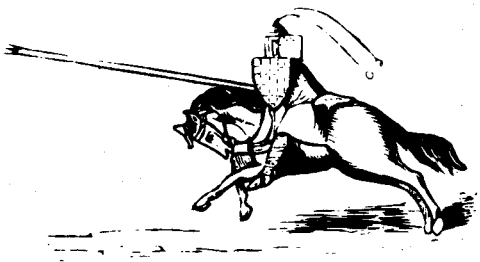
KNIGHTHOOD
A Cowboy's Heritage

By Raymond Schuessler



Knights jousting.

The great grand-daddy of Western Cowboy was the gallant knight of the Middle Ages. They rode 2500 chargers and they wore 60 pounds of armor and they toted 10 foot needle-sharp lances. Here's the lowdown on the Knights of Old from A to Z.



New York Public Library Picture Collection

The great grand-daddy of the cowboy undoubtedly was the knight of medieval days who used the biggest horse he could find and the longest spear he could hold to roam the countryside beating up bad men, chasing a few "distressed" maidens, and entering tournaments to see if he could not perforate his fellow lancemen who thought they were better "shots" than he -- a rodeo, so to speak.

Knighthood all began around 900 A. D. in France and England and really started from the love of a horse more than anything else. The horse was seen as a means to a great sport -- in addition to protecting the church, state, and the ladies.

The Great Horse, the most important horse in the Middle Ages was bred in the Low Countries, and even monasteries kept breeding stables. Here it was raised for strength and courage and often attained 20 hands and 2500 pounds. It required such a powerful beast to carry the iron-crusted knight and the heavy armor that protected the horse itself.

The charger was a terrible engine of war -- a ton of muscle and iron charging at breakneck speed with a 10 foot needle pointing forward. It was this great war horse that gave the nobleman his advantage. Of course a large part was played by his expensive armor and his training. He could decimate a dozen peasants who might be armed with spade and scythe from his mount or even on foot. His metal shell often weighed 60 pounds and a powerful man could carry more. When gunpowder appeared in the 1300's his armor became so heavy that he had to be lifted on his horse by a crane. With men and horse carrying ponderous plate armor they went into battle like a tank. As soon as horse or man was thrown, however, they lay helpless like a gigantic turtle.

A knight was only as good as his horse. By its speed and intelligence the steed could save his life. Since his early training, the knight almost lived in a saddle, like a modern cowhand. When in danger he knew what his charger could do and trusted him accordingly.

No one was born a knight although the nobility had a distinct edge by serving an apprenticeship for the honor. Knighthood was an honor earned as a reward for gallant deeds, or after a long training as a page and squire. In the Old West anyone could be a gunman by strapping on a gun, but a knight had to earn his horse and lance.

Training would begin at the age of seven when he would be sent away to the castle of a lord or knight. Here he studied the profession intently. At 16 he would graduate to a squire, or assistant to a knight. As a squire he learned to use a lance, sword, mace and battle axe, and how to take care of a horse.

The charger had to be trained to attack at the knight's command, to be guided by the knee, and to move toward the enemy as close as possible on a straight line. If possible they were trained for ferociousness, and stories are told of great chargers who fought with hoof and teeth to help their master in a battle. Incidentally, a charger was not ridden until needed. A "palfrey" or secondary horse was ridden to a tournament or battle.

The charger used a special gait. He was trained to lift both feet on one side for one step and both on the other for another step. He was taught his gait by attaching a long point on the rear feet in such a way that unless the front foot was raised at the same time as the rear, it would be jabbed with the sharp point. This ambling gait gave the horse more driving power, but was a hard one to ride comfortable for long.

The charger was carefully brushed, fed, primped and decorated with long robes sometimes that extended clear down to his ankles. They had names for their horses in those days too -- in case you think "Trigger" was the first.

(continued on page 68)

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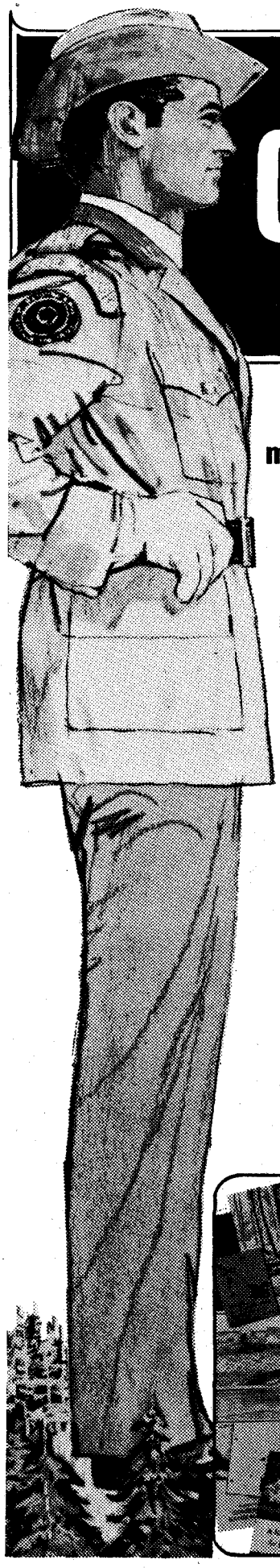

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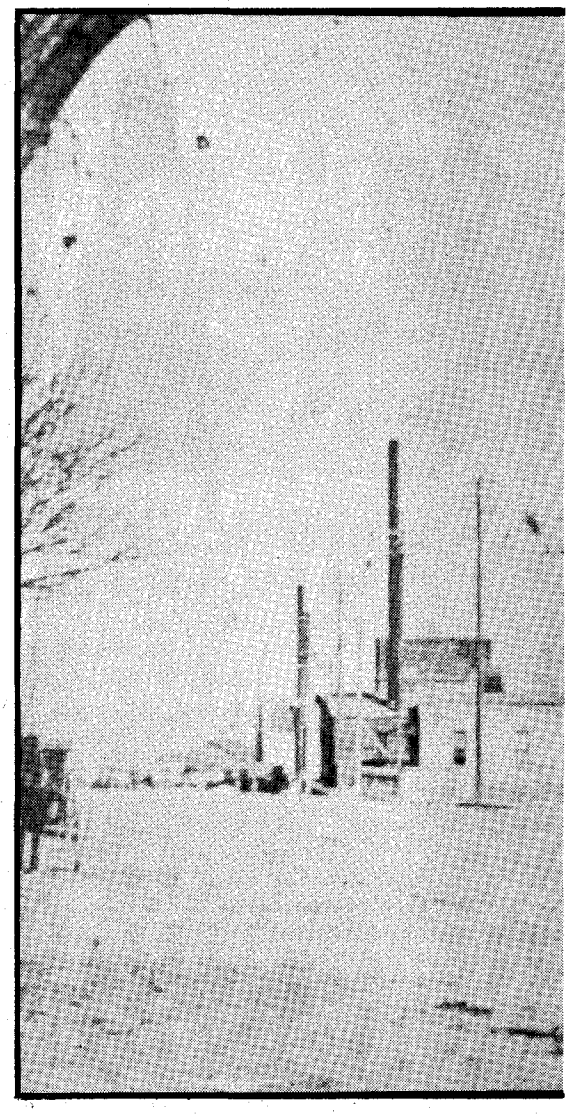
EL PASO'S International Streetcar



By Mary'n Rosson

The story of this unique streetcar which carries passengers daily from the United States into Mexico began in 1890. The fare from El Paso, Texas to Juarez, Mexico was ten centavos (about 10¢), and power was supplied by one plodding mule!

The wooden-wheeled ox cart, piled high with mesquite for the market, grumbled its way through the shallow fording place of the Rio Grande. Farther downstream a Mexican propelled a ferry boat hand over hand with the aid of a cactus fibre cable stretched across the water, while on the bank a buckskinned traveler tied his horse to an iron ring attached to the cable for a safer trip through the oftimes dangerous "Great River". No passports were required for the crossings and the toll was a few telecos, a coin valued at 1-1/2 cents. This was 1880 style international transportation in El Paso, Texas, a small village cradled in the pass between the Rocky Mountain foothills and the Sierra Madres of Mexico, who, by sheer distance from its nearest Texas neighbor still slept in a cocoon of indifferent infancy.

Seven hundred survival-toughened pioneers, mostly Mexican from stone's throw Juarez, lived their lives at a leisurely pace, spending much time gambling, drinking, racing horses and taking siestas. Business was lethargic, too, with cantinas far outnumbering stores selling the necessities of life. Most of the buildings were brown, window-less adobes, with dirt floors and flat waterproof roofs of vigas (logs) and mud. It was said there were only two glass windows in town.

A box-like six by twelve feet, the little car was truly a mini, holding only fourteen people, twenty if they were small. Painted a bright yellow, the streetcar had "Number 1", and "El Paso and Juarez" printed in black on the body and since a Juarez city ordinance required that the destination of car be written in Spanish, it also bore "Travias De Ciudad Juarez" in bold letters. Even in those days the car had a "No Smoking" sign in the rear. It had five real glass windows on the sides and two in front and back. The tiny car ran on small wheels on a little track and was often pulled by a grey Spanish mule named Mandy who wore a bell around her neck, whether to keep driver or mule awake is not known. The driver, who sat on anything handy and drowsed during the trip, wore blue overalls or uniform with a huge sombrero. It took the streetcar one hour to make the round trip from Little Plaza to Stanton Street and across a small bridge to Juarez. No tickets were punched as people could be trusted to deposit the ten centavos fare in a box for that purpose. Turnabout was simple, the driver merely unhitched the single tree from its coupling and carrying the tree in one hand and leading the mule with the other, walked to the opposite end of the car and

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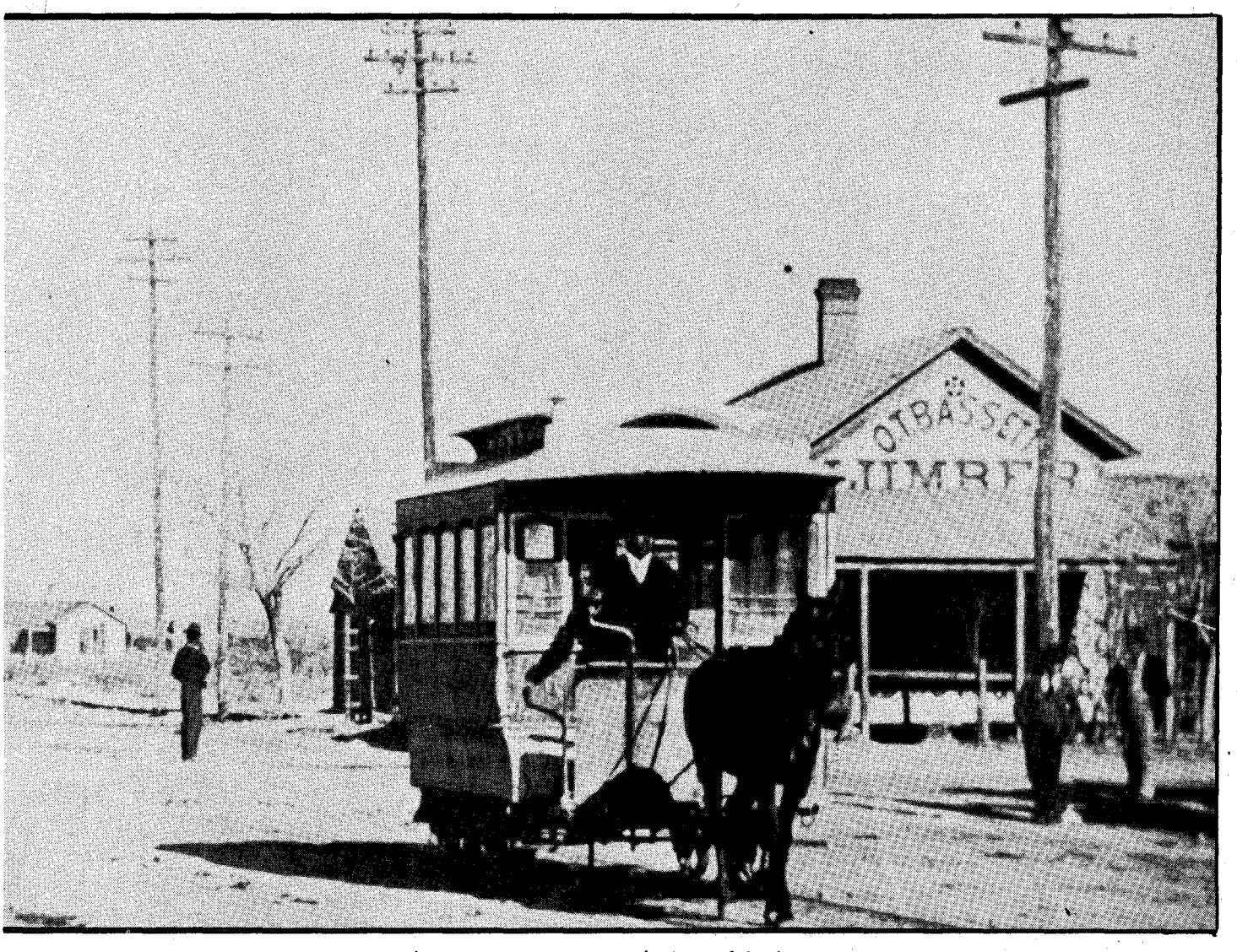

El Paso's mini streetcar at the start of the loop to Juarez.

re-hitched mule and single tree. The streetcar was now ready for the return trip. This method was used on both lines until Zach White built the Sante Fe bridge in 1892. Then using both bridges a loop was made returning on Stanton Street to Seventh, west on Seventh to El Paso Street and north to Little Plaza.

There was change in the air, however, and along with spring's tumbleweed-bearing winds and black dust storms there came racing in two newspapers, the El Paso Herald and the El Paso Times to shake the "Babe of the Chihuahuan Desert" awake. But it was when the Southern Pacific hustled into town on May 21, 1881, with the Sante Fe panting not too far behind, that the village stopped crawling and began to walk. People literally poured in, sometimes averaging one hundred a day. Derby-hatted railroad men, frock-coated gamblers, diamond-flashing "ladies of the evening" along with men of capital and vision thronged the single street all twenty-four hours of every day. It was this ever increasing growth that prompted six men who had incorporated twenty-five thousand dollars capital stock, to push for the El Paso Street Railway System for which they had received a charter on January 14, 1881. These prominent men were James Magoffin, I. F. Harrison, George W. Thomas, J. R. Curry and James P. Hague, of which two, Magoffin and Hague were city aldermen.

Progress moved slowly in the backward town and it was 1882 before El Pasoans saw their first two story frame house, took their first drink of water from a hydrant, or boarded a streetcar for their first trip from San Antonio Street to Cotton Avenue, north on Cotton to Magoffin and west on Magoffin to San Antonio. The 1884 edition of the Golden Era Newspaper of Lincoln, New Mexico, quoted the fare at twenty cents, but old timers scoff at this, saying it was ten centavos (ten cents).

It was around 1890 that Zach White, who came to El Paso with ten thousand dollars sewn in his coat lining and who soon became the owner of the Electric Light and Gas Companies, incorporated the competitive El Paso and Juarez Street Railway Company. Officers of this international service concern were Zach White, president, J. J. Gordon, vice-president and A. Lamour secretary-treasurer and general manager. This line went from Stanton Street to Mills, west through Little Plaza on Santa Fe, south on Sante Fe to Juarez. It was thus, the International mini streetcar came into being.

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Courtesy El Paso Public Library

El Paso's first streetcar ran from San Antonio Street to Cotton Avenue, north to Magoffin and west on Magoffin back to San Antonio. Pictured above is the El Paso & Juarez No. 1.

There were other lines throughout El Paso, now, with four competing at once but it is the streetcar to Juarez that old-timers most remember. One gentleman told of smuggling, which was very popular in those days. It was done not only to escape paying import duties, but the risk of getting caught added an element of excitement. An elegant lady from the East fell in love with a tiny music box of inlaid wood but not wishing to declare it she hid the small box in her bustle. She boarded the mule car and was almost across the bridge to El Paso when a sudden jar set the intrument to playing "Dixie". At that time the customs inspector was passing through the car. "What is that music I hear?" he asked, pausing. A quick-thinking male passenger said, "I think it's some boys under the bridge with a guitar", knowing full well it wasn't. The inspector evidently accepted the explanation since the lady got her music box across without paying duty.

One of the conductors on the line was a sixteen year old boy named J. B. Binkley. Another was Will Ten Eyck who was six feet six and lean as a beanpole. "I made forty-five dollars a month," he said and added with a twinkle in his eye, "Sometimes I made a little something on the side". He admitted he came close to getting caught several times but never did. Ten Eyck was later fired and then became active in politics.

One of the most famous people to ride the little yellow streetcar was John Selman, Senior, whose old Colt 45 had fourteen notches in it. Selman, then Constable of El Paso, rode the car to see his son Selman, Junior who was in the Juarez jail for trying to elope with the daughter of a prominent Mexican family. The boy, with the help of his father, soon escaped jail and swam across the Rio Grande to safety. John Selman later killed Bass Outlaw and the most vicious of them all, John Wesley Hardin. Selman himself died a violent death at the hands of a drunken Marshall, Dallas Stoudinmire.

The little streetcar also had some happy times, offering "specials" for the passengers. On daily trips the driver invited the riders to visit the famed Guadalupe Cathedral, built in Juarez in 1668. On some Sundays, during the hours from four to six, a "Baby Carriage" offering gave mothers and children a free ride to Juarez, with an hour rest at the Mexican Central Depot (still in use). This service was given in order that the mothers and children would not be exposed to the rougher element who patronized the line. On Saturdays, a Mexican mariachis band, resplendent in colorful vaquero costumes of tight trousers and short jackets, and

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carrying Spanish guitars, trumpets and violins, clambered aboard the little trolley. Filling the air with the lively Guadalajara and the sweet, mournful Macarena (traditional bullfight song) they were a gay, musical advertisement for Sunday's bullfight as they made their merry way down the line.

By now the little yellow streetcar began to gain some fame as word spread it was the only International mule-drawn streetcar in the world. All this continuing activity around the small village on the banks of the Rio Grand caused Owen P. White (said to be El Paso's first native born white child) to write in his "Texas, An Informal Biography" that "El Paso grew so fast it had two streetcar lines before it ever thought about building a schoolhouse!"

During the next decade El Paso's struggle to grow could be likened to today's turbulent teens. Striving to find itself, to decide whether to be a decent place or a haven for outlaws, it flayed around in all directions. The finest County Courthouse in all of Texas was built, electric lights were installed in R. C. Lightbody's store, churches, schools and elegant homes increased, yet over all hovered the black cloud of open vice and the menace of hardcase gunmen. It was not until all the "curly wolves" were killed or run out of town that El Paso could see some signs of peace and maturity ahead. Through all the turmoil the tiny Mandy-drawn streetcar continued in operation, seeming to supply the demand for this form of rapid transit. It was now owned by the El Paso - Juarez Traction Company.

By 1901 El Paso's population had grown to over seventeen thousand, bloomers were made popular by the bicycle craze and the Woman's Temperance Union was formed. During B. F. Hammet's term as Mayor, the Street Railway and Electric Light Company was sold to Stone and Webster of Boston and a new railway bed to Juarez was built. Thus the winds of change were blowing cold for the mini car and the era of the maxi was born. On January 11, 1902, on the stroke of eleven a. m., three bright, new, open-air electric streetcars, loaded with dignitaries from both sides of the Rio Grande and the famous McGinty Band, pulled out from Pioneer Plaza. A special flat car, decorated with bunting and flowers, bore the mule Mandy, honoring her as the line's oldest employee. The entire parade rode the rails over new bridges to Juarez and return. It was a fitting farewell to all the faithful little cars and the patient plodding Mandys who pulled them. After the ceremonies Mandy was retired along with Number 1 to the care of the Electric Company. In 1940 J. B. Binkley, who was the boy of sixteen working part-time on the

Parade in 1902 honored the advent of new electric streetcars.

Courtesy El Paso Public Library

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Mule car on the International Bridge between El Paso and Juarez at the turn of the century.

Juarez run, accepted the car as a gift from Roy Nelson, then president of the Electric Company. Binkley, who had become very attached to the car and recognized its historical value, wished very much to restore the streetcar to its original form. He was forced to set aside this project when he left El Paso for California during the war.

During the period from 1902 to 1947 the maxi cars were updated several times. The original open-air cars with their striped window shades were retired (one can be seen at the streetcar yards today) and larger, more efficient quieter, enclosed cars appeared on the scene. In 1920 conductors and motormen made forty-six, forty - eight and fifty cents an hour with four cents additional for one man car operation. The toll was now seven and one-half cents with declaration of citizenship and passports for aliens necessary. The line had not only become

(continued on page 45)

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Low Dog, a Sioux, typical of the Indians who attacked and killed the prospectors.

EZRA KIND'S MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE

by John M. Carroll

Long before the Custer Expedition opened up the Black Hills of South Dakota for prospectors seeking gold, there is evidence that at least seven persons in the party of Ezra Kind were attacked and killed by Indians. The names of the men were recorded on a small sandstone slab measuring 8" x 10" x 3" and it was dated 1834, 40 years before Custer opened the Black Hills!

The casual visitor to the Black Hills of South Dakota today is unable to sense the fantastic history surrounding this beautiful area unless he is a student of history. Everywhere one can turn in Deadwood there is evidence of an attempt to perpetuate the romantic history of the Hills. One cannot take a short walk in town without viewing something calculated to remind you of the likes of Annie Tallent, Potato Creek Johnny, Poker Alice, Calamity Jane or Wild Bill Hickok. All this is fine and no argument is intended; but there are reservations one must have concerning the totality of the history. For instance, how many know Annie Tallent was *not* the first woman into the Black Hills (of record) as proclaimed in books and stories? The first woman into the Hills was a Negro cook who went by the name of Aunt Sally; she came there in 1874 with the Custer Expedition and after its completion soon returned to homestead. Between her tour there with Custer and the time she did return as a resident, Annie Tallent had already made her way into the Hills as a pioneer settler and thus has been erroneously awarded the honor of being "the first." From the story which follows it is very probable neither of these two ladies can really lay claim to that title, though there is no historic proof to support the claim of the third party. But of that later.

At the foot of Lookout Mountain overlooking the very lovely and inspiring Spearfish Valley, Louis Thoen found a slab of sandstone which measured no more than 8" x 10" x 3". This was in 1887. That discovery was to start a controversy which is still argued today. There is no doubt of the stone's authenticity, really, but there is always doubt when finds of this nature cannot be corroborated. On this slab of sandstone was carved a dated message - the first ever to prove the penetration of the Black Hills by white men long before the Custer Expedition. The stone became the property of John Cashner who exhibited it in his store in Spearfish, South Dakota, and when on a visit in Ohio in January of 1888, he had an interview with a reporter from the *Detroit Free Press* newspaper concerning it, a portion of which is quoted here:

"He didn't wear a slouch hat, fringed buckskin garments, high top boots, a couple of sixes in his belt, a long black moustache and a fierce expression of countenance. There was nothing in his appearance leading to the belief that he had battled grizzlies, Indians, buzzards and other incidents of life in the far West. He was attired in the garb which civilization endorses, and might have been a resident of Detroit or Boston so far as outward appearance goes. But he was in fact a keen and experienced hunter and miner from the northwest. John Cashner has lived for eleven years at Spearfish, a flourishing little town of 1,000 inhabitants in Dakota, on the border of Wyoming, and nestling in a valley at the foot of the Black Hills. Engaged in commercial, mining and hunting pursuits, he has had many of the thrilling experiences usually ascribed to the heroes of border fiction.

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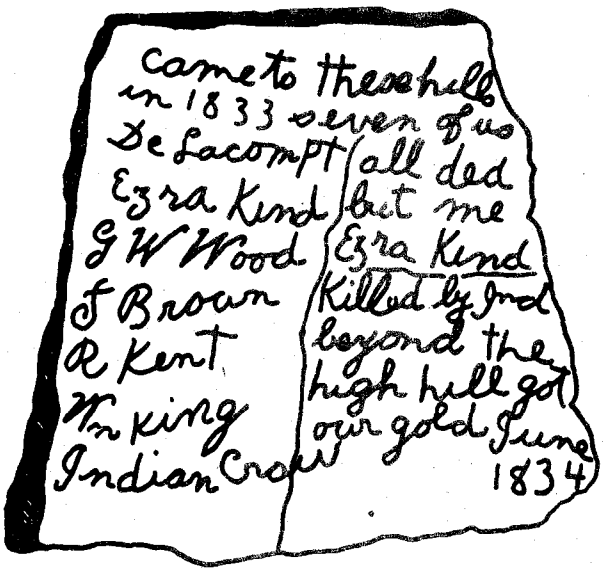
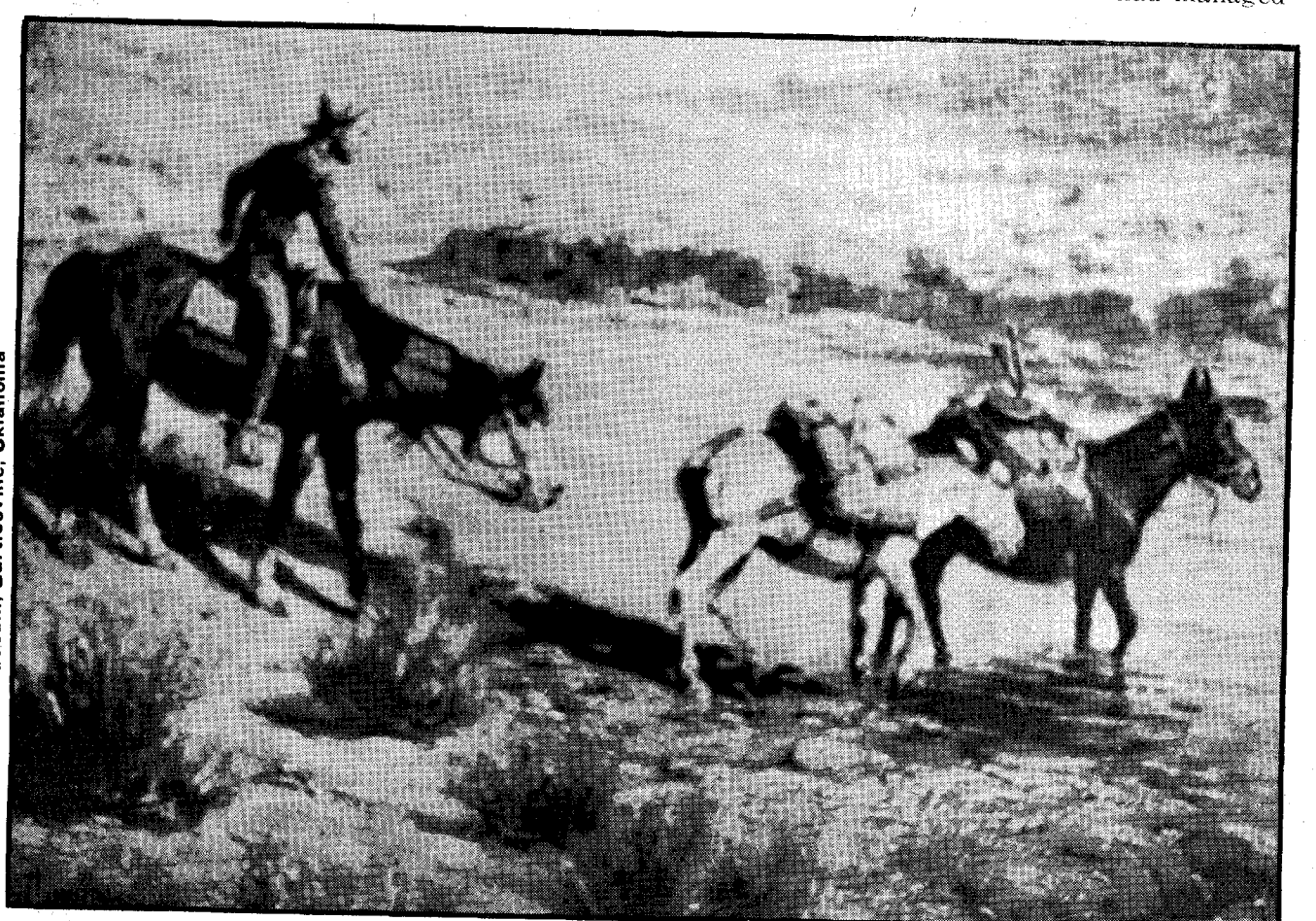
"Mr. Cashner, who is a quiet, unassuming man, about 35 years of age, with a keen gray eye and firm mouth, indicating that he would be an awkward person to push to the wall, is visiting relatives in Ohio, and last week stopped a few days in Detroit.

"With it all, the gentleman is a curiosity hunter, and has a large collection of mineral and other specimens; but what excels all others in general interest is a photograph of a piece of sandstone, which tells a tragic story. The fragment is triangular in shape, about two and a half inches in thickness, some ten inches from base to apex, ten inches across the base and probably eight at the point. So small a piece of sandstone, of course, possesses no intrinsic value, but the inscription which it bears is of great human interest, as conveying the first intelligence of a fearful Indian slaughter that took place in the vicinity where the stone was found many years ago. The clue to the tragedy was discovered near Spearfish, Lawrence County, Dakota, in March, 1887, by Louis Thoen, a stone mason. The latter was searching for building stone when he found the grim record, which had been placed between two large stones for the purpose of preserving it, and the message on the rough tablet, which had evidently been cut with a knife blade, was quite distinct. The following is a faithful reproduction of the upper surface:



"The intelligence conveyed is that the six white men and one Indian, who arrived in the Black Hills in 1833, were, with the exception of Ezra Kind, who made the inscription, slaughtered by Indians, and that the redskins also captured the gold possessed by the party. This bloody tragedy happened in June, 1834, and at the time the inscription was made all but Kind were dead. Very probably a night attack had been made on the party and their treasure, and in the confusion of the attack Kind had managed



Courtesy Woolaroc Museum, Bartlesville, Oklahoma

This is what the prospectors may have looked like early in their adventure before the Indians attacked and killed them and stole their horses.

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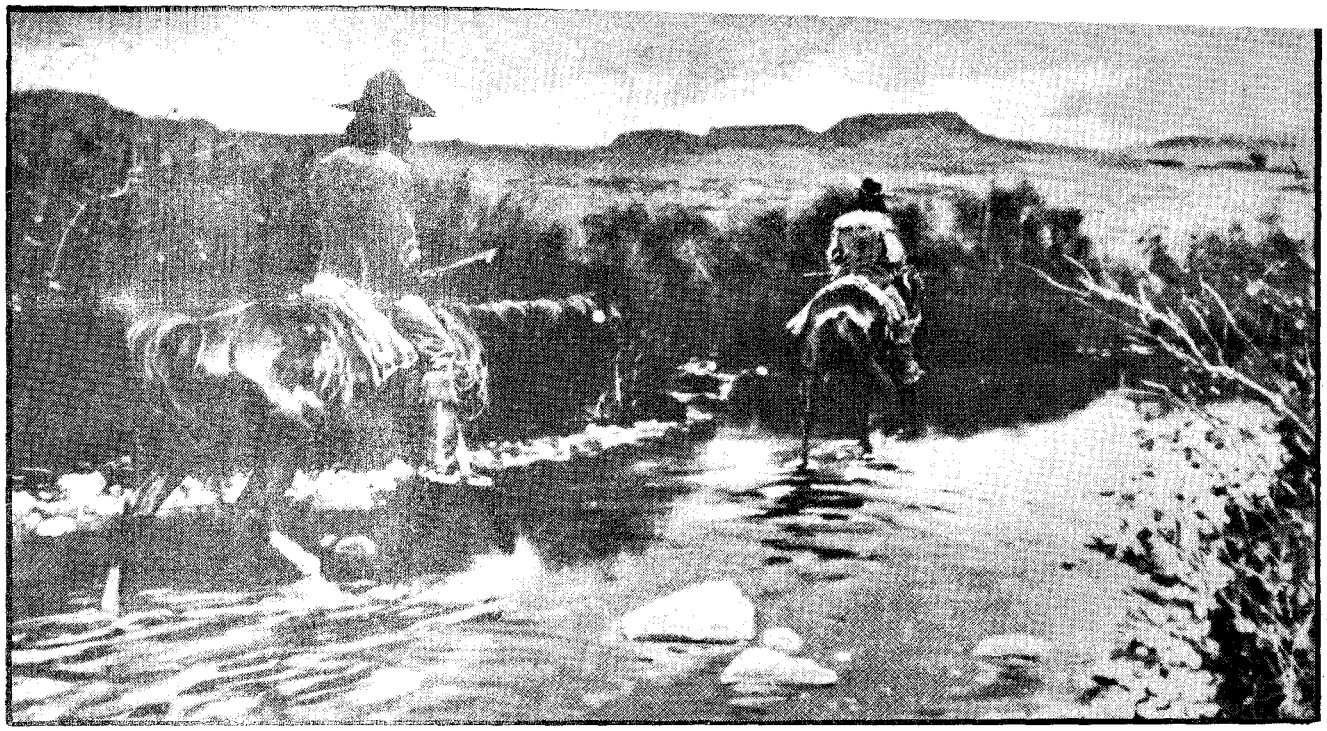
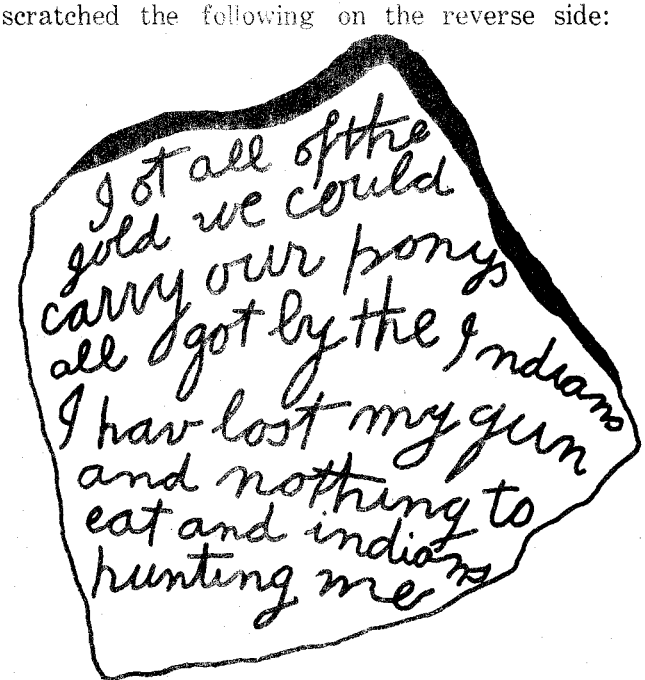


Courtesy Whitney Gallery of Art, Cody, Wyoming

Frederic Remington's famous painting, Hiding the Trail, could easily be a typical scene of the Ezra Kind prospecting party attempting to avoid detection by the Indians.

to make his escape. There not being room enough on one side of the stone to tell the whole of the terrible story, Kind turned it over and scratched the following on the reverse side:


I got all of the gold we could carry our pony all got by the Indians I hav lost my gun and nothing to eat and indians hunting me

"From this it would appear that the miners had a large load of gold, all they could carry, and it was probably this fact that incited the redskins to the bloody deed. There is also small doubt that Kind eventually fell a victim to the scalping knife, for as he etched on the under side of the stone, he 'had lost his gun, had nothing to eat, and the Indians were hunting him'." (Detroit Free Press January 29, 1888).

As previously stated, this was just the first historic evidence of white men in the Black Hills before Custer. There were others, to be sure, but they left no records as stimulating to the imagination as this, the Thoen Stone. For instance, in 1876, there was found an old ax or hatchet along with human bones buried under nine feet of earth near Deadwood. The suggestion of this person as having been in the Hills long before 1874, is supported by the depth of the discovery. Also, Black Crow, a chief of the Brule Sioux, is on record as having verified, in 1882, the killing of some whites near Deadwood Gulch some twenty years previously by some Cheyennes. From the New Year's Edition of the *Black Hills Pioneer* newspaper in 1882, an item concerning the discovery of a cabin in 1877 about a mile from Deadwood appeared. In that cabin was found a diary-like inscription on a piece of board which read "April. . .(date not distinguishable) baby born today." This suggests the honor of being the First Woman in the Hills should go to some unknown woman rather than to either Annie Tallent or Aunt Sally. There was even a discovery of the ruins of a cabin estimated to be between forty and fifty years old at the time by a group of prospectors led by a Frank Bryant in 1875. This certainly suggests the presence of whites perhaps even before the Ezra Kind party. To make the mystery even more appealing, there have been discoveries, from time to time, of rifles and guns which had been much in use in the 1830's and 1840's. So there is no denying the attempts by some white people to establish homes for themselves or at least temporary residences for the purpose of mining the Black Hills for gold long before the more celebrated individuals became historical factors; but the main thing to keep in mind is that the Ezra Kind message dated 1834 is the first record of whites, and the Custer Expedition represents the first major population movement into and through the Hills for any specific purpose. It also means the knowledge of gold existing in the Black Hills was known to some - perhaps many whites - but officially, it was the confirmation by the Custer Expedition that started the stampede.

(continued on page 73)

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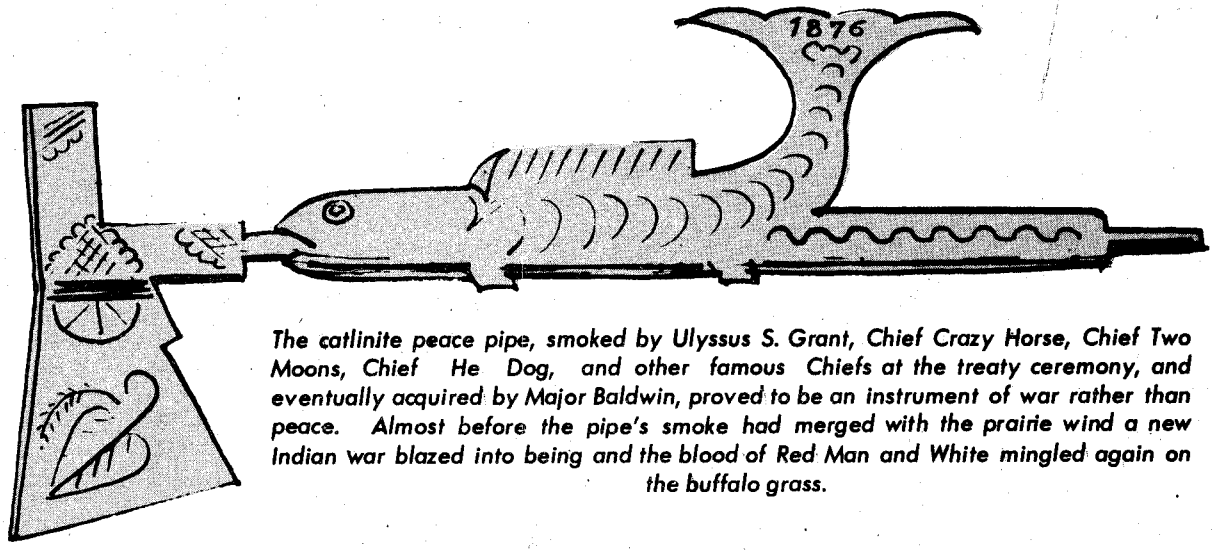
THE MAN WHO TOOK CUSTER'S PLACE

by Ed Vebell

This is the first of three fascinating installments, the most authentic account of Major Baldwin's campaigns against the Indians. The pages of Major Baldwin's diary were found rolled inside the stem of the carved ceremonial pipe which Indian chiefs brought with them to Washington to sign the Peace Treaty of 1876.



The catlinite peace pipe, smoked by Ulyssus S. Grant, Chief Crazy Horse, Chief Two Moons, Chief He Dog, and other famous Chiefs at the treaty ceremony, and eventually acquired by Major Baldwin, proved to be an instrument of war rather than peace. Almost before the pipe's smoke had merged with the prairie wind a new Indian war blazed into being and the blood of Red Man and White mingled again on the buffalo grass.

Prologue:

The carved catlinite peace pipe had been specifically made for this solemn occasion, the signing of the peace treaty of 1876. The pipe had been brought to Washington, D.C., by the leading Chiefs of the Northern Cheyenne, Northern Arapaho, and Sioux, men of solemn mein and great influence among their people, mature men of whose skin was the color of old leather and whose glinting, black eyes had seen the smoke and blood of many battles. Chief Crazy Horse, the famous Sioux war chief, Chief Two Moons, Chief He Dog, they were all part of the delegation and they smoked the pipe of peace as did the Great Chief of the White Eyes, Ulyssus S. Grant, to consecrate this treaty to which both White and Red men had given consent.

A new treaty was very necessary for the plains still stank of death and blood and one wonders if, as he blew the gray smoke from the pipe of peace skyward, Chief Crazy Horse thought of his moment of triumph when he led his screaming warriors, the finest cavalry in the world, into the hail of lead thrown by the 7th. Cavalry and crushed and killed the redoubtable General George Armstrong Custer on the banks of the Little Big Horn.

The flamboyant Custer, a career soldier whose courage and drive for fame and quick promotion in the field had dulled his good sense, had impatiently led his renowned 7th Cavalry into an impossible ambush and, with the support he had ex-

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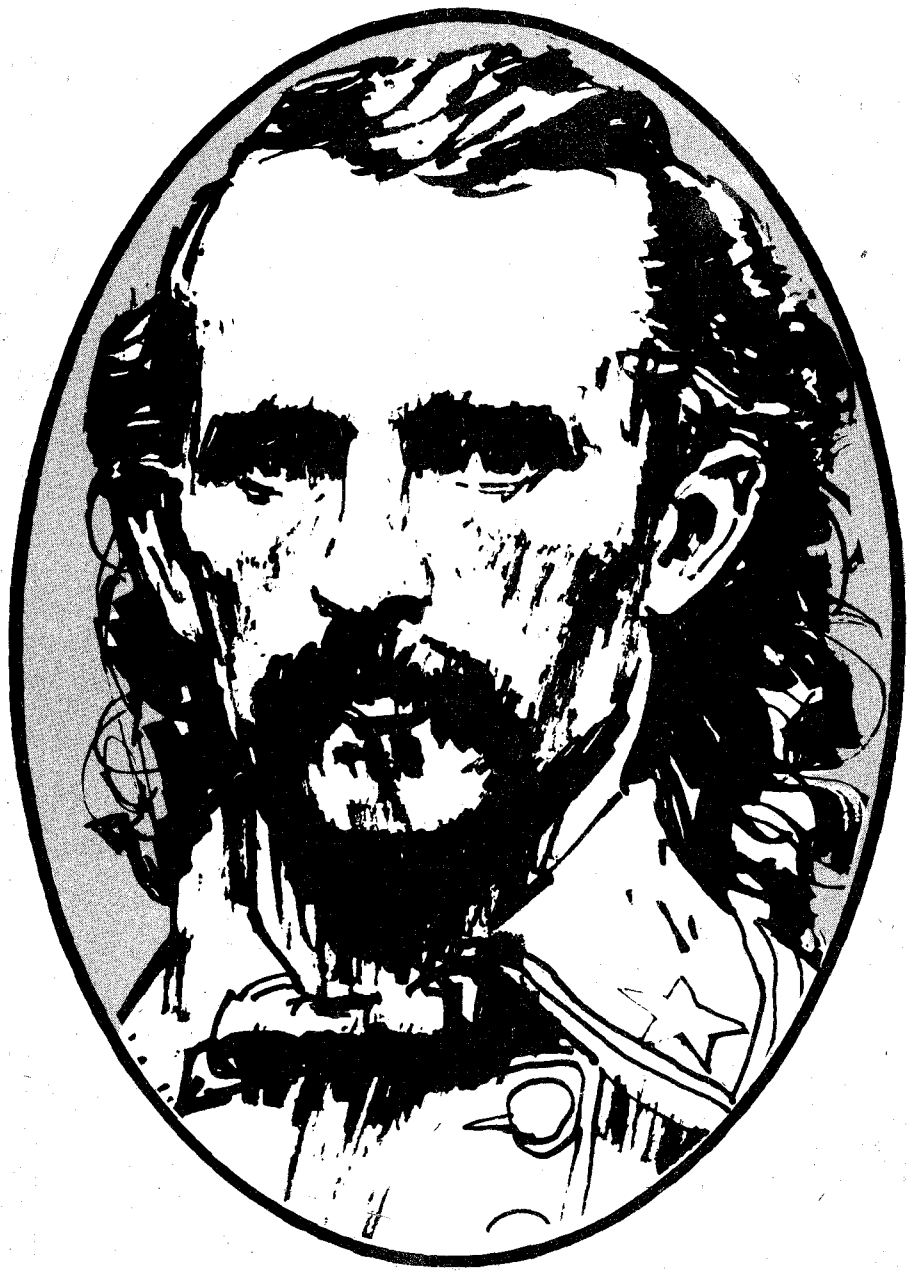

George Armstrong Custer, the ambitious and colorful Commanding Officer of the 7th. Cavalry which T.A. Baldwin later led. Custer, at the head of the fighting 7th., charged into an Indian ambush and was killed at the Battle of The Little Big Horn, June 1876.

pected not forthcoming, when the dust had cleared and the screams subsided, the 7th Cavalry and its arrogant commander lay dead to a man.

So a new treaty was written and was passed by an act of Congress and the Chiefs, after a lenghty ceremony in which all concerned pledged their full support of the fine words of the precious treaty, went back to their tribes and their lodges, carrying the words of peace of the Great White Father, and the specially made catlinite peace pipe, with them. But they had, these Red Men of pride and simple dignity, seen many treaties, and so they waited cynically and watched uneasily for the dogs of war to once again awaken and be unleashed to howl their banshee cry of death to the prairie sky.

The cynicism of the Chiefs was well founded, for the treaty signed on September 23, 1876, lasted only until October 27th. of the same year.

Luckily the catlinite peace pipe carved for the occasion lasted longer than the ceremony it celebrated. It was eventually acquired by a Major Theodore A. Baldwin and with his acquisition of the pipe Fate drew a carefully selected thread from the Major's life-line and wove it into the warp and woof of an intricate design composed of Custer and The Little Big Horn, the 7th. Cavalry, the ill-fated treaty, and the whole vast panorama of the conquering of the Great West. For Major Baldwin was the man destined to take Custer's place as Commanding Officer of the 7th. Cavalry.

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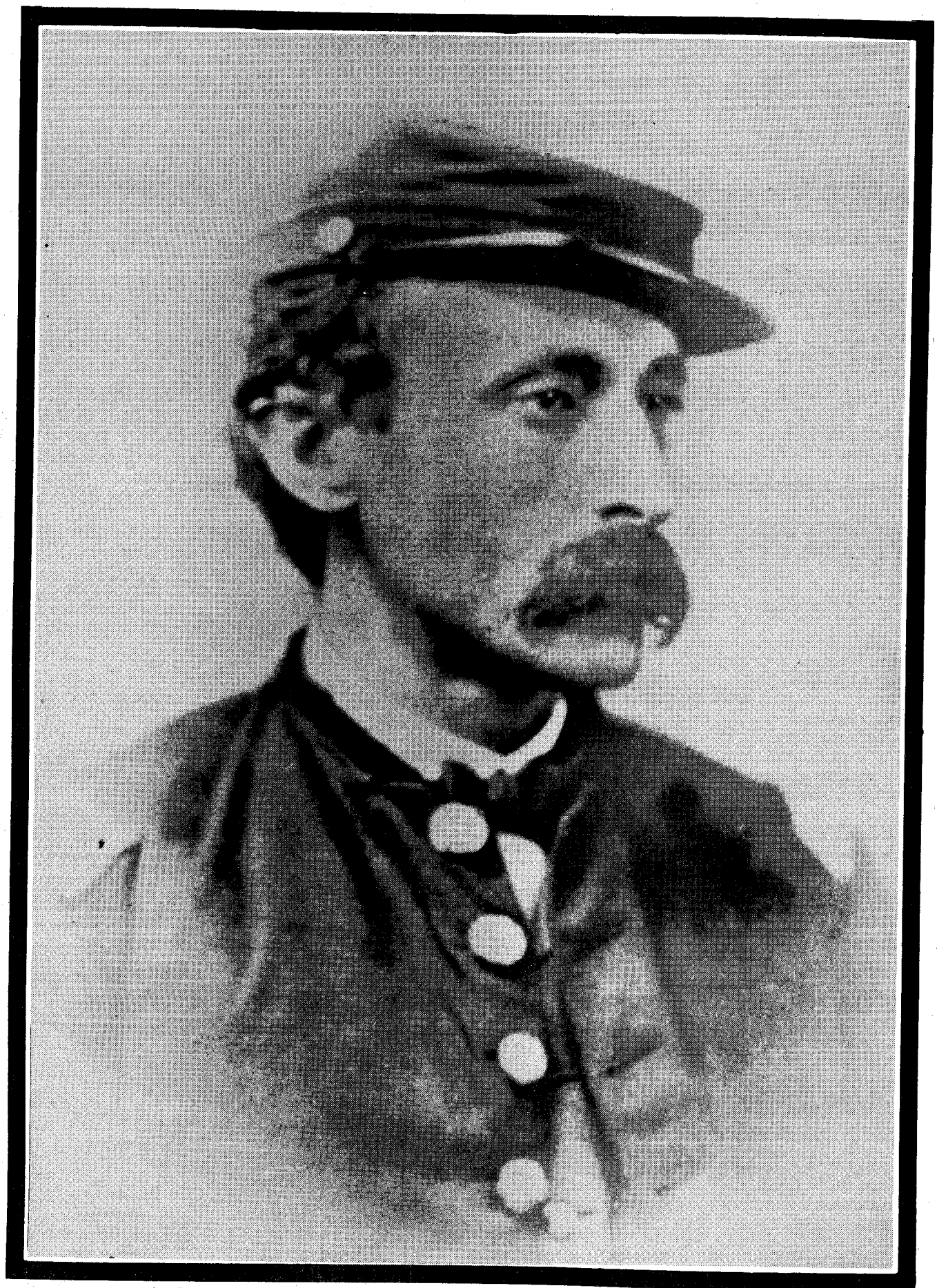

Photo of Theodore A. Baldwin as a young Lieutenant in the Civil War, 19th. Infantry. Baldwin, in 1887, took command of General Custer's famous 7th. Cavalry, later achieving full Colonel status with the same unit. He retired, after forty years of service, as a Brigadier General.

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Theordore A. Baldwin was no swashbuckling soldier of dashing mein; he was a quiet man who knew his military job and did it meticulously and well. He was, therefore, not the kind of individual to catch the fancy of the historian or chronicler of the West; no one whom a newspaper reporter would find a romantic figure to be utilized as a symbol of the blood and guts Indian fighter of the Wild West. As a result the man has been almost overlooked by writers whose interest centered on the West. But the recent discovery of the catlinite peace pipe also unearthed, among other effects of the Baldwin family, a diary written by Major Baldwin and describing in detail the hazards and hardships of a cavalryman and scout on the Western frontier during the years following the Civil War.

The diary was written in the form of letters to his beloved wife Cecilia, and these intimate writings and the fact that he succeeded Custer as C. O. of the redoubtable 7th. Cavalry, led to an interest in the self-effacing soldier that revealed a remarkable military career.

Theodore A. Baldwin served in the Civil War initially as a private and then Quartermaster Sargeant attached to the 19th. Infantry (1862) and emerged as a 1st. Lieutenant in 1865. The army became his career and he rose to the rank of Captain and was assigned to Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 1867. It was at this time that Baldwin married Cecilia De Jeune, a rabid Southern sympathizer who had, during the War between The States, so openly displayed her loyalty to the cause of the South that she had been escorted from the premises of Fort Smith by the Provost Marshal to her father's home in Van Buren and placed under military restriction.

With Lee's surrender and the end of the terrible war that had split our country asunder, emotions calmed and the Union officer and the Southern Belle forged a bond of love that resulted in the enlightening letters that follow. Baldwin never failed to write each days activity while on patrol or scouting duty away from his beloved Cecilia and the girl child that graced their marriage. This child of their union, named Emma, grew up as a so-called "army-brat", spoiled by troopers and officers alike at Fort Sill, Indian Territory. She loved her parents and was keenly aware of the courage, intelligence and inner character of the quiet man who was her father.

She knew, too, the important part he played in the Indian Wars and the opening of the Great Western Plains to the march of civilization and she put it in writing, giving us a glimpse of the man, his era, and his service to his country as seen through the eyes of an intelligent, discriminating young woman aware of the problems of the day.

Chief He - Dog

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Picture her looking at a photo of her father in uniform, her sensitive face exhibiting awareness of who and what this man was. Think of her as she holds a pen in her slender fingers and thoughtfully writes:

After the Civil War my father was stationed at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and from there joined the 10th Cavalry at Fort Sill, Indian Territory. From there he started an almost unbroken career of scouting after Indians. He had fights, and hot ones at that, such as at Mineral Wells and at Points further west. In 1873 he was stationed at Fort Richardson, Texas, which was north of Mineral Wells. I remember him telling me of fights he had at Adobe Wells and Big Springs. He crossed the Staked Plains and fought up in New Mexico. On one scouting expedition he was without water for eighty-four hours. He had to hunt for "G" Troop of the 10th Cavalry, which was hot on an Indian trail and managed to get itself lost. When he found "G" Troop, most of the men and the commanding officer were crazed from lack of water. In their desperate straits they had cut their horses throats and drank the blood. My father rescued them and brought the command safely back to water. Then soon after they had a hard fight with the Indians. All this was on the Staked Plains.

My father had many fights, mostly with the Comanches. He brought Quanah Parker to Fort Sill in the seventies. He became a friend of Quanah after all their fighting, and Quanah's son is named Baldwin Parker after my father. My father's troop was "Possee Comitatis" and he worked many times with the Texas Rangers, against outlaws as well as Indians. It seemed to me the house was always filled with Texas Rangers, coming and going. My mother told me of always having an "Aparago" ready and packed with food, and my father leaving in the middle of the night on a half hours notice. He would be gone for months with no news, as the couriers were so often killed by the Indians.

Baldwin served as a Major with the 7th. Cavalry in 1887

Chief Two Moons

and again he saw service with the famous "Custer's 7th" in 1899, this time as a full Colonel. Evidently, throughout his active career, he spent a great deal of time as a scout and with army intelligence, working with both the military and the Texas Rangers.

The letters, so recently found with the catlinite peace pipe, were written in 1875 while Baldwin was a Captain on scout in the field (Northern Texas) out of Fort Concho, Texas (July 7 to December 9, 1875), the year before the Little Big Horn and Custer's death (June 1876). This literature, devoid of any attempt at narration but written simply as a diary-communication to the woman he loved, gives us a vivid and enduring account of the day-to-day, gruelling, dangerous and monotonous vigors of an Indian campaign in the Southwest Territory of that day.

The first entry, dated August 5, reads. . . . .

We left Camp Supply on the 5th after hearing that Nolan had found the Indians. Had he have whipped them I wouldn't have gone on my Scout, but as he only marched into their camp and allowed them to march out, it changed all the plans that were made. This command started up the first fork of the Brazos to cross over to the double fork of the Brazos. Marched up the first fork 17 miles, and camped. Nice valley in the plains, the rocks and breaks on both sides

(continued on page 55)

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THE TRUTH ABOUT JESSE JAMES' DEATH

by Carl W. Breihan

This is a detailed analysis of the events leading up to the moment when Bob Ford sent a bullet crashing into the head of the most famous outlaw in our history. Jesse James was unarmed when he died but his guns were only a step away. For the first time, credit is given to the man who rid Missouri of Jesse James.

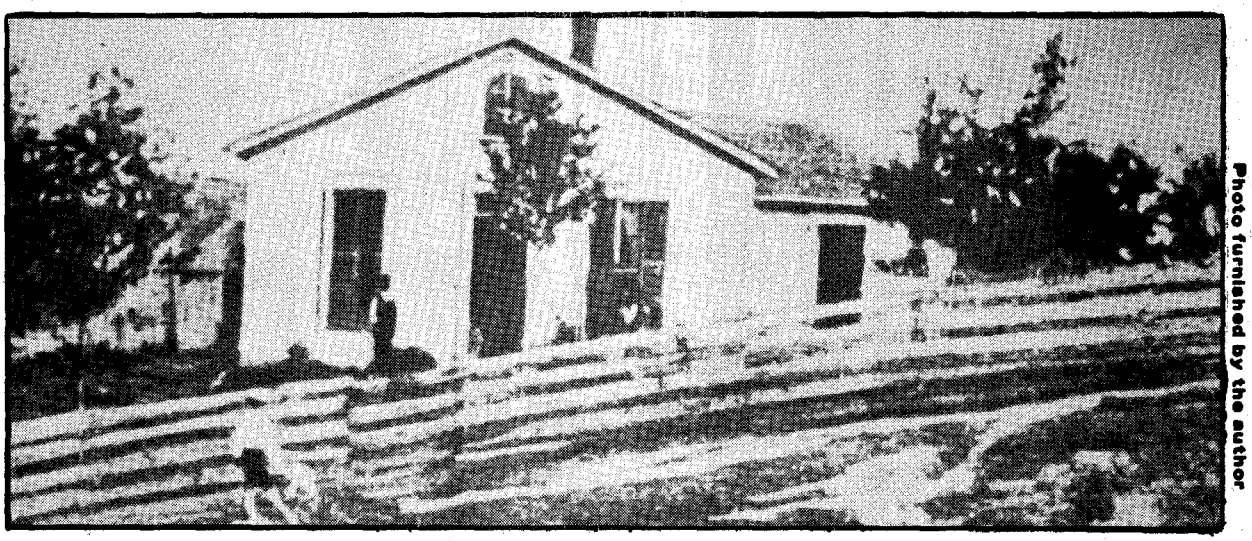

Photo furnished by the author

The old home of Jesse James.

One often wonders if the reward money tempted The Ford brothers to destroy Jesse James, or whether other mysterious circumstances surrounded their motives.

Many new incidents have been discovered which were instrumental in the close-knit net which slowly wove itself around the great outlaw. Several of these had their origin at the George Hite mansion in Logan County, Kentucky. Hite was an uncle of Frank and Jesse James, and his son, Wood Hite, Jesse's favorite cousin, as well as a later member of his outlaw band.

George Hite, against the wishes of his family had married the pretty widow Peck at Adairville, Kentucky. This led to many of the family members leaving the house, and by 1882 the second Mrs. Hite had left her husband; shortly after Jesse's death, she and Hite were divorced. Many claimed that she was in love with Jesse James and his liaison with her was the cause of disaffection among the Hites, the James and other members of the band. However, others said it was Dick Liddil who carried on an undercover love affair with Mrs. Hite and that this led to the murder of a colored man named John Tabor. Tabor, a servant at the Hite estate, carried love notes to Mrs. Hite's secret lover, but one day Wood Hite caught him and killed him. Mrs. Hite, Wood's step-mother, hated him, and swore out a warrant accusing him of Tabor's murder. Hite was taken to Adairville by Marshall Jester, but easily escaped from the store-jail with the aid of a $100 bill. The guard just seemed to have vanished.

An incident occurred on the Hite property between Wood Hite and Dick Liddil which brought about further enmity in the group. In the great bulkly barn which stood several hundred feet from the house Wood had accused Liddil of stealing from him and Jesse. Liddil denied the charge with Hite suggesting they shoot it out. Strapping on their pistols they walked alone to the barn to do so. Each man's stand was selected and no firing was to occur until each man had reached his station. However, Liddil fired beforehand but missed. Hite immediately put a tree between himself and the would-be assassin. Liddil did the same, firing until his weapon was empty. When Liddil retreated toward the house Wood began his firing. Neither man was hit in the cowardly escapade. The matter was smoothed out by family members. Some months before, Jesse and a man named Miller had had a disagreement at the Hite residence, and agreed to fight a duel in a thickly wooded section across the Tennessee line. Several hours later Jesse returned alone. Miller never was heard from again. No one dared question Jesse about it, and the secret died with him in 1882.

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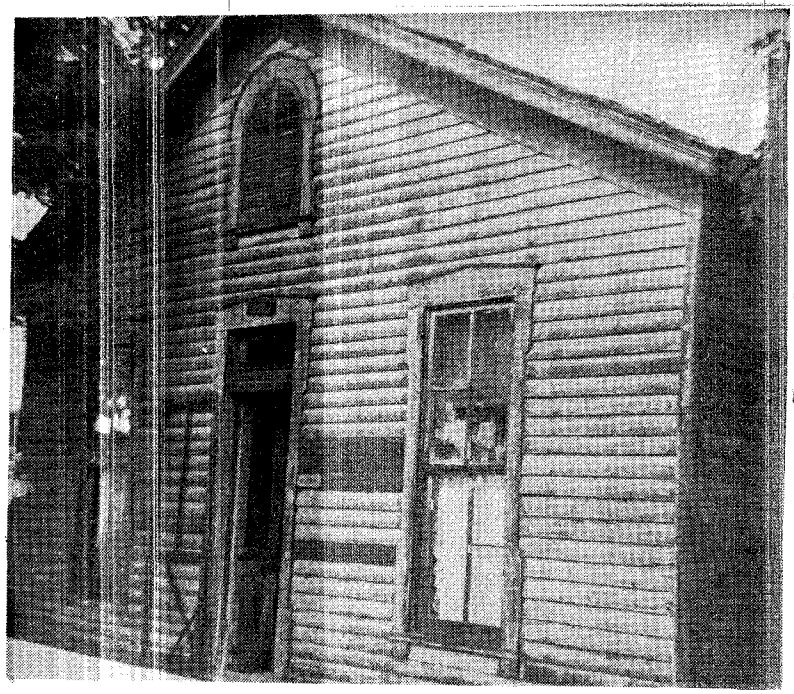
The Liddil-Hite incident in Kentucky led to the latter's death in Missouri, and created one incident which caused the Fords to further fear the wrath of Jesse James. In October of 1879, the Chicago & Alton train had been robbed at Glendale, Missouri. This also was Wood Hite's first appearance as a member of the outlaw band. Here the robber band consisted of Jesse and Frank James, Wood Hite (alias Robert Gregg), Tucker Bassham, Bill Ryan and Ed Miller.

In September of 1881, the train was robbed at Blue Cut, Missouri, with Clarence and Wood Hite both acting as members of the James band, as well as Dick Liddil, Jim Cummins, and a few others. On December 4, 1881, Wood Hite rode into the yard of the Ford home in Ray County, Missouri. Martha, a sister of Charley Ford, was cooking breakfast in the lean-to kitchen. Wood asked if any of the gang was at the house, also telling Martha that he was suspicious of Liddil regarding the division of the Blue cut robbery money. She replied that Liddil and Bob and Charley Ford were still asleep upstairs. At the news that Dick Liddil was in the house, Wood exploded into profanity. He said to Martha that Dick had a hell of a nerve to hang around the gang after stealing money from the Blue Cut loot bag before the proceeds could be divided. Besides the memories of the duel which Wood still brooded over, both he and Liddil were supposedly in love with Martha Bolton's 14-year old daughter.

Martha tried to act as peacemaker. Hot-headed Wood Hite was not persuaded. He stamped upstairs into the bedroom where the two Ford boys and Dick Liddil were sleeping. In an angry conversation Wood said to Liddil, "You've got one heck of a nerve speaking to me at all after the lies you've been telling."

That remark set off the shooting. Hite fired and wounded Liddil in the hip. Liddil returned the fire, the bullet entering Hite's left shoulder. By this time Charley Ford had leaped from a window into the snow and sprained his hip. When the gunfire was over, Wood Hite was dead, shot through the head near the left eye. Who had fired the fatal shot -- Liddil or Bob Ford?



Present view of the home in which Jesse was killed. It was moved from the original site in the 30's to the Outer Belt where it is a tourist attraction today.

Photo furnished by the author

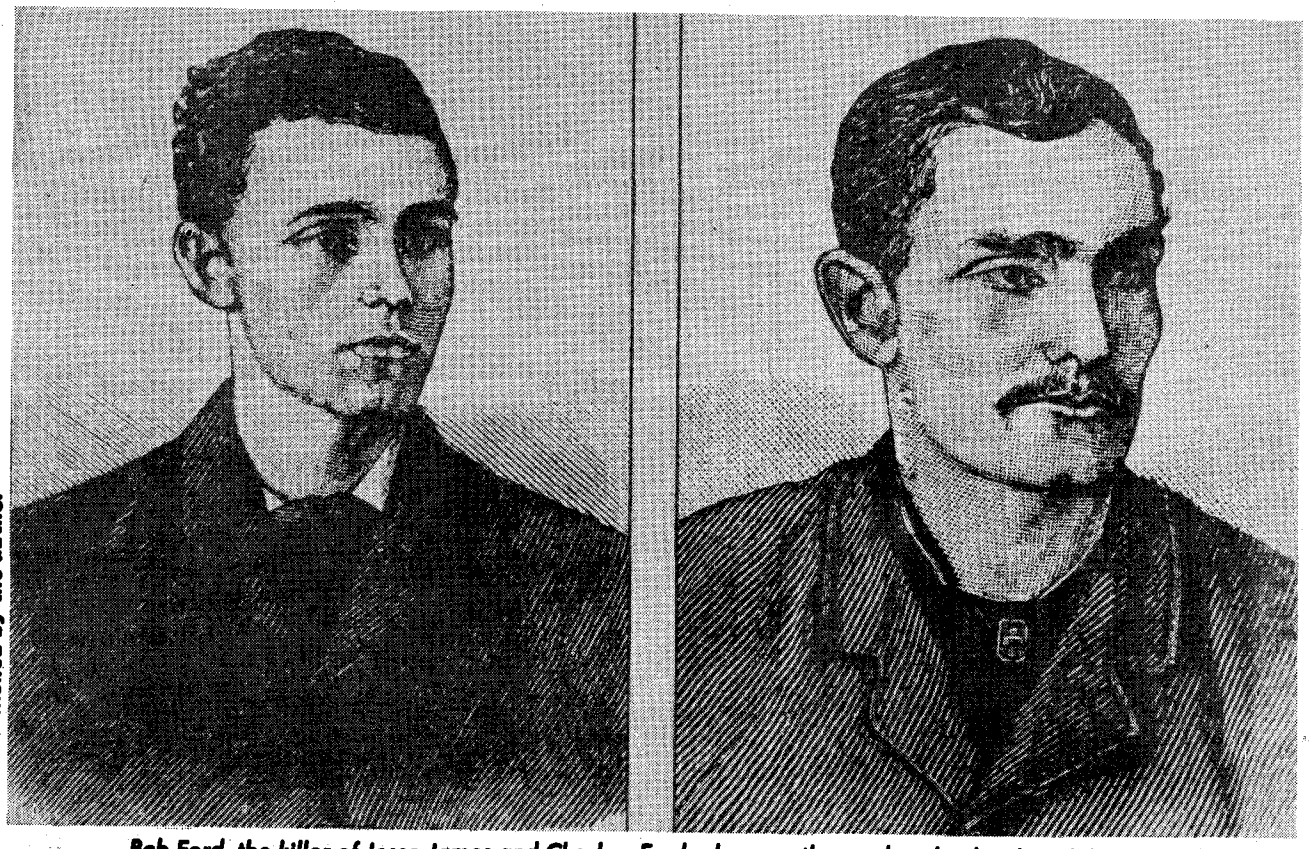


Photo furnished by the author

Bob Ford, the killer of Jesse James and Charley Ford who was there when his brother did the deed.

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About two weeks later a band of detectives raided the Hite residence in Kentucky and arrested Clarence. Found guilty for his part in the Blue Cut Robbery he was sentenced to twenty-five years in the Missouri State Penitentiary. Thus we have already planted the seed of fear in the hearts of the Ford brothers. They dreaded the day Jesse would learn of the death of Wood Hite. But such was never to be.

The killing of Hite forever severed Liddil's connection with the gang, for Hite was a favorite with the boys, and Liddil well knew he could never explain Hite's disappearance. Bob Ford feared less for he was no member of the band. Jesse would cast no suspicion upon him for being in the room when Wood Hite was killed. In fact, during 1881, Bob Ford had gone to Kansas City and worked for a detective agency there. Having known the James', Ed Miller and Dick Liddil, he was hired to track down these men. Bob Ford was the one who opened negotiations for the surrender of Dick Liddil to authorities several weeks after Hite's death. Later, on February 22, 1882, he had a secret interview with Governor T. T. Crittenden at the St. James Hotel in Kansas City, to formulate plans to destroy Jesse James. After Liddil surrendered to Sheriff Timberlake of Clay County, Missouri, he was taken to Kansas City, where he and Bob Ford worked secretly with the officials.

A second incident occurred to strengthen the Fords' hatred and fear of Jesse James. One Jim Cummins, though never proven to have been a member of the select company, knew a lot of details of its operations. When Jim became too talkative, Jesse chased him into Arkansas, trying to shoot him. This was before Dick Liddil's surrender, and he was Jesse's riding partner at that time.

Jim dodged, however, and back-tracked into Missouri and stopped at the home of Bill Ford for several days. Then one day he began to fear for some reason that Jesse was close by, so he saddled his horse and rode away. His hunch proved correct, for he had just ridden off when Jesse and Liddil rounded a bend leading to the Ford home. Bill Ford was not at home, but his wife and fourteen-year-old son, Albert, were there. The boy was Cummins' nephew, for Jim's sister, Artella, had married Bill Ford. Jesse inquired about Jim but was informed that he had not been there for some time. Not at all satisfied that the woman and the boy were telling the truth, Jesse and Dick took young Albert Ford into the woods and tried to force the truth from him. However, they were unsuccessful and Jim Cummins escaped, and before Jesse could again catch up with him that fatal day in St. Joe arrived. Thus we have another reason for the Ford's desire to destroy Jesse: revenge for torture of their nephew.

And, of course, a third reason was: Greed--the promise of the reward money.

Sheriff Timberlake placed great faith in Bob Ford's willingness to do away with Jesse James. He knew that Bob and Charley both had been with Jesse on several occasions, but knew that Bob was secretly waiting his chance all along. Charley knew nothing about the plans until the day of the actual killing.

On the night of April 1, 1882, Jesse James rode up to the home of Captain Ford, in Ray County, and called Bob outside. He told him he had work for him to do, and the two rode off. The next day Captain Ford notified Sheriff Timberlake that Bob had gone to St. Joseph with Jesse James, and the sheriff held a posse in readiness to march, with Liddil to act as leader of the sheriff's men.

Photo furnished by the author

Captain Henry H. Craig, Police Commissioner of Kansas City who was active in the attempts to capture Jesse James.

Jesse told Bob that he planned to rob the Platte City Bank. Upon reaching the suburbs of St. Joe, Jesse appeared suspicious of Bob Ford for some reason and never allowed him out of his sight for even a moment. He even had Ford sleep in the same room with him, and even followed him when he went to the barn. Charley Ford also was present as Jesse had stated it would take three men to pull the job. But the outlaw paid no attention to Charley, but kept a careful watch on Bob so that the latter was unable to communicate with Sheriff Timberlake. Each morning before breakfast Jesse would take Bob with him downtown to get the morning papers. Bob Ford, of course, was quite ill at ease, since the news of Liddil's surrender thus far had been kept out of the papers, but the sheriff had informed Ford that some of the reporters knew something was afoot and the headlines might appear at any moment. In fact, Jesse had questioned Bob about Liddil, but had been informed that no news had been heard of him for some time, that he knew of.

Ford made it his business to scan the papers as quickly as possible for he well knew what it meant to have Jesse learn of Liddil's surrender. On April 3, Bob and Jesse went downtown for the papers as usual. It was also planned for the out-

(continued on page 59)

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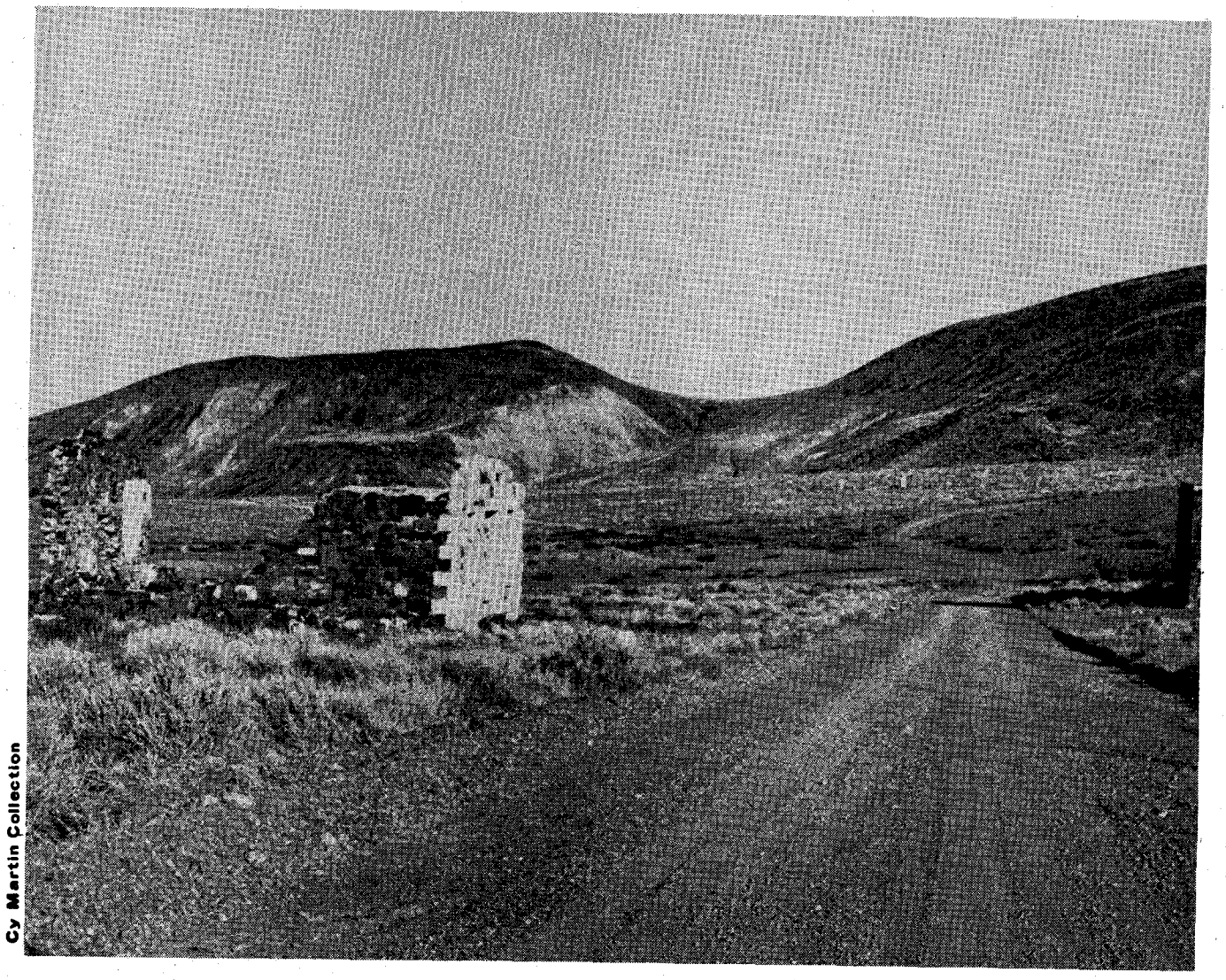
GHOST TOWNS

Nevada, the Silver State, has seen many towns spring up overnight and then die away almost as quickly! Here is a ghost-by-ghost account of these towns with a fact-filled account of each, how they were born and why they died!



Cy Martin Collection

Main Street of the once prosperous Candelaria, Nevada. Photo taken in 1970.

Nevada is foremost among the states for its wealth of ghost towns. These communities where the flood tide of life came and went leaving only crumbling ruins and legends to remind us of their spacious and heroic times. Virginia City is celebrated as the most famous ghost town of them all. Yet, it is not a ghost--it is still living with the pulse of life beating strongly and well fed by tourist dollars.

The real ghosts are Candelaria, Belmont, Manhattan, Rhyolite, Hamilton, Tuscarora, De Lamar, and Aurora. In these the pulse of life is gone. They are the true ghosts of the Silver State. Most are readily accessible to anyone with the sincere desire to visit and not in a hurry. Of course, the gravel roads leading to them are often steep and rough. Inquire locally, fill the gas tank, and take along some food and water--stores and service

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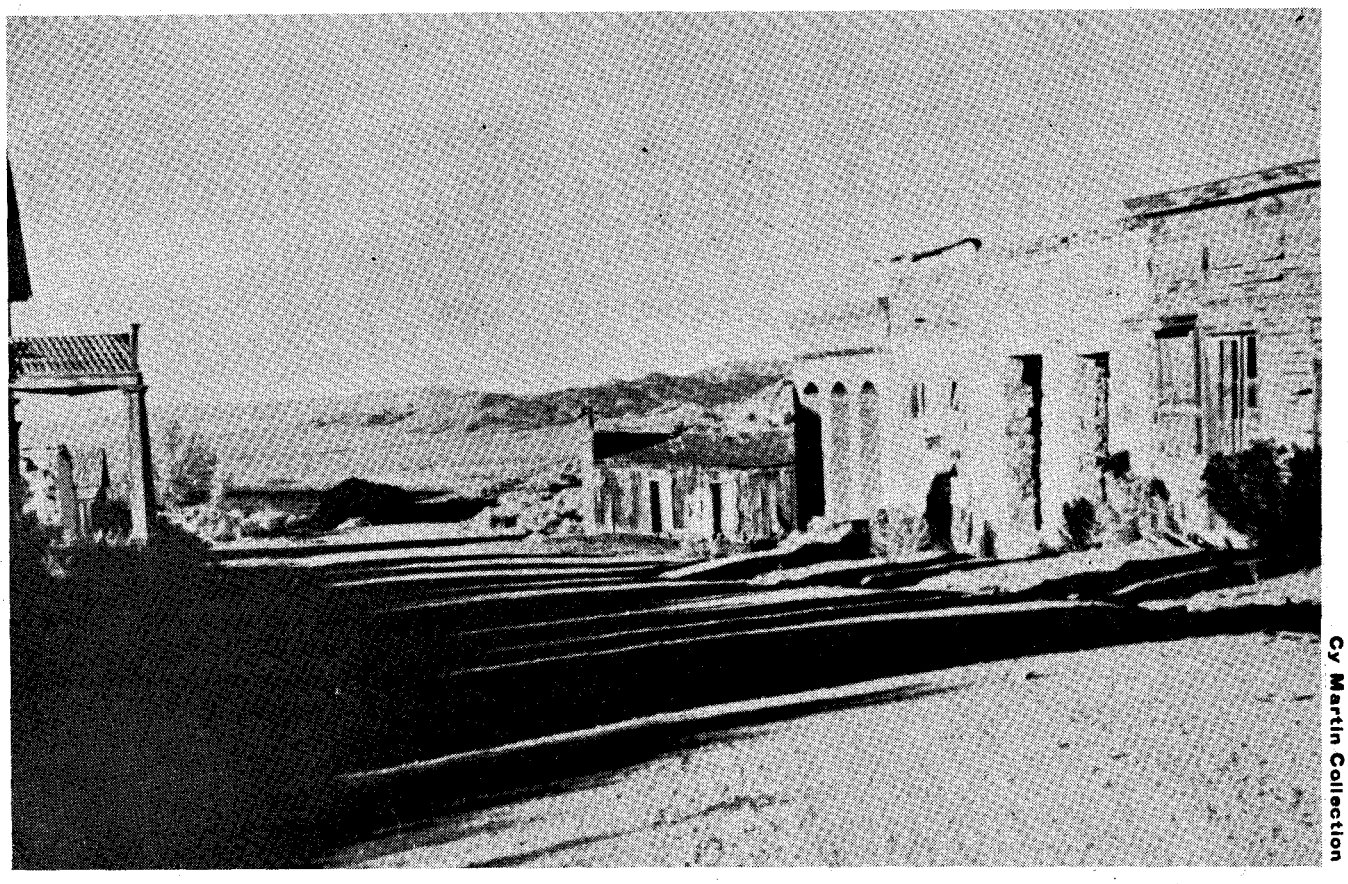
OF NEVADA

by Cy Martin



Cy Martin Collection

Numerous buildings were still standing in October 1959 in the ghost town of Belmont, Nevada.

stations are not just around the corner.

CANDELARIA

Candelaria is in Mineral County, on a dirt road joining U. S. 95 about 16 miles south of Mina. This old mining camp was founded by Mexicans in 1864 who first worked the silver and gold mines. The town grew for a time. Then it began to fade, and a cycle of growth and decay developed. Water, stove wood, law, schools, and churches were scarce or missing. For seventeen years all water was hauled in from a spring nine miles away. The price for this water was one dollar a gallon. Bodie, a rival city about 50 miles west and in California was amazed to hear the lack of water disturbed Candelaria. They charged, "not more than a dozen people ever used the commodity, either as a beverage or for ablutions." When the telegraph line was extended to Candelaria, the operator went to great lengths to find a spot moist enough for his ground wire.

It was a tough town and all but the most flagrant murders were called self-defense by the coroner's juries. Still, by 1880 Candelaria was the largest town in the area. Along main street were ten saloons, two hotels, six stores, three lawyers and the same number of doctors. Then in 1882, water was piped in from Trail Canyon and the price went to five cents a gallon, and the barber shop began advertising baths at $1.25.

One week later, Candelaria was on the railroad. The narrow-gauge Carson and Colorado began service over a branch line from Belleville. The arrival of the first train started a great celebration, for freight rates were cut and the town now felt important.

Candelaria was a great mining camp, but a poor place to live. No sewers. Flies everywhere. Dust filled the air--night and day. The stamp mill was a dry crusher without water in the battery-box and the miners and mill hands worked 10 hours a day for $3.50. Hay, grain, and food were hauled in from Fish Lake Valley, while the dust was ankle deep on Main Street. Sunday was just another day for there were no churches. Stores were open every day from early in the morning until late at night.

Yet, the Northern Belle Mine was a true treasure vault. When first opened in 1865, it produced $15 million in fifteen years and paid forty-seven whopping dividends by 1880. Silver prices declined and wages were cut to $3.00 a day. The workers refused the pay cut and the dead-lock caused the town to fold late in the 1890's.

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No one lives at Candelaria today, the main street is edged by a few stone walled buildings. The littler of the pack rat is mixed with the litter of the tourist--beer and pop cans are scattered everywhere.

BELMONT

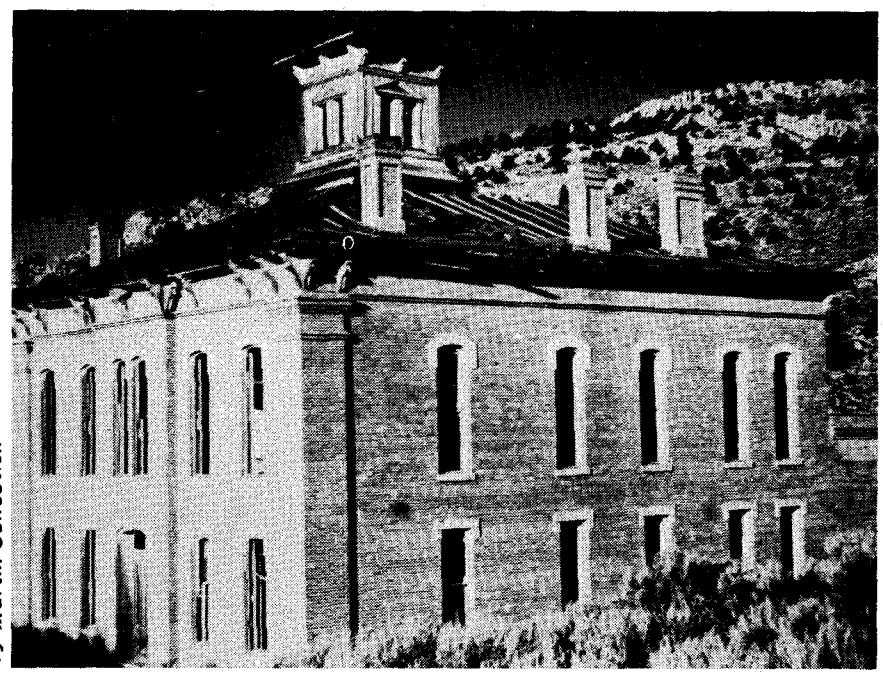
Belmont is in Nye County on Nevada 82, a graded dirt road, and 47 miles northeast of Tonopah.

Belmont was a product of that bright era when the dream of every Western miner was the hope for a second Comstock. Swarming over the hills filled with hopefulness, the prospectors penetrated the Toquima mountains in Nye County. And there, Destiny smiled again in 1865. A new silver strike had been made, and a new city was to spring from Nevada's desert wilds.

One day the Toquimas were speckled by a few men, a few burros, and a few ragged tents. Next day some 6000 boomers were churning the sagebrush. Soon freight teams and heavy wagons were lurching over the mountains with loads of supplies. Claims were staked and tunnels driven. Tents were replaced by permanent buildings of brick and stone. The *Silver Bend Reporter* issued its first copy on March 30, 1867, and predicted that within a year Belmont would have a population of 10,000 persons.

Colonel Buel's mill extracted $100,000 worth of silver bullion from 1000 tons of Highbridge ore, all taken within twenty-five feet of the surface. Before the end of April, in 1867, *The Reporter* advised its readers a sample of ore from the Combination Company's claim, The Highbridge, assayed over $10,000 a ton in silver. Colonel Buel left for Paris with a cabinet of Nevada silver to show at the International Exposition. Then clay for brick manufacturing was discovered four miles west of town, and three large brick kilns were built. Crowell and Myers' sawmill produced 4,000 board feet of lumber every ten hour shift.

At the time of Nye County's creation, in 1864, the mining camp of Ione was designated the county seat. But, then came Belmont. Belmont began coveting the plum and the hotly contested issue came to a head in 1867 when Belmont's demands outweighed the protests of Ione. The State legislature awarded the seat of government to the new town. County offices were housed in various structures leased for the purpose. Seven years later the contract was awarded for the erection of a new county court house.



Cy Martin Collection

The Courthouse at Belmont, Nevada as it looked in 1959. It was once hailed as the finest county building in the West.

Grading got under way in the late summer of 1874, and in September the Belmont *Courier* announced the joist timbers were on their way, and "a large force of workmen are employed making brick and hauling rock. About 60,000 brick are already molded and laid up in the kiln, a kiln of lime has been burned." The new courthouse was hailed as one of the finest county buildings in the West.

The cultural center of Belmont was the Cosmopolitan. Here played such presentations as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Young Widow*. The celebrated child artist, Fay Templeton, and her theatrical troupe came to play a week-long engagement in July, 1874. "Their entertainments," stated the *Courier*, "are chaste, rendering nothing but plays of the first order that can be witnessed by the most fastidious and squeamish."

It was not these fastidious and squeamish citizens who elected Andy Johnson to the office of Nye County District Attorney in 1890. Andy was a real character. Amusing and popular, he operated a mule ranch down on Mosquito Creek. In addition to his mules, his worldly possessions were only a handlebar moustache, a blissful lack of education, and the habit of going unbathed and unbrushed.

It was the strong dislike for the opposition candidate, school teacher Charles Deady, which prompted a bunch of Belmont citizens to nominate Old Andy. It was a joke and a piece of satire. Everyone *knew* it! But, as jokes sometimes do, it backfired. Andy was elected!

A semi-retired lawyer, William Granger, agreed to serve as Andy's deputy and handle the legal work. With Granger's stewardship, the office was managed quite well, and Old Andy developed the idea he had a lifetime tenure. As a result, he was quite ruffled when Jim Butler, a rancher of Monitor Valley, came out against Andy at the next election. Jim had a little more education than Andy, but was not by any manner of speaking, a lawyer. However, he was liked and won the election.

One morning in May 1900,

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the urge to go prospecting hit Jim Butler, District Attorney. Turning over his ranch duties to his wife and his courtroom duties to Tasker L. Oddie, Butler ambled south. The night of May 18, he camped at a place known as Tonopah Spring. And on the following morning, Jim made the discovery that launched the wild stampede to Tonopah.

The effect of the Tonopah boom on aging Belmont drained her strength. The general election of 1903 found only 36 qualified voters in Belmont, and Tonopah succeeded in obtaining the county seat. Shorn of official prestige, the old camp gave one last sigh and quit.

MANHATTAN

Manhattan is in Nye County, just off paved Nevada 8A and 50 miles north of Tonopah.

Manhattan officially started in 1905, but as early as 1866, the district attracted a flurry of attention and a small camp was founded by highgrade hunters, since some ore was assaying at $2500 a ton. The camp was strangled by the slump of the 1890's. After the spectacular strikes at Tonopah and Goldfield, newly - inspired prospectors spread over the region, hammering and chipping at every ledge.

While returning from Belmont to the Seyler Ranch, on Peavine Creek, John Humphrey and three friends stopped to eat lunch. Humphrey wandered off from the group, and within a hundred feet came upon an outcrop of gold ore of specimen grade. The men had no tools, but they succeeded in breaking loose a few rocks. The samples they collected reportedly sold for $3200.

The ensuing stampede to the new town of Manhattan brought three banks, a newspaper, the Manhattan *Mail*, and the construction of a large, new hotel. Accommodations were virtually unobtainable, and even tents were renting at fabulous prices. For seven blocks along the narrow mountain ravine, the plank sidewalks were edged with solid rows of businesses. Winter was not a humorous matter, yet, not even December's blizzards could stop the in-pouring throngs of 1905. Mining claims in the snow-buried mountains changed hands, time and again. Most claims were deeply blanketed by snow and their transitory owners never laid eyes on them. Each time a claim changed hands it was at a sharp increase in price.

Manhattan's little world was destroyed by an earthquake 300 miles to the west. San Francisco was in smoking chaos and the men realized Manhattan's prosperity came from San Francisco promoters and San Francisco capital. This was suddenly withdrawn for reconstruction of San Francisco's ruins and the Manhattan boom collapsed. Banks closed their doors, merchants took heavy losses, and all development ceased.

The town slowly rallied and was going strong by 1912. The *Manhattan Post* recorded the fortunes of the revived camp, and a new 75-ton quartz mill was in operation. But like its predecessor of ten years before, the boom of 1915 was short lived. Since early in the century there was sporadic gold placering in Manhattan Gulch and in May 1909, dust and nuggets worth more than $1000 a day were recovered by crude methods. Due to the lack of water the placer mining was limited to small-scale efforts until 1938. Then Manhattan Gold Dredging Company -- a subsidiary of the far-flung Natomas, of California--started the operation of the world's second-largest electrically - powered bucketline dredge. They operated the dredge until 1946, when it was moved piecemeal to Lander County. With this contribution, Manhattan's production of precious metals by 1949 was over $10 million.

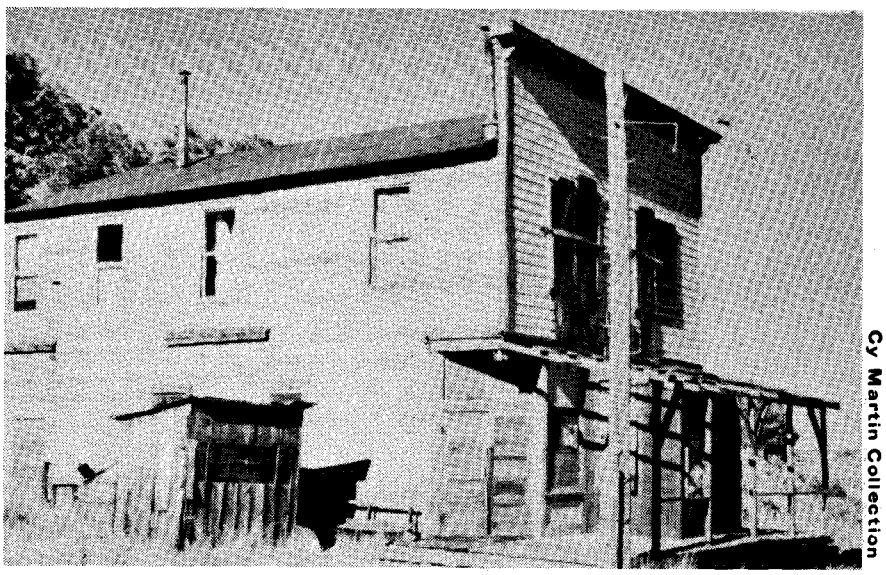
Departure of the dredge and its payroll finished the disintegration of Manhattan. All but a handful of citizens drifted away, and nearly every business house closed. Some of the better dwellings followed the dredge; other buildings were moved to the large, new placering operation at nearby Round Mountain.

RHYOLITE

Rhyolite is in Nye County, about 3 miles west of Beatty on Route 90.

In August of 1904 Shorty Harris crossed Daylight Pass from Death Valley into Nevada and found the great green bull frog rocks. Shorty was an old hand and had prospected since 1878, following every strike. But, he always missed the great golden hoard. Still he never gave up, so he explored the hill with the strange greenish rock. There he found a blow - out of quartz filled with gold.

Shorty and E. L. Cross were sure it was the big strike and headed for Goldfield to celebrate their good fortune. Shorty's usual luck held out--he got drunk and sold out his share for $800. Cross was sober and wiser and



Cy Martin Collection

Old store building at Manhattan, Nevada. Manhattan became a ghost town in 1906 when its financial promoters in San Francisco were ruined by the Great San Francisco Earthquake.

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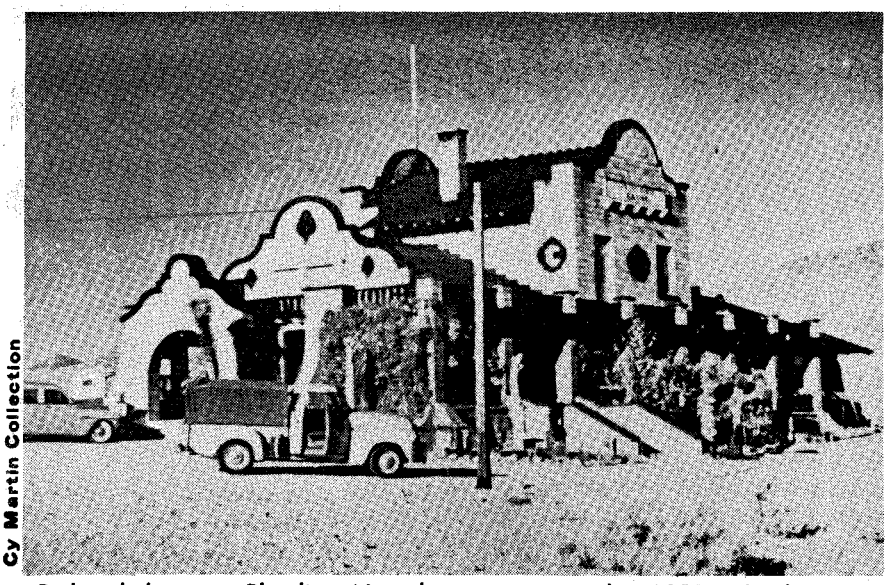

Cy Martin Collection

Railroad depot at Rhyolite, Nevada as it appeared in 1955. Rhyolite was born in 1905 and died after 6 short years in 1911.

held out for $60,000. The news sent hundreds of prospectors south and the automobile rush to the Bullfrog Hills was on. Within weeks canvas tents and wooden shacks covered the hills and Bullfrog was born. Stage fare from Goldfield was $18 and auto fare $25. The tents of Amargosa City, Jumpertown and Bonanza whitened the greenish hills.

But, these tent cities were nothing to the new town about to be born. In February 1905, a townsite company laid out Rhyolite and gave away free town lots. The tent cities folded and moved in a single day. Rhyolite mushroomed overnight, and the tents and wooden shacks were replaced by solid concrete buildings. Plans were made for a $10,000 hotel, a bath house, and an Opera House. The magnificent three story $90,000 John S. Cook building was rushed to completion.

Water was scarce. The trickle known as the Amargosa River plus a few springs were said to be enough for the town, even when water was hauled from the springs at Beatty at a cost of $2 to $5 a barrel. Ice came from Goldfield and sold according to its Goldfield ice - house weight. The trip across the hot desert reduced twenty - five pounds to a small chunk or about enough for three or four cold drinks.

In spite of all this, Rhyolite continued to boom. The First National Bank was built with absolutely guaranteed burglar-proof vaults. There were forty-five saloons and gambling places and the fancy sporting section was filled with girls from San Francisco's Barbary Coast. The Presbyterian and Catholic churches provided the non-liquid spiritual refreshment while three newspapers supplied the latest gossip and news.

Rhyolite was to be permanent, for it was built to last. The railroad station cost $130,000 and both the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad and the Las Vegas and Tonopah ran several passenger trains a day to the growing town. By the end of 1906 Rhyolite had 16,000 in habitants.

As the district boomed, the hills surrounding Rhyolite were covered with mine dumps and headframes. During 1906, speculation fever hit the district and sent Bullfrog mining stocks soaring to utterly fantastic heights. Promoters who learned the game in Gold field handled the town's publicity and watched with satisfaction as men and money poured into the mining district. All were attracted by their flamboyant stories of golden wealth. No one talked of anything but mines and investments--how much free gold was found in the Yankee Girl claim on Ladd Mountain; what rich deposits were being uncovered in the Golden Sceptre Mine, and how soon the Montgomery Shoshone mill would be completed. Everyone knew what Tramp and Gibraltar stocks were selling for each day. Sacked bullion accumulated faster than it could be shipped to San Francisco. In all, over $3 million was taken from the mines. At the height of the boom over a thousand men were employed by the various properties.

Even the panic of 1907 failed to worry Rhyolite. Then the money stopped pouring in. Rumors that the ledges contained only superficial amounts of rich ore and that the pay streaks were thinning out were completely disregarded. So, for two more years the camp flourished.

In March 1909, Erle R. Clemens, editor of the Rhyolite *Herald*, published a special mining edition:

"Mid-winter 1909, four years after the Bullfrog excitement started, finds the district enjoying the greatest prosperity in its history from a standpoint of ore production and mine development. During the year 1908 the district marketed close to one million dollars' worth of gold-silver ores and bullion, and this was the first year that conditions had been favorable for production. . . ."

In 1910 the Montgomery Shoshone Mining Company stopped drilling, and as other mines ceased production, Rhyolite finally began to worry. The population shrank from 12,000 to 700, and then to a handful. All during 1911 people were pulling out as hastily as they spilled into the incredible town. They left houses completely furnished and offices fully equipped. Only eighteen children rattled around in the brand new $20,000 schoolhouse.

All but five or six buildings are now completely razed, and since the desert plants are low, the cross streets are invisible until one reaches them. In every block a mass of cactus, sagebrush, and greasewood hides the broken foundations and cellars. Not even a tree breaks the monotony of the dry desert. At the end of one side street stands the concrete shell of the jail; down Golden Street beyond the bank is the Bottle House, a strange creation whose walls

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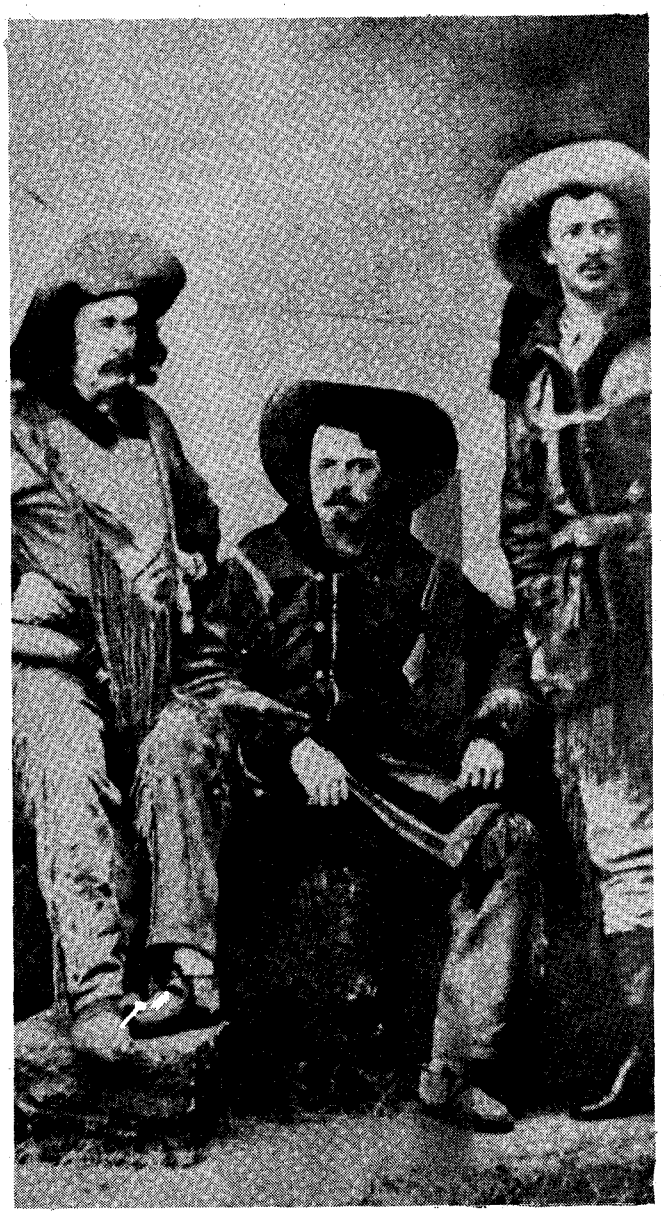
NED BUNTLINE The Discoverer of Buffalo Bill

by Clarence M. Fink



Ned Buntline, Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack posed for a publicity photo to advertise their stage play.

Edward Zane Carroll Judson used the pen name "Ned Buntline" and his vivid imagination added to the facts of Bill Cody and produced the legendary character of BUFFALO BILL! Actually, Buntline himself led a more fantastic life than any of the people he wrote about!

This is a retold tale of an incredible character, a young hero, a fraud, a brawler, a drunkard who became tremendously wealthy. He did so by hacking out Wild West stories, and who without intending to do so, created the immortal legend of Buffalo Bill. The person in question answered to the name of Edward Zane Carroll Judson. He was a rogue and a swindler who had a fabulous career as King of the Dime Novels under the pen name of Ned Buntline. He boasted an annual income of $20,000. He without a doubt lived a much more exciting life than most of the heroes of his paper novels.

When a youngster in Philadelphia in 1822 Judson hiked off to sea at the tender age of 14. He could hold his own with the best of the seafaring men.

His aquatic feats in water were amazing for one so young, and in 1836 Judson distinguished himself by rescuing an entire boatload of drowning people in New York harbor. For this act of bravery he received a midshipman's commission presented by President Martin Van Buren. Not long after he received this fine reward, he sailed as a junior officer on the ship "Levant".

Young Judson was a real hothead who would not tolerate snubs or sneers from other midshipmen who looked down on him for having been a common seaman. In the short space of seven months he participated in as many duels, and won them all. Two years later he plunged head first into the Literary Sea and became a writer, one of the worst in many generations, but the most prolific and successful of this clan.

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Judson knew the sea well so his first effort was an ocean yarn for young boys which was published in the "knickerbocker Magazine". This was the result of his own experiences on shipboard with all the blood and thunder his active imagination could invent added to them. Judson knew how to plaster his stories with briny dering-do so that it quickly captured the minds of the young, breathless readers who cried for more. This was the start of a fabulous and meteoric career in dime novels. A whole string of wild and gory yarns hit the publishers' print shops, and the money started pouring in.

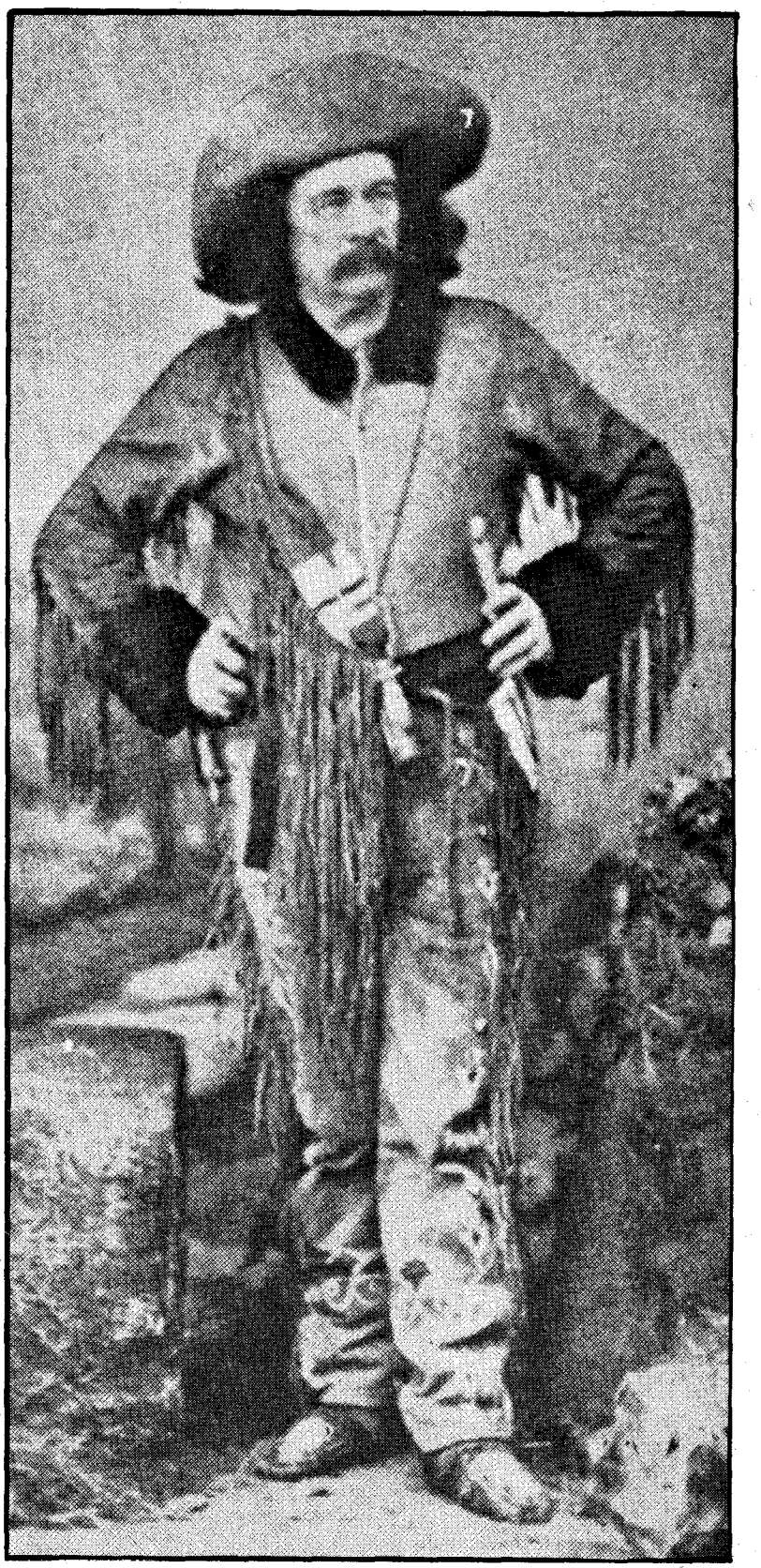
"The Great Rascal" as he was called by one author, left the sea to become a traveler and lecturer, but still a writer. When he wasn't giving vigorous temperance lectures in the most pompous manner, he was brawling or dead drunk in some out - of - the - way saloon. He soon used the non de plume of "Ned Buntline" which appeared on more stories than the combined output of Thackery and Dickens.

It was remarkable how this gigantic effort failed to exhaust Judson's literary capabilities. It is said that he once completed 610 pages in 62 hours, abstaining from food and drink during that period. He once confided to an interviewer how he could never lay out plots in advance. "I shouldn't know how to do it, for how can I know what my people may take into their heads to do? First I invent a title. When I hit a good one I consider the story half finished. It is the thing of prime importance. After I begin I push ahead as fast as I can write, never blotting out anything I have once written and never making a correction or modification. If a book does not suit me when I have finished it, I simply throw it in the fire and begin again without any reference to the discarded text."

This rascally rogue thought nothing of twisting or rather mangling the truth about himself. When he was honorably discharged from the Union army during the Civil War, his military record showed him as a private with no participation in war time engagements. He bragged to everyone that he had been "Chief of Scouts with the rank of Colonel!"

Despite his vast literary efforts he found time to publish a story paper in New York called "Ned Butline's Own." Its circulation was great, and it dealt with everything from denouncing politicians, hawking temperance lectures and listing the best saloons to patronize. While running his controversial magazine Judson never feared to involve himself in anything that struck his fancy and which he could champion. He was one of the main instigators of the bloody riot at the Astor Place Opera House in May of 1849. Judson took an active part and was thrown in jail after he had aroused thousands of American working men and firemen against the New York militiamen. The riot left 34 killed and 141 wounded.

Judson began to tire of producing sea stories and looked far afield for other worlds to conquer. He visioned Indian fighters and hunters of the Wild West as his next objective. Here indeed was the meat for many juicy novels. The man he thought of first was Frank North, White Chief of the Pawnee Indians, North was generally acclaimed as a most fearless fighter in the West and Judson wanted him to play the part as hero in a series he was to write. North was a dead shot, handsome in appearance, and was the head Army Scout in the Indian country.



Ned Buntline as Cale Durg, the part he played in his play which toured the country during the 1870's.

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But North was very indignant at being proposed as a Dime Novel hero by Judson. However seeking to placate Judson he quickly and dryly remarked: - "If you want a man to fill that bill, he's asleep under the wagon!"

The person Judson routed from his prone position beneath a wagon was a 23 year old blonde man, a real image of a Greek god. He yawned sleepily at the man who was to be his appointed Pygmalion. The young man had been a laborer, road-grader, carpenter, mule skinner, pony Express rider, inn-keeper, and a hunter, but had not been particularly successful in any of them. His best job was for the Kansas Pacific Railroad where he supplied fresh buffalo meat for the railroad workers. He and his co-workers rounded up 4,280 wooly creatures in 17 months which started a popular song which was sung around the campfires of the Plains.

"The men all called him Buffalo Bill
He never missed and he never will;
He always aims and shoots to kill
And the company pays his Buffalo Bill!"

The young hunter's name was Bill Cody. When Juson talked to Cody he wrote a contract paying him for the use of his name, then took heed of the tall tales heard about the campfires and went back East. There he wrote the first of many stories of Buffalo Bill that left Bill Cody astounded and somewhat speechless at the great feats he had performed. These were not only popular but on the sensational side.

They were much superior to his sea stories. Men like James Gordon Bennett, the millionaire publisher and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia were so captivated by the charm and manly prowess of this dime novel hero that they accepted him as a super hero.

In no time at all many important people in all walks of life rushed to meet him. Cody was the small boys' god and the most famous of all buffalo hunters in addition to being the most intrepid fighter of villains and scoundrels that crossed his path. From here on it was all down hill for Cody who eventually made and spent millions. Thus, his enormous step to fame was made possible by Judson's lucky move in choosing North's suggested hero in his stories. Cody helped his own cause by developing into a polished actor after a sour, ham-like start. Judson had unwittingly dabbled in the authentic stuff of folklore.

The personal side of Judson's life was more exciting than his dime novels. From the first he loved to be dramatic in everything he did whether it was fictional or in real life. He had a talent for roguery that amounted almost to genius. This author stole other men's wives, and once was married to four women at one time. At one period he was called a "strumpet - fondled, cow - hided and well-thrashed mountebank".

His funeral was reported to have been one of the largest in Stamford, New York. Only half the mourners could crowd into church. After an eventful life Ned Buntline was laid to rest in a quiet graveyard in the Catskills. ●RW

Ned Buntline, dime novelist who wrote the first few stories about Buffalo Bill and thereby propelled him into the limelight and eventual fame.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

"The Great Rascal" by Jay Monaghan, N. Y. 1951.
"Wonder Boy of the Wild West" by Richard Sharpe, Chicago , 1945

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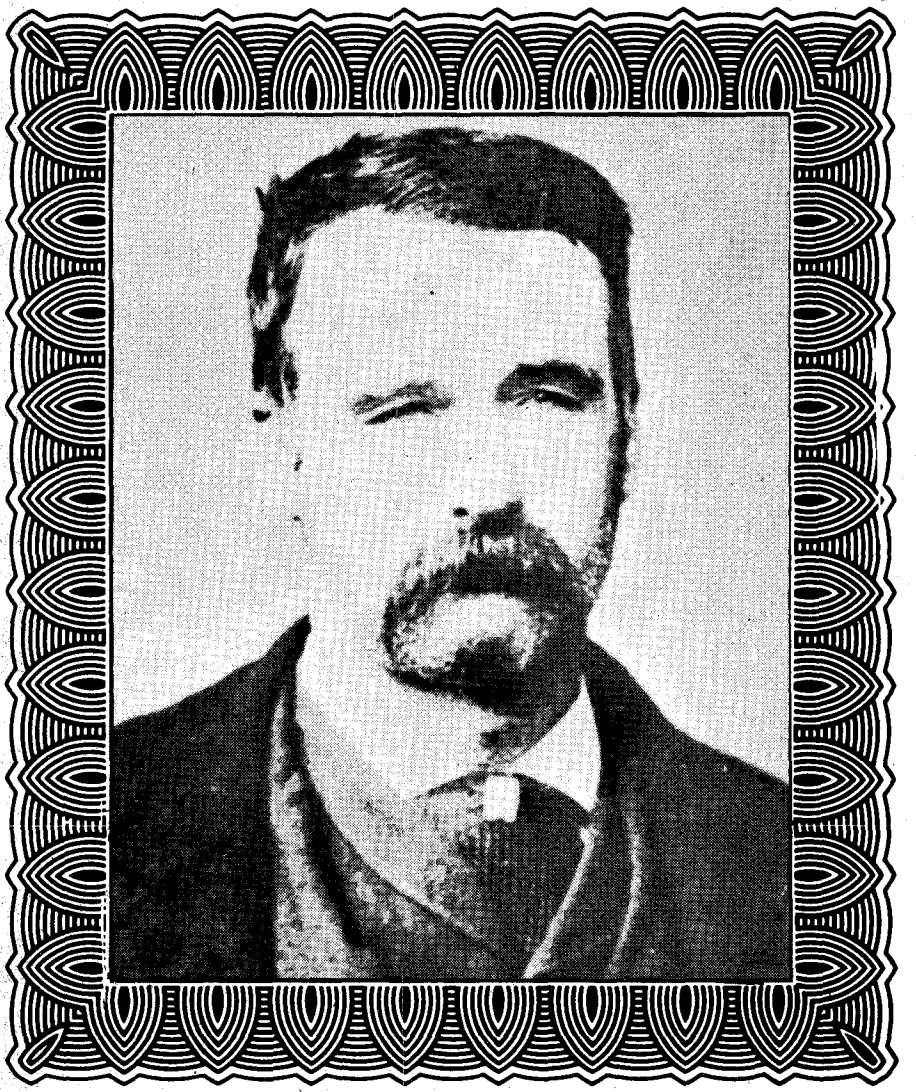
BOONE HELM,



Boone Helm, killer-cannibal roamed the West of both the United States and Canada as a trapper. When faced with starvation in the wilderness, his partners usually ended up butchered and eaten.

MAN BEAST OF THE FRONTIER

by Bill Barker

Bannack, Montana was the scene of the bloodiest crime wave in Western History. Here, Sheriff Henry Plummer headed the gang of cutthroats ironically called "The Innocents" and his chief killer was Boone Helm, cannibal, murderer, and road agent.

Elijah Burton brushed a mittened hand across his red, swollen eyelids and cried out in sudden panic, "Boone, where are you? I can't see you--it's got dark all of a sudden!"

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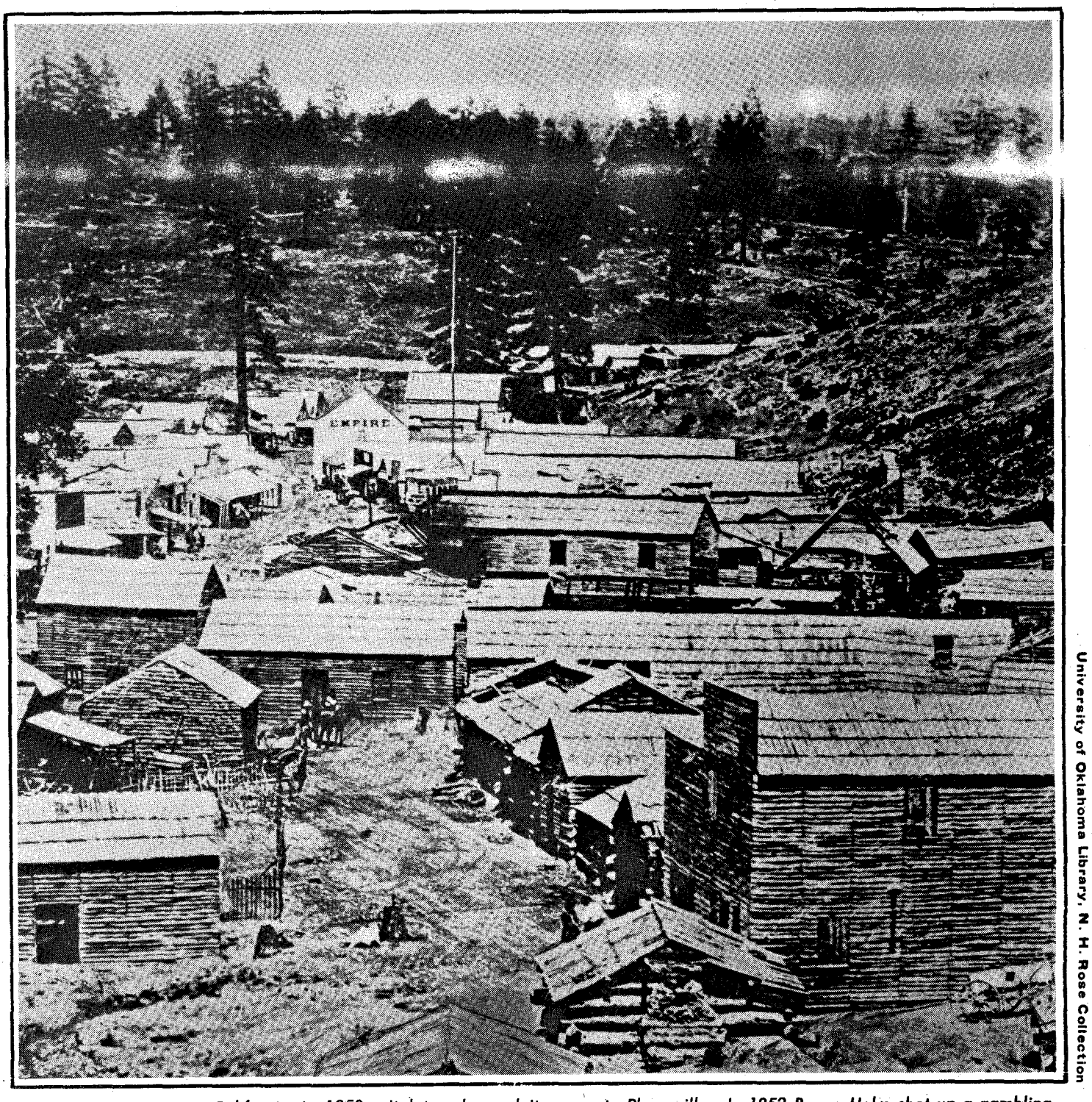

University of Oklahoma Library, N. H. Rose Collection

Hangtown, California in 1850. It later changed its name to Placerville. In 1852 Boone Helm shot up a gambling joint after going broke at the faro table. Vigilantes gave him the choice of leaving town or dancing on air at the end of a rope. Helm left town.

Twenty feet ahead, in the snowy mountain trail, Boone Helm turned at the cry. He stood looking at Burton a long, silent moment, his broken yellow fangs bared in a mocking leer. Finally he spoke: "It's still daylight, 'Lije. You damned idiot, you've gone *snow-blind!*"

Burton took an uncertain step forward, tripped over his snowshoes and fell sprawling in the trail. "Boone," he gasped, "You're not going to leave me? My God, I'll freeze to death without a fire! Boone, don't leave me to die alone in the dark! Boone. . ."

Helm laughed. "The hell I can't! How about our three partners that played out back on the trail? You sniveling bastard, I didn't hear you cryin' none when we left *them* to die!"

Burton flinched at the brutal, sneering words as at the touch of a lash. "But they could see! They could build a fire after they'd rested a mite . . .They could--"

"Starve!" Helm cut in harshly. "You rotten coward, you know damned well they didn't have a chance. They had no grub--*we* took it all. You and me! And now, *we* got no grub either."

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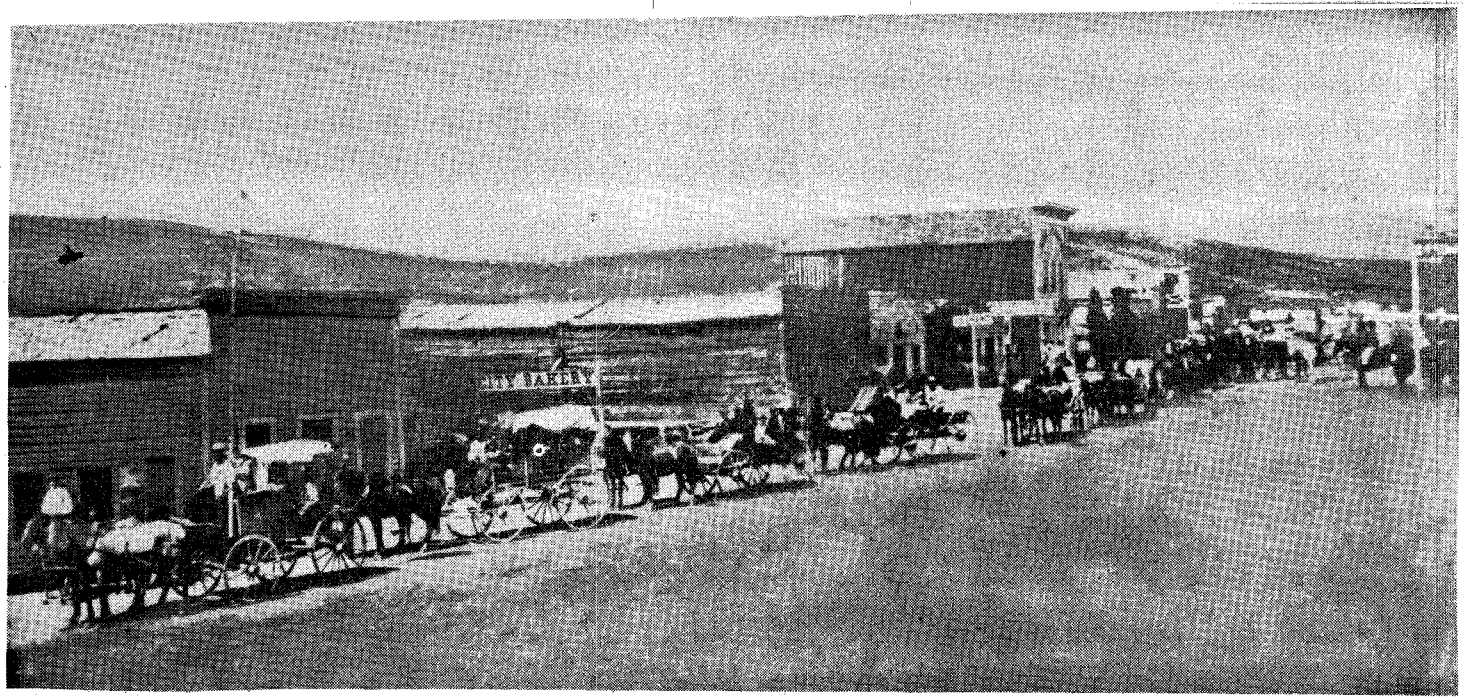
Historical Society of Montana, Helena



Bannack, Montana in the 1860's. Henry Plummer with his office of sheriff as protection operated a gang of cutthroats and road agents until vigilantes were organized and put an end to his career. Boone Helm, who was his chief henchman, also came to terms at the end of a rope.

A hoarse scream broke from Burton's throat. "Boone, we're partners! You *can't* leave me to freeze. I can walk--just let me hang onto your coat. I can make it, Boone. . ."

He crawled toward Helm, begging abjectly for his life. "Give me a chance, Boone, *please* give me a chance. I don't want to die. . ."

Helm cocked his rifle--and Burton cowered in terror at the ominous click of the hammer. He tried to speak again, failed, and crouched there in the trail in his tattered furs, waiting for death.

The crash of the shot echoed loud in the icy stillness, shattering the silence again and again as the echoes came booming back from the circling cliffs.

The murderer stood motionless until the yammering echoes died away, watching with cool detachment as Burton retched out his life in the reddening snow. Swiftly, then, he stripped the corpse of its clothing and rifled the pockets. A gold watch, a few coins, he kept--a packet of letters and a daguerreotype of a woman he threw away. Drawing his Bowie knife, he began expertly to cut up the body. He worked fast and eagerly, like a hungry man butchering a beef. . .

The grisly cannibal murder of Elijah Burton in March of 1852 was not the first killing on Boone Helm's black record. In September of the preceding year, he had stabbed his best friend in a druken row over a woman in his home village of Log Branch, Missouri. Arrested for the brutal crime, he had broken jail, stolen a horse, and fled west to California. In the roaring gold camp of Hangtown, in the Mother Lode Country, he shot up a gambling joint after going broke at the faro table. Nobody was seriously hurt, but the Vigilantes gave Boone a choice of leaving town right now or dancing on air at the end of a rope. Helm left town.

Two months later he showed up in the Grande Ronde Valley in eastern Idaho. Elijah Burton was seeking a guide for an expedition over the mountains to Salt Lake City, and Helm talked Burton into giving him the job.

The party was doomed from the start, with insufficient supplies and an inexperienced guide. Indians ran off their horses, killing the herder. The hard travel afoot through the deep snows covering the dim trail exhausted the weaker members of the party until only Helm and Burton were left--and then only Helm. He arrived in Salt Lake City healthy and well-fed and still packing a chunk of meat wrapped in a filthy cotton shirt. "Elk meat," he informed a curious questioner, roaring with laughter as he tossed the meat to a dog.

Boone Helm had yet to find a community strong-stomached enough to stand his odious presence for long, and Salt Lake City was no exception. Upon his arrival in town, however, he readily found a job with a criminal outfit that specialized in carefully planned and smoothly executed holdups with a minimum of violence. The leader told Helm bluntly: "I won't stand for a killing. If necessary, you can hit a man with your fists or with a pistol barrel, but no murder. Hear?"

The hulking killer from Missouri sneered at such squeamishness, but he stayed in line until he had his empty money-belt replenished with gold-pieces. Then the inevitable happened. A gambler, trying to protect his bankroll, reached for a derringer. Helm shot him in the belly--and watched in vast amusement the dying agonies of the card-shark as he writhed on the ground trying to hold in his slug-torn guts with his bloody hands.

This was too callous a performance even for the hard-bitten leader of the holdup gang. "Damn you, Helm, I told you no murder!" he raged. "Get out of this town and *stay* out or I'll turn you over to Brigham Young's boys."

(continued on page 42)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

PICTURES IN THE SAND

Dry painting is an art-form of the American Indian, especially those tribes of the southwest. This type of painting has been given the names 'sand altars', 'sand pictures', or 'sand mosaics' and is an art of great antiquity. It is found among the various Pueblo tribes of New Mexico and Arizona, and also among the Cheyenne, Arapaho and Siksika tribes. The Navajo believe this was, at one time, practiced by the Ute tribe and the cliff-dwellers. A form of ground painting is also done in Tibet and India.

Dry sand painting reached its greatest perfection among the Navajo, however it wasn't until 1887 that the first of this type painting was recorded and preserved. The Navajo made large and elaborate designs with pictures from one foot in diameter to pictures that would occupy most of the floor of a hogan and a few could be as much as 20 feet across. On the average, though, a sand painting would be about six feet in diameter. As a rule, sand paintings were made in connection with religious ceremonies and used particularly in the Navajo "nine-day" ceremony. This is a healing or curing ceremony, accompanied by 'singers' or chants, to expel evil spirits. On the last day of this ceremony, a painting is made within the hogan. The Medicine Man supervises this with his assistants, usually four or more, each working on a portion of the painting. These paintings represent, in conventional form, various Gods of Navajo mythology, lightning, sunbeams, rainbows, divine ceremonies, mountains, animals and plants with each having special significance. The Medicine Man had won his position through long years of apprenticeship in gaining knowledge and skill in this type of painting.

The general ritual of a sand painting ceremony lasts from three to nine days. Each day a new painting is made with prayers and chants accompanying the artist. Like so many rituals, exacting detail and traditional sequence is included to attract the 'Spirit people' who often attend these sacred ceremonies. The Medicine Man must go through three days of purification, including fasting, sweating and performing a lonely vigil. During this period of purification he also collects sand, flower pollen, roots, charcoal, bark, and ground cornmeal that will be used in the sand painting. The young men that are to assist with the painting also undergo a similar vigil and collect material that will be needed in the ceremonial observance.

Dry sand sufficient to cover a designated surface to a depth of two to three inches is carried, in a blanket, into the ceremonial house and thrown upon the floor. This is then made smooth and level by means of broad oaken battens such as are used in weaving.

The pigments used represent the five sacred colors of the Navajo; white, blue, yellow, black, and red. The greatest part of the picture is done in white, yellow and red; all colors made of finely powdered sandstone. Black is powdered charcoal mixed with a little sandstone to give it stability; and the blue, which is really a kind of gray, is black and white mixed together. After these powders are prepared they are kept on improvised trays of juniper bark. To apply the pigments the artist picks up a small quantity between his thumb and flexed forefinger and allows the dry pigments to trickle slowly through his fingers as his hand moves over the design. As he takes up each pinch of powdered color he first blows on his fingers to remove abberrant particles and to keep them from falling on the ground, or out of place in the picture. Should a mistake occur, fresh sand is spread over it and the correct design put on the new surface.

The drawing is started as near the center as the design will permit, with regard to the points of the compass which have an established order in Navajo ceremony. The figures in the periphery of the picture are made last, in order that the operator may not have to step over them and thus possibly spoil the work. Sand pictures are drawn according to an exact system, except in certain well defined cases where the artist may use his own ideas. At times the pictures are measured by the palm of the hand and not even the slightest deviation can be made from the established design. Straight and parallel lines are drawn with the aid of a tightened cord. Always when drawing a God, first the naked bodies are made, then the clothing added.

The Shaman or Medicine Man does little of the actual drawing, being more of a master of ceremonies, directing and criticizing the work. The young men who have been initiated into the mystery of the ceremony perform the painting, each working on a different part. Often hours are spent on one picture. When the 'Holy People' taught the Navajo the myths and how to make dry paintings they forbid their reproduction in any permanent form fearing they might be damaged or soiled, thus only memory can guide the painter. When the ceremony ends, the picture is obliterated and the sand upon which it was made is gathered into a blanket and thrown away, at a distance from the hogan. The Navajo must destroy their paintings at once, but the Pueblo can allow theirs to remain for a few days. Women do not take part in the sand paintings for fear of injury from the supernatural powers invoked. The Navajo do not make paintings in summer, therefore the designs must be carried from winter to winter in the fallible memories of men. In spite of this, the Medicine Men claim the pictures have been trasmitted, unaltered, for many generations.

The symbols are always depicted in human form, even if they are to represent a god or a supernatural being. Thus we see snake people, bear people, wind, hail, arrow, corn people, and storm people among the many representations. The sand paintings may be thought of as illustrations of Navajo mythology, and even narrative because anyone familiar with the symbolism and the myths of the Navajo can read them and be reminded of episodes in the sacred tales. There are

(continued on page 78)

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REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 38. CHATTO. *Flat Nose, Chato (Chatto) was a Chiricahua Apache. His face was marred by a flat nose from having been kicked by a mule. He was at one time a follower of Geronimo, but later became a rival. The army made him an army scout to hunt down Geronimo and Nechi. He died August 10, 1934 at the Mescalero Agency hospital.*

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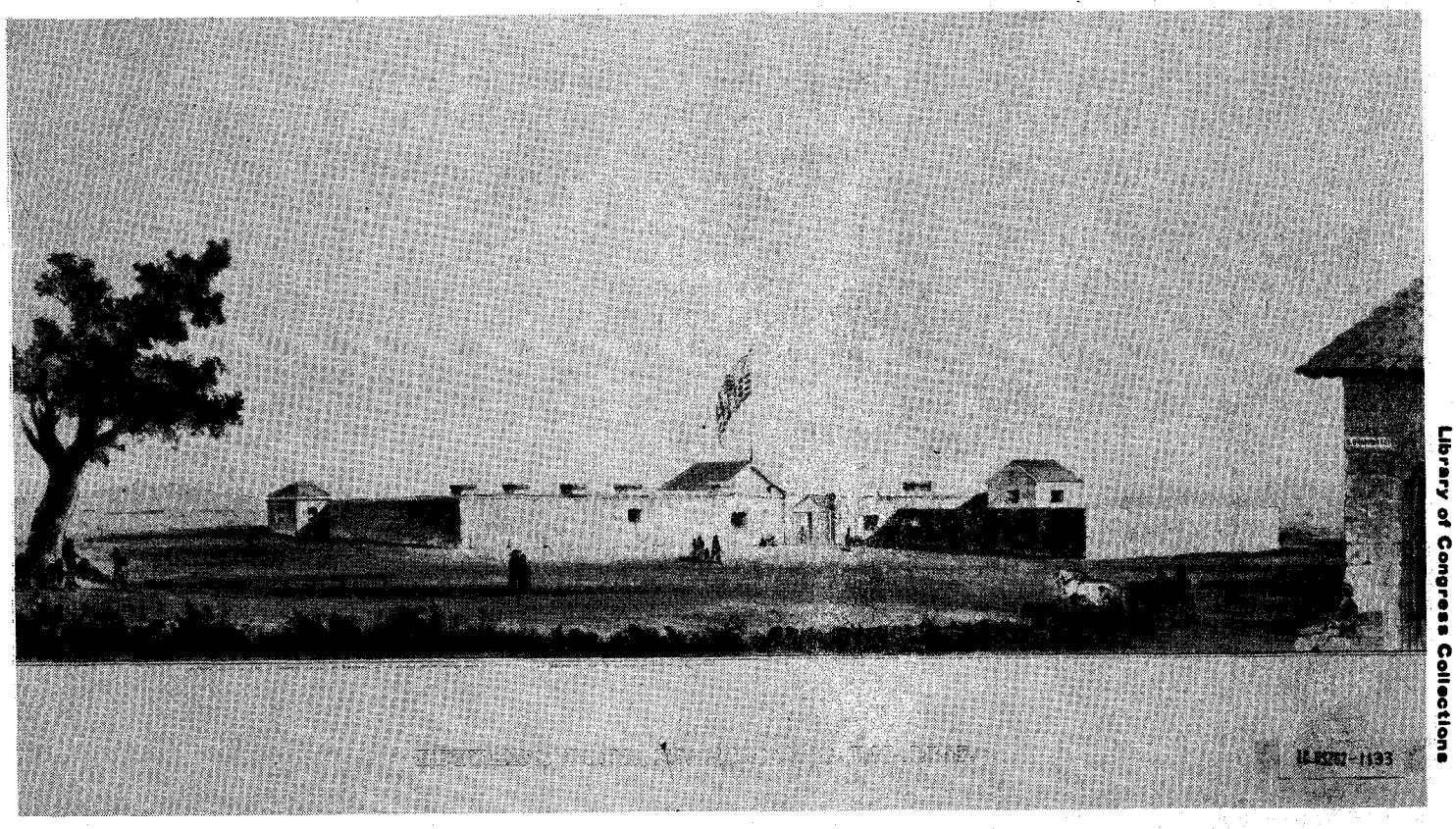
PICTORIAL

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 22. BORDER BOYS LIBRARY. A short lived weekly publication featuring western and Indian romances. It was published by the Nickel Library Co. of New York from May 11, 1892 to November 2, 1892. A total of 26 issues were published.

Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection



Library of Congress Collections

Sutter's Fort as it appeared in 1847. Sutter founded the fort in 1839 and was building an empire in the Sacramento Valley of central California. The Mexican War of 1845-46 and the discovery of gold in California put an end to his dream. He greeted and housed the first immigrants to cross the Sierras. The fort was the center of activity for a decade but within ten years of the discovery of gold there was hardly a building left.

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LOST TREASURES

By E S. LeGaye

The owners of the Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage publicly boasted that their brand-new steel-lined stage coach, the MONITOR, was impregnable to outlaws! Further, they advertised that on September 26, 1878, the MONITOR would tote a large shipment of gold bullion from Deadwood to Cheyenne! This is why it never reached its destination!

1. NAME OF TREASURE: Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage Line Robbery Loot
2. APPROXIMATE LOCATION: Near Rapid City, S. Dak.
3. TIME: 1878
4. VALUE: Up to $400,000
5. DESCRIPTION: Gold bullion and other valuables
6. AUTHENTICATION: Excellent. The robbery is a historical certainty. Only unknowns are exact location or locations and exact amount of the loot.

Stage-line guard, Scott Davis, and the group of angry, vigilante posse-men under his command were probably feeling smugly self-satisfied as they mounted up and cantered briskly away from the macabre scene they had just created there, in that bleak and lonely place.

Not one of them could have suspected that the lynch-law "justice" they had meted out to those two young men was to cause the company Davis worked for to suffer a great financial loss, or that they had destroyed the keys to a puzzle destined to survive--and to intrigue--for untold decades.

But the fact is, Davis and his vigilantes unwittingly had just stilled forever the only men in the world who knew where the 700 or more pounds of bright, beautiful Black Hills gold had been cached! This irreversible mistake was principally Davis', as it was he who had given the fateful order, "String 'em up!" This mistake virtually guaranteed that the gold hijacked at the Canyon Springs stage station would never be found, at least not for a very long time.

For it is an immutable truth that regardless of the urgency of the questions posed them, dead men have no earthly voice with which to answer mortal inquisitors. Hanging by the neck at the end of a harsh, manila rope, their violated bodies slowly swaying back and forth as the vagrant winds push against them in fitful gusts, such men now belong to another dimension in time and space.

It was the officials of Gilmer and Salisbury's Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage, Mail and Express Line that had made the first and *the truly deadly mistake.* Because of their blind confidence in the alleged impregnability of their brand-new, specially-built and steel-lined stage coach, the *Monitor,* they had foolishly advertised the fact that on the 26th of September, 1878, the *Monitor* was scheduled to leave Deadwood carrying a large shipment of gold bullion to the railroad at Cheyenne!

Beyond any doubt, this ad must have attracted the attention of just about every hardcase desperado in the entire territory and, according to the reports, there were plenty of them. The ad quickly set into motion the sequence of events that soon were to lead to irreparably damaged reputations, to loss of property, to injury and maiming, and to imprisonment and death. Yes, the seeds of evil and greed that were planted by that ill-conceived ad took root in fertile soil and yielded up a most bitter harvest.

The planting bore its first fruit at Canyon Springs stage station, which was a relay point on the Deadwood-Cheyenne trail, located about 30 miles southwest of Deadwood, just across the border, in Wyoming. Canyon Springs was not an overnight stop, so the station consisted merely of a long building of logs set parallel to the road, with an ell-shaped shed on the north side and horse corrals to the south. The building was divided into two compartments; station hosteler, William Miner, lived in one side, the other was used for a granary, and during times of danger or bad weather as a stable for the relay horses.

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At about two o'clock the afternoon of that September day in 1878, two hours before the south - bound, treasure - laden *Monitor* was due to arrive from Deadwood, two men on horseback jogged into the station yard. Dismounting, they asked for a drink of water. When Miner returned from the station building bearing the water, he found himself suddenly staring into the gaping maws of two Winchester rifles. A whistle by one of the outlaws quickly brought three others from the nearby woods, also well-armed and mounted.

During the time the outlaws were tying up Miner and another man who had happened to be at the station at the time, the hosteler recognized the tall, rather handsome man who seemed to be the leader, and remembered his name. The man was Charles G. Carey, who, with the others was said to have been developing a quartz claim somewhere near the head of Blacktail or Sheeptail gulch.

Carey was 21 years old at the time, of fine physique and good general appearance, fair and with tight brown hair, smoothly-shaven except for a mustache. He apparently was a man with a good education and obviously a man with determination and nerves of iron.

His fellow-outlaws were also young, also known to many people in the Black Hills mining camps. They were Frank McBride, Thomas Goodale, Al Spear, and a man generally referred to only as "Red Cloud" because of the fact that he had once worked at the Red Cloud Indian Agency (Richard B. Hughes, who lived in the Black Hills from 1876 until late 1880, and who knew and hunted with Andy Gough also called Red Cloud, by his many friends makes no inference in his memoirs that Gough might have been this outlaw), and another unnamed man.

Once they were tied up, Miner and his visitor were then both locked in the granary side of the station buildings. The outlaws at once proceeded to get ready for the coming attack on the *Monitor's* guards by knocking out some of the chinking between the building walls, so that they could fire their rifles while being, at the same time, almost completely protected within the station.

At four o'clock that afternoon and promptly on schedule, driver Gene Barnett wheeled the heavy-laden *Monitor* into the station yard, expecting to see Miner ready with fresh horses. Instead, not a soul was in sight; a strange silence hung about the station as though it had been deserted. Barnett called out, but there was no answer. Guard Galen Hill them climbed down from the big coach to place chocks under the wheels, and as soon as his feet hit the ground, he was gunned down by one of the outlaws hiding in the station.

In the wild melee that followed, Guard Scott Davis managed to escape into the nearby woods. Miner managed to get untied and to worm his way out of the granary; Frank McBride was shot and mortally wounded by Davis; Guard Eugene Smith was wounded, and Hugh O. Campbell, a telegrapher, was shot to death by the outlaws.

When the dust settled down a bit, the victorious desperados tied up the remaining stage line employees, and set about "liberating" the *Monitor's* load of treasure. They attacked the big, steel strong box and, in an hour and a half, they succeeded in accomplishing a feat that the box's manufacturer had solemnly assured everyone could not possibly be done, even under the best of circumstances in less than six days! When the strongbox finally gave way and surrendered up its contents, the outlaws transferred the treasure to eight horses and, mounting up, they pounded away from the station toward the southeast, to disappear quickly in the gathering blackness of night.

In the meanwhile Miner and Davis had both set out to seek help, each heading in opposite directions; Davis to the south, toward Beaver Creek station, Miner to the north toward Deadwood. Davis reached help first.

Shortly after nine o'clock, he met company guards Boone May, Jess Brown and Bill Sample on their way to find out what had delayed the *Monitor*. They told him that when the stage had failed to reach Jenney Stockade station, south of Beaver Creek station, where they were to take charge of its security, they had become alarmed and decided to investigate. The four guards reached Canyon Creek station about midnight, to find everybody the robbers had left behind still securely tied, the stage treasure box looted, and the robbers and most of the horses gone.

Several hours after he escaped from the outlaws at the station, Miner managed to borrow a horse at a ranch. Once mounted, he raced over the night-darkened trail at top speed to Deadwood, where he gave the alarm and told the stunned stage line officials of the events at Canyon Springs station.

After a hurried consultation, Superintendent Luke Voorhees posted a $2500 reward for the gang's capture, dead or alive, plus a substantial share of all treasure recovered. This was a lure potent enough to assure a tremendous turnout of tough and determined, heavily-armed, money-hungry men. Working in about a dozen different posses, they fanned out across the isolated land, searching every nook and cranny much as ravenous sharks seek out prey.

The men of those posses took into custody everyone they met who even looked as though they might have been an outlaw! Some, those who could not or would not answer their questioners in a satisfactory manner were "tried" by the posse-men and hanged right where they had been apprehended.

It was Scott Davis' group that chanced upon the two young men mentioned earlier in this story. The posse had been scouring the country-side to the north of Canyon Springs for more than a week, when Davis ordered a turn to the south to Jenney Stockade station, located not far from the present - day town of Newcastle. As they coursed their southward way, they came upon the two men, who had camped for the night somewhere on a fork of Beaver Creek.

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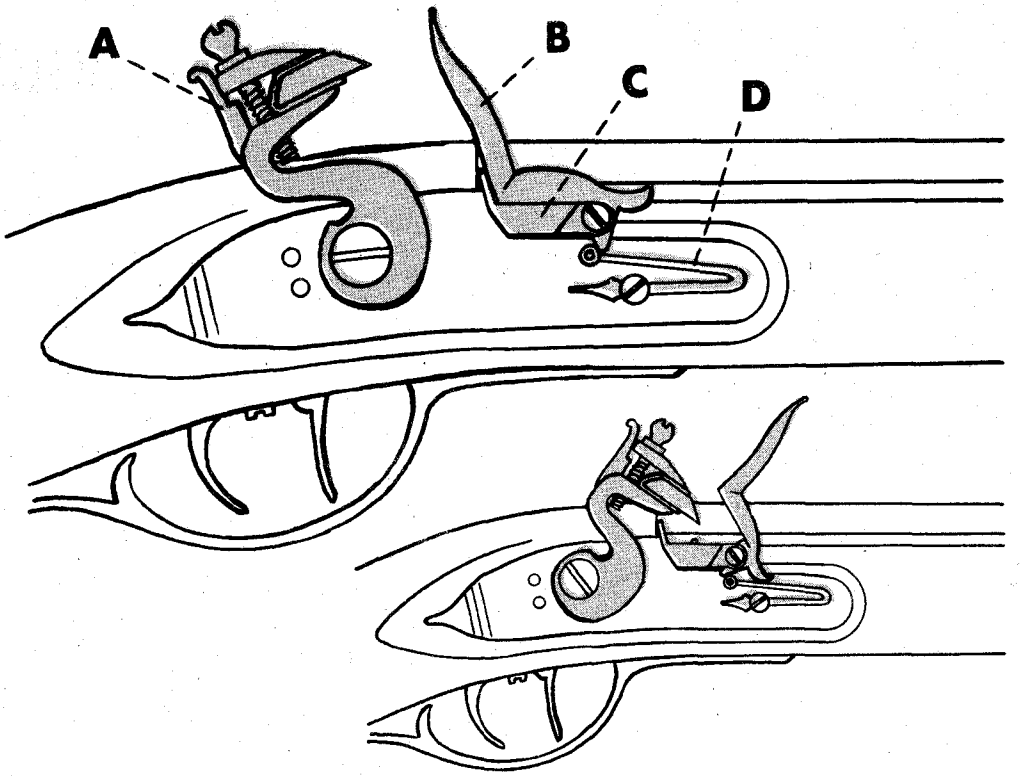
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



Last month I told about the rapidly growing sport of muzzle loader shooting, and of the various organizations which are devoted to it. There are several factors contributing to this upsurge of interest in the competition and hunting with these black powder arms.

As national legislation becomes more restrictive toward the ownership or use of modern firearms, we rapidly approach a point when we will only be allowed to own muzzle loaders. While this accounts for much of the new interest in this shooting sport, its economy is another incentive. But Most of all, there is the challenge and the unique interest of shooting just the way our pioneer forefathers did, when they pushed the frontiers westward.

Any gun editor today receives a great number of questions about muzzle loading. Some want information on proper loads and how to load them. Others want us to recommend the best gun for a beginner. They ask what the sport will cost compared to similar activities.

Obviously, many REAL WEST readers have a very personal interest in the firearms of the early West, and wish to know them more intimately than is possible from merely reading about them. For these people, I will provide some of the straight answers which they have been looking for.

Muzzle loading is the least expensive of all sports involving firearms. If you know what you are doing, it is possible to buy a modern-made replica rifle in the $70 bracket, which will combine ruggedness with accuracy. Original arms in shootable condition are getting scarce, and should be preserved. One can pay $300 and up for a custom-made replica, but I do not suggest those for the beginner. There also is some cheap junk on the market, but I have field tested one or two rifles in the price range I mentioned which are quite adequate for the tyro.

For your first muzzle loader I always suggest a percussion half-stock rifle, in a good average caliber such as .45. This is pleasant to shoot, legal for hunting in many states, and is a basic, versatile arm of maximum usefulness.

A big consideration in cost is the fact that powder horns, bullet starters and all really essential accessories may be made by the shooter in a couple of weekends.

As for what it costs to shoot one - a great deal less than a .22 rimfire Magnum! Taking that average .45 for example, let's look at a fairly powerful big game load of 70 grains of FFFg black powder and a 135-grain lead ball. With 7,000 grains of powder to the pound avoirdupois, black powder is available at $2.00 a pound. This makes a 70-grain charge cost 2 cents. At the current price of scrap lead, 100 .45 balls will cost 28 cents if you mould your own, or $1.75 postpaid if you buy them ready-cast. Percussion caps sell for as low as 60 cents per 100. Flints for a flintlock will be even less, when you learn to resharpen your own.

Tally it up, and you are shooting a powerful big-bore rifle all you want,

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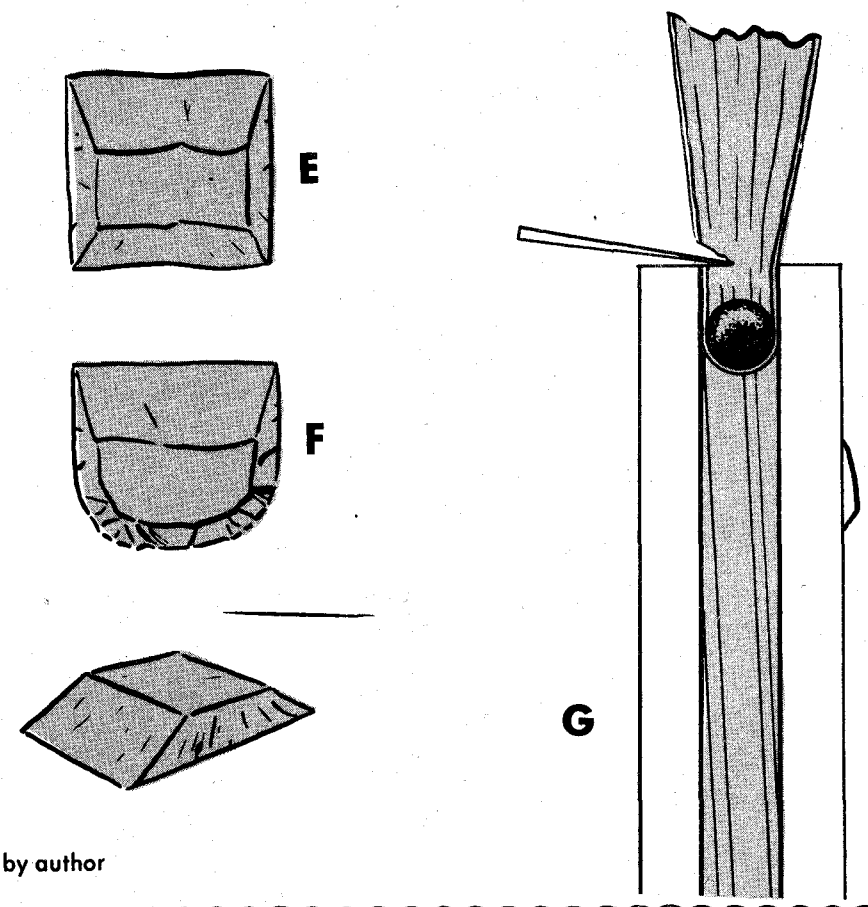
SHOOTING THE FLINTLOCK RIFLE



Sketched by author

for anywhere from 2-1/3 cents to 4-1/2 cents per shot, unless you want to buy ammo in quantity to cut down the expense.

OK — what to put in them and how to get it there. . .

Black powder is sold in different granulations for small arms. Fg, the coarsest, is for large muskets, etc. FFg is for shotguns, large rifles and the big single shot pistols. FFFg is for small to average rifles, small gauge shotguns and most handguns. FFFFg is only for priming, as in a flintlock pan.

Generally speaking, in a new and top quality rifle, a grain to a caliber is a mild target load and two grains to a caliber is a pretty stiff hunting charge. This means, in a .40 caliber, you might use anywhere from 40 to 80 grains of FFFg black powder. Do not use this rule with originals, junk rifles or thin-barreled Minie rifles! From there on, it is a matter of experimenting to find the best lead for the individual rifle, depending on your purpose and other factors. Shotguns, Minie rifles and handguns all have their own special rules, so wait until I get to them.

For specific loading instructions, let's start with the flintlock rifle which truly opened the West in the hands of the early pathfinders and beaver trappers. This is a "patch-ball" type of arm. Use a tough cloth such as denim, sailcloth or pillow ticking. In a .450 rifle bore, you might use a .445 ball and patching about .009 thick. Again you must experiment for best accuracy with various patching, but this will give you an idea. It should be a snug fit.

After powder charge is measured and poured in, dampen outer side of patching on the tongue (or lightly grease it) and center the ball on that spot, sprue up. Start it down the bore with a dowel starter, just below the muzzle. Cut off superfluous patching with a very keen patch knife, as shown in our cross section at "G". Then the ball is seated with a long starter if desired, and then the ramrod. Press firmly down upon the powder, but without banging or crushing it.

Make sure the touchhole is clear, with a wire pricker, and prime the pan with FFFFg. Snap back the frizzen upon the pan and you are loaded. Simply pull the cock back to full cock and fire.

In our drawings, "A" shows the flintlock cock in cocked position. Note flint in jaws. "B" is the frizzen, or steel, in ready position. "C" is the pan, and "D" is the frizzen spring. The lower drawing shows the flintlock in fired position, to understand how the frizzen uncovers the pan when struck.

"E" is an English gunflint and "F" is a French gunflint. Their usual colors are dark gray and amber respectively. The English are still being hand-made, the only French ones found are antiques.

Next month we will discuss the causes and prevention of misfires in this rifle of the early Western explorers. These technical problems have not changed in over 200 years. ●RW

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BOONE HELM

(continued from page 34)

Helm knew what he could expect from the Mormon leader's "Destroying Angels" if he was surrendered to them, and he put up no argument. Drifting to San Francisco, he got lucky at the gambling tables and ran up a hefty stake. He bought fancy new clothes, a plug hat and polished boots, and gave the sporting girls a red-hot whirl. He enjoyed the charms of one bawd in particular-- a sexually talented half-Chinese beauty called Jade. So enamored of the half-caste's winning ways was the crude country youth that he paid the madame of the crib-house where she worked $500 to sell her to him. Boone set the girl up in her own apartment, but he had less than a week to savor her Oriental delights. The lady's Chinese boy-friend took a dim view of the set-up and endeavored to dismember Helm with a hatchet one foggy night as he emerged from Jade's room. In the ensuing gory brawl, Boone finally managed to slash his assailant's throat from ear to ear, after taking several superficial hatchet wounds.

The Vigilance Committee, getting wind of the sordid affair through the underworld grapevine, investigated, reluctantly decided that Helm had acted in self-defense but ordered him out of town on general principles.

Unpopular as a nervous skunk at a barbecue, Boone headed back for Idaho. In foul temper after his Frisco misadventure, the surly giant shot and killed an unarmed man in a poker game quarrel at Florence. Working through a conniving jailor, Helm beat the rap by bribing several members of the jury with the last of his San Francisco winnings. Broke and in savage humor, the four-time killer decided to try his luck in Canada.

Here Boone Helm's bloody trail fades out for some years. It is known that he wandered clear to remote British Columbia and tried his hand at trapping, but details are lacking. We cut his trail again in 1861 when he was arrested by Canadian lawmen on suspicion of murder.

Helm and Angus MacPherson, his trapping partner, had set out with their winter's catch of furs on a 200 mile trip through the wilderness from their cabin to a Hudson's Bay Company trading post. A three - day blizzard came whooping down from the north, and the partners holed up in a hastily built balsam shelter in the lee of a big rock. On the last day of the storm, while they were still nearly a hundred miles short of the post, their grub ran out. The problem presented no difficulty to cannibal Boone Helm.

The yellow-fanged giant arrived alone at the post, well-fed, dragging the full load of furs behind him on a toboggan. When the factor inquired as to MacPherson's absence, Boone grinned and declared that his partner had "gone snow - blind and wandered off somewhere in the woods."

Suspicious, the factor sent an Indian runner hurrying for the authorities. Helm's arrest quickly followed.

Without a corpse to confirm their suspicions of murder, the baffled Crown officers could not make a case against Helm. He got off with a verdict of permanent banishment from Canada. The unlucky MacPherson was never seen again.

Early in the summer of 1863, eleven years after his crime-filled wanderings began in far-off Missouri, Boone Helm finally found a haven at the hell-roaring mining camp of Bannack in Montana. The killer-cannibal couldn't have made a more suitable choice. Bannack was the headquarters of the notorious Plummer gang of road agents, whose nefarious operations included Virginia City and all the wild territory between the two camps. Helm was welcomed into the sinister outfit and assigned the job of "roadster," specializing in stagecoach holdups. It was an assignment much to his liking.

Henry Plummer, leader of the evil gang ironically dubbed "The Innocents," recognized in Boone Helm a fellow desperado whose villainy matched his own. But where the crafty Plummer was intelligent enough to fear death, the brutish, mentally subnormal Helm feared nothing. Plummer remained in the background, plotting with ruthless brilliance to control the entire territory with violence and terror; Boone Helm, as top executioner of the gang, took savage delight in carrying out the leader's malevolent plans. Together, they comprised a monstrous pair; the slick bandit chief and the snaggle - toothed, animal - like Helm who murdered for kicks.

Shortly after Helm's arrival in Bannack, Henry Plummer actually got himself elected Sheriff of Bannack District. This devious political coup was the signal for nearly eight months of the worst campaign of organized crime ever to ravage the Western frontier. Plummer envisioned a crime empire, with himself as its ruler, controlling the whole vast region. Moving swiftly, with almost military precision, Plummer's trained thugs under the direction of their avaricious master set out to drain off the wealth of the rich mining area. Gold - laden stagecoaches, en route to Salt Lake City, were held up and robbed by masked bandits who knew exactly when the stages carried gold and how much. Miners, leaving their claims in the hills to visit Bannack or Virginia City, mysteriously disappeared on their way to town. Occasionally, stripped and bullet-riddled bodies were discovered in the brush along the trails. The body of one husky miner, known only as Bohunk John, was found literally torn to pieces, as by a maddened bear.

Sheriff Plummer remained unperturbed by this frightful wave of murder and robbery, blandly assuring each committee of

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frightened citizens calling at the Sheriff's office that he and his valiant deputies were "taking care of everything," and that very soon now "the fiends responsible for these appalling acts will be brought to justice."

There was no doubt the Sheriff and his men were taking care of everything, but the suave Plummer made one fatal mistake; he underestimated the courage and intelligence of the hardy citizens of Bannack, Alder Gulch and Virginia City. With crimes mounting daily and no arrests as promised by the Sheriff, the finger of suspicion pointed straight at the dapper figure of Henry Plummer. No gold shipment was safe from robbery, no trail free from banditry and murder, and the miners were fed up with it. Secretly, the angry citizens met to form a Vigilance Committee and appoint Jim Williams captain. Williams, a tall, quiet man with a stubborn set to his jaw, arose to address the meeting:

"Gents, there ain't a mite of doubt but what we're being slowly destroyed by a mighty clever crook--a crook that we elected Sheriff! There ain't no use fussin' ourselves for being stupid--the only thing we can do now is to make a case against Plummer and his gang, arrest 'em and hang 'em. Now let's review the evidence and see how much we have to go on."

Swiftly the evidence was reviewed, with each man present eager to talk after his long, fear-imposed silence. Williams himself noted the interesting fact that Plummer's deputies all seemed to have money to throw away right after each big stage holdup. The proprietor of the Virginia City gambling and dance hall, "The Shades," reported that deputy Jack Gallagher had dropped $3,000 in gold dust and nuggets right after one holdup. Another man remembered hearing deputy Ned Ray boast that he had sent $1,000 to a St. Louis jeweler for a diamond ring to present to his "girl friend," a prostitute known as "Madam" Hall. Boone Helm had been observed one night pouring gold dust into the greedy paws of another bawd--pouring it from a buckskin poke with distinctive Indian beading, a poke that had once belonged to a murdered miner, Charley Allen. And the day before Bohunk John's mangled body had been discovered in the brush, Helm had appeared in Bannack with bruises on his hands and face indicating that he had recently engaged in a terrific hand-to-hand fight.

Gradually, as the months passed, the Vigilantes gathered additional evidence against Sheriff Plummer and his bloodstained crew. In December of 1863 they were ready to move in, deciding to arrest the weaker members of the gang first in the hope of getting confessions implicating Plummer and the monstrous Boone Helm beyond any possibility of their escaping the rope.

George Ives, young and prepossessing and friendly with all who knew him, was the first member of the bandit outfit to be arrested and tried. Convicted on the specific charge of murdering one Nick Thibault, known as the Dutchman, Ives was hanged on the night of December 21. As he stepped to the improvised packing - box scaffold, and after the rope was placed around his neck, he was asked if he had anything to say. "Yes," he replied firmly, "I am innocent of *this* crime; Aleck Carter killed the Dutchman."

The Vigilantes discounted Ives' implication of Carter as the murderer as sheer malice, but they struck pay dirt on their next arrests. Red Yeager and George Brown, tried for multiple murder and robbery, were pronounced guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Before swinging, Yeager made a complete confession. Among the 26 men his sweeping statement implicated were Henry Plummer, "chief," and Boone Helm, "chief roadster."

Now the Vigilantes had the exact information they needed to complete the cleanup of the murder gang. Grim - faced groups of heavily armed men moved in succession against the gang's known hideouts. Ned Ray, Buck Stinson, Dutch John Wagner and Henry Plummer were taken into custody without a fight. Each of the four was armed, all had killed without mercy when the odds were in their favor, but not one of these hardcase gunmen made a move to draw a weapon when confronted by Vigilante guns.

Henry Plummer and his three thugs were tried, sentenced and executed with swift, sure justice. Ray, Stinson and Wagner went to their death without a whimper, but the ruthless bandit chief himself collapsed at sight of the rope.

"Put out my eyes, cut off my ears, but don't hang me!" screamed Plummer, groveling on the snow-covered ground at the Vigilantes' feet. "Oh my God, I'm not ready to die! Send me to prison--drive me off into the hills, but please don't hang me. . .!" Sobbing hysterically, Plummer crawled on hands and knees to Jim Williams and kissed Jim's boots. "Jim," we've been friends. Let me go and I'll never come back to these parts again. . ."

Stony-faced, Williams jerked Plummer to his feet and dragged him to the gallows. With the rope around his neck, the outlaw chief stood dazed and speechless. He died without uttering another word.

Two days after Plummer's execution the Vigilantes struck again, arresting Club - Foot George Lane, Boone Helm, Haze Lyons, Frank Parish and Jack Gallagher, the hard-core criminals of Plummer's organization. Incredibly, all professed innocence and all insisted that they had heard of the executions of their leader and their comrades, but did not believe it.

Helm had been taken as he stood before the Virginia Hotel, enjoying the sunshine and picking his yellow fangs with a gold-and-ivory toothpick. Vigilantes closed in on him from all sides before he could move to draw a gun. Jim Williams barked "Throw up your hands, Helm!" and the giant replied cooly, "Sure, Jim, but I can't get up

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my right hand--my arm's busted." Helm's right arm was in a sling as the result of a recent brawl, but he was known to be armed and his left arm was quickly twisted behind his back and bound. Two guns--a Colt Navy sixgun and a derringer--were removed from his person, along with a Bowie knife.

The trial of the outlaws that afternoon was remarkable for only one thing--the brazen effrontery of Boone Helm. Calmly, Helm denied the charges of murder and robbery leveled against him. "I am as innocent as an unborn babe; I never killed anyone, or robbed or defrauded any man. I am willing to swear it on the Bible."

A Bible was brought to him, and he kissed the Book and called upon God to "strike me down dead right where I stand if I ain't tellin' the absolute truth!"

The jury ignored his blasphemous trick. Standing erect, the foreman delivered the inevitable verdict: "We find the defendant, Boone Helm, guilty of murder and robbery as charged and hereby impose mandatory sentence of death by hanging. We further recommend to the Committee that the sentence be carried out immediately."

Helm shrugged his massive shoulders as he heard his doom thus solemnly pronounced. "Well, I *tried* anyhow!" he grinned. "I ain't afraid to die. Give me a drink of whiskey--and then go get your goddam rope!"

The five condemned men were marched to the place of execution within a hollow square of armed Vigilantes to foil a possible attempt at rescue by the members of the gang still at large. No such foolhardy action occurred.

Club-Foot George was first to be hanged. He called out to a friend among the spectators, "Goodbye, old fellow -- I'm gone;" and hearing the order, "Men, do your duty!", leaped to his death without waiting for the box to be knocked from beneath his feet.

Haze Lyons stood next in the line of condemned men waiting to be hanged, but for some reason the executioners brought up Jack Gallagher next. Gallagher alternated between tears and curses until the Vigilantes kicked the box from under him.

Cracking ribald jokes while his pal Jack Gallagher went cursing to his death before him, Boone Helm was prepared for the scaffold. Coolly he watched Gallagher writhe and twist in his death agonies at the end of the rope, remarking, "Kick away, Jack. I'll be in Hell with you in a minute."

Atop the packing-box scaffold, Helm spoke quietly to the guard adjusting the rope around his neck. "Bill, fix that knot so the rope will break my neck, will you? I don't quite fancy chokin' to death like poor old Jack."

"Sure, Boone," replied the hangman, settling the knot firmly in place. "Mebbe if you jumped off hard it would work better."

"Right," agreed Helm. He then drew a deep breath, waved casually to the crowd, bawled "Every man for his principles! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Let 'er rip!" and leaped to his death.

Frank Parish requested to have a handkerchief tied over his face. His own black necktie, fastened in the road agent's knot, was taken from his throat and dropped over his face like a veil. He went to his death silently at the last, after first assuring his executioners that he wished them well and did not blame them for hanging him.

A bystander asked the guard who adjusted the rope, "Did you not feel for the poor man as you put the rope around his neck?" The Vigilante, whose friend had been murdered by the road agents, answered dryly, "You bet--I felt for his left ear!"

Haze Lyons, last of the batch to hang, asked that his gold watch be delivered to his mistress, and requested that his dying regards might be conveyed to her. Also he charged her with taking down his body and seeing that it was properly buried.

More arrests and more hangings by the Vigilance Committee followed, but the execution of Henry Plummer and Boone Helm broke the power of the gang and filled the survivors with terror. Never again, in the hectic history of the American frontier, did two such masters of villainy arise to prey upon the decent citizenry of the West.

●RW

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EL PASO'S STREETCAR

(continued from page 12)

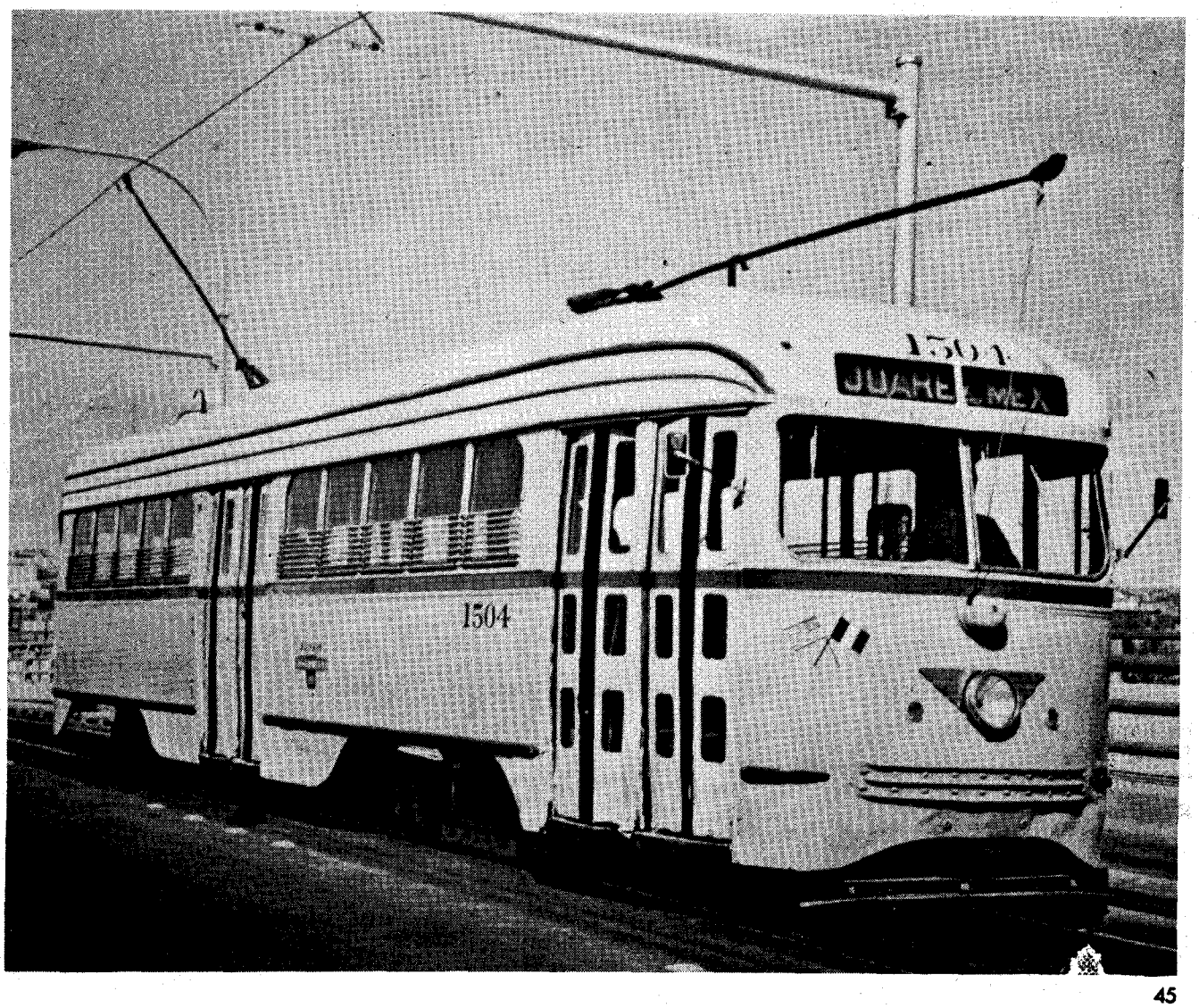
important as a means of carrying workers but had won favoritism of tourists who were intrigued with the transition from the brisk American way of life to the traditional leisure of the Latins. The streetcar kept operating in spite of many obstacles, including Pancho Villa's revolution when dodging bullets was a part of the daily run.

After World War II, El Paso began to grow again with a booming military complex, many industries and a population of almost two hundred thousand people spread up and around the slopes of Mount Franklin. It was then decided by the El Paso City Lines to replace the slow, cumbersome streetcars with the faster, less expensive to operate buses. In 1947 only the line to Juarez remained "streetcarized" and it was still the only International streetcar in the United States.

In 1950 Mr. Binkley returned to El Paso and began his search for old Number 1. Much to his dismay he found it, rusty and neglected. Seeking help to restore the little car, Mr. Binkley enlisted the aid of the El Paso Historical Society and other organizations. The Society took charge of the restoration, preservation and finding of a suitable permanent place for the car. El Paso Lodge 284, Independent Order of Odd Fellows agreed to furnish a replica of the mule. It was cast by Grubbs Foundry from a mold made by Howard Hoffman and James Goodman, students at the then Texas Western College. The Popular Dry Goods furnished a correctly-uniformed mannikin - driver, Mr. Binkley gave one of his original sombreroes (later stolen) and the El Paso City Lines agreed to repair the car in their shops. On September 14, 1955 the mini and Mandy again rode in a gaily decorated flat car, surrounded by high officials, the Sheriff's Posse and townspeople dressed in costumes of the 1882 period. The car was placed under a protective roof in San Jacinto Plaza where it received the attention it deserved from natives and tourists alike.

In 1969 the Plaza underwent extensive renovations and the mini was forced to seek another resting place. The City de-

Modern day streetcars still make the run to Juarez.



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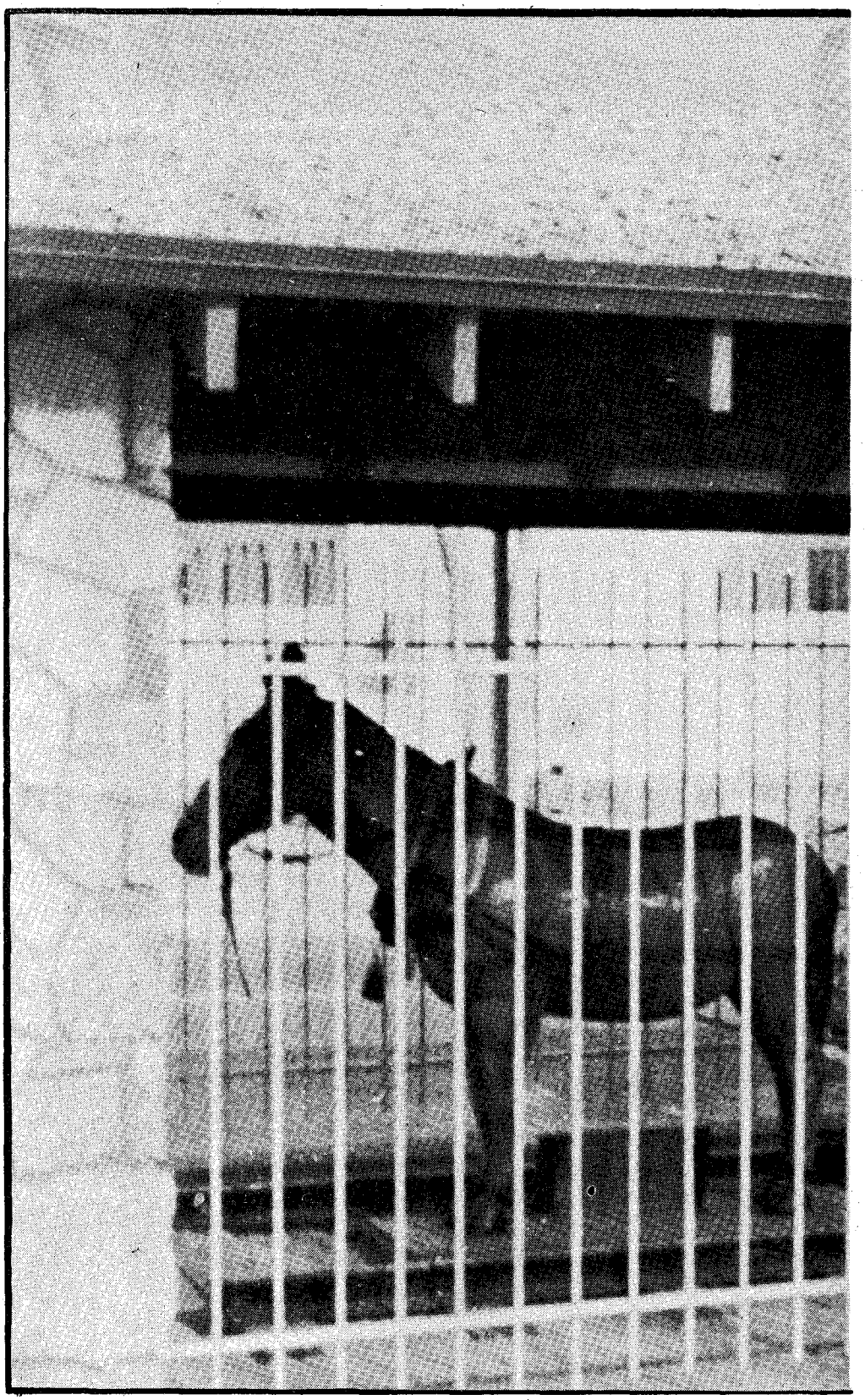

El Paso's No. 1 streetcar restored to its former greatness stands in Cleveland Square, for tourists to view.

cided on a permanent spot in Cleveland Square and with more ceremonies, attended by the eighty-four year old Mr. Binkley, the car was moved to an attractive, protectively - barred house. The little mini car and Mandy were safely home at last.

Also in 1969 service on the line was suspended at the request of the Comision Federal de Electricidad (Federal Electricity Commission) for the purpose of installing high powered electric underground cables in downtown Juarez and the replacement of all downtown electric poles with concrete structures.

It was late in November, 1970 before El Paso City Lines resumed service on the United States' only International streetcar. During the year-long layoff the maxi cars were cleaned and repainted green with the flags of the United States and Mexico in prominent place on the front of the cars. Every six minutes until nine a. m. a streetcar departs from J. C. Penny's corner. From ine a.m. to ten thirty P. M. departure is every twelve minutes and every fifteen minutes thereafter. The streetcars make the loop one hundred and eighty-four round trips a day. Passengers must have correct change with fare from El Paso ten cents with no transfer issued. Persons boarding in Juarez pay fifteen centavos (two cents). Some administrations have felt the streetcar was too slow and a traffic bottleneck. Others maintain the service is warranted for reasons of historical interest, tourism and non-pollution. In any event it would require an act of the Mexican Congress to abolish the International streetcar and this is not anticipated in the foreseeable future.

El Paso, after a slow awakening of two hundred years, now has found itself and stands a modern, adult city that was first in Texas to integrate public transportation, schools and facilities and whose population of almost four hundred thousand people of all nationalities, ranks fifth in this big state. It not only looks to a progressive future but is taking steps to protect its historical past.

Today the Number 1 streetcar rests quietly on its tiny tracks, perhaps reflecting on its part in El Paso's wild and wooly growing-pains era. The modern streetcars, bustling in and out of Juarez, are possibly proud to be part of this crossroads of the

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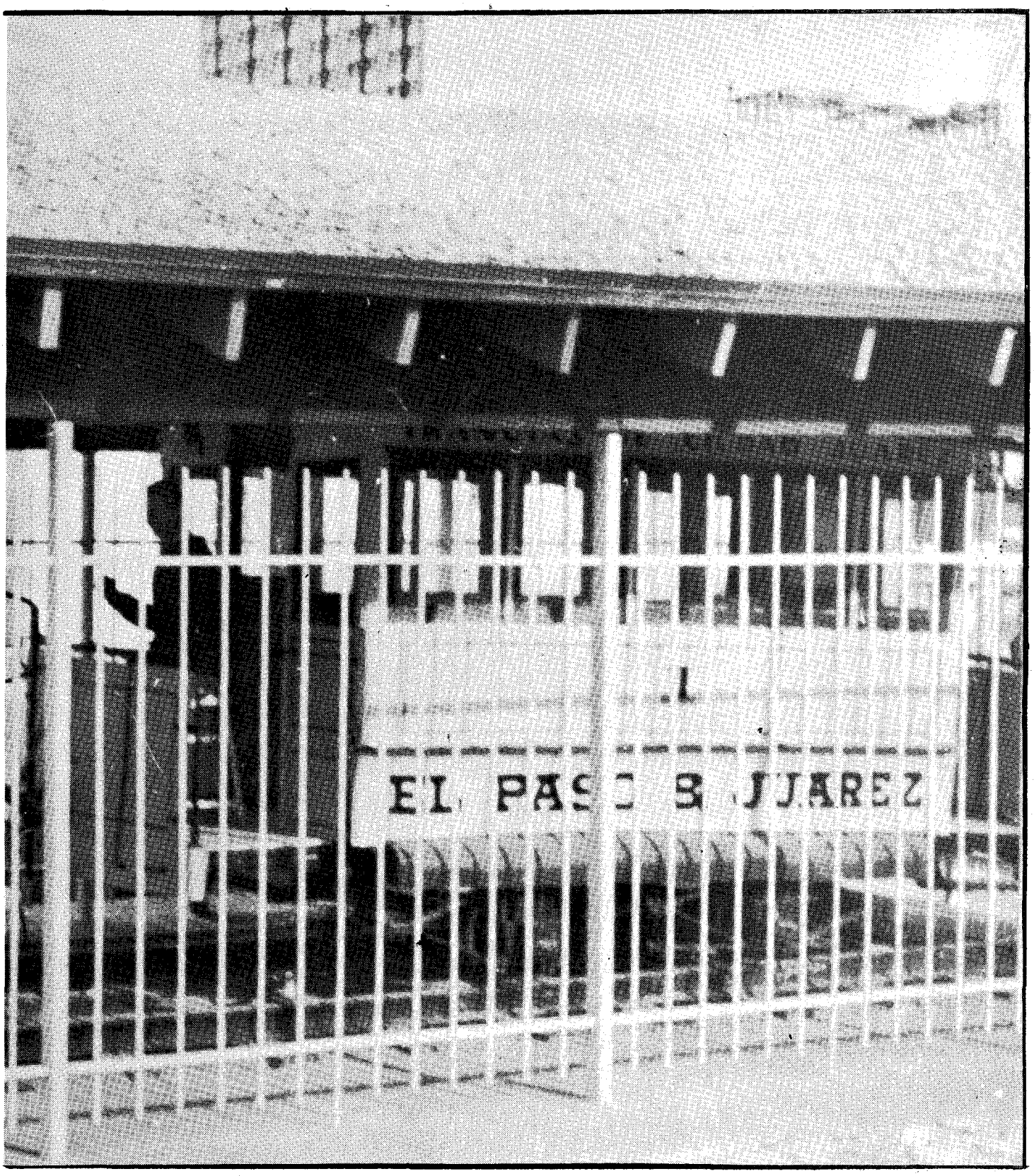

continent city that once was called "Chivos Bravos" (place of the wild goats). Most important of all is for everyone to be able to see El Paso's historical contribution, the evolution of the United States' only International streetcar, from mini to maxi.
●RW

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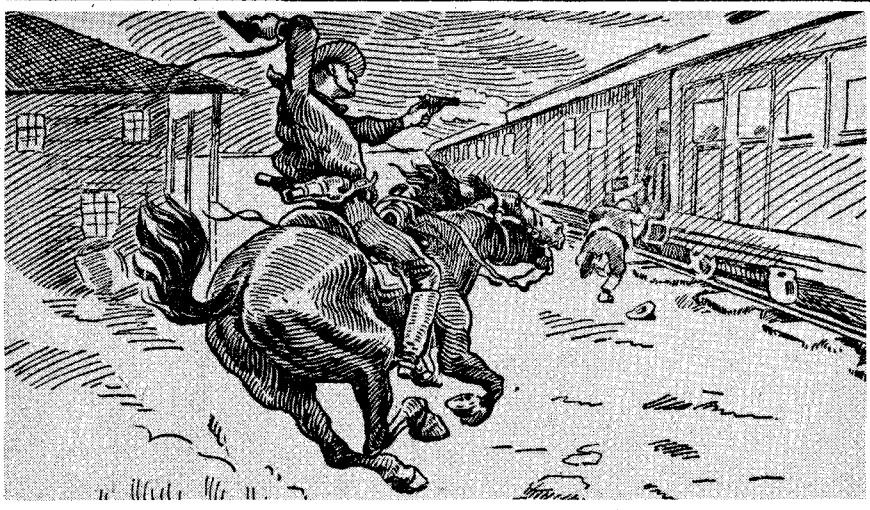
BEYOND THE LAW
PART 5

by Emmett Dalton

Another chapter in the incredible saga of the Dalton Gang, told in Emmett Dalton's own words. In this issue Emmett relates details of the Lelietta Train Robbery and what happened to the Daltons afterward.



From original drawing in the book BEYOND THE LAW published by J. S. Ogilvie Co. 1918.

"Spurring his horse and whirling around with a wild whoop, he rode straight back to the train, shooting as he went."

CHAPTER XIII
THE LELIETTA TRAIN ROBBERY

As usual the boys kept as much out of sight as possible. Once in a while one of them went for provisions or news but one day was like another and the monotony began to wear them down. The boys were all yearning for action and looking backward. I think it was really the first time they ever went into a lawless thing with something akin to pleasure.

There was more excitement in the preparation than in the deed itself. Going over the ground carefully, Bob picked Lelietta, on the M.K. & T., four miles north of Wagoner, as a point of advantage. Again Bob was the leader. With him were George Newcomb, Charles Pierce, Bill Doolin, Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers. Bob had selected Bill Doolin to go with him on the engine. Doolin's education was nil but his bravery was never questioned. All he knew was fight. He was the kind of man Bob needed along but he had to be kept in restraint or his quick temper was liable to get all of them in trouble at any moment.

As usual, they waited for the train at the station.

As the train stopped the boys came out of their hiding-place and took posts close to the engine but still in the shadows. As it pulled out they boarded the cab. Revolvers pointed at the crew were stronger arguments than words.

I remember Bob telling me that as his head came up to the cab window, the fireman yelled out, "The Daltons!" So it was always. The Daltons were blamed even before any one knew whether they really were the ones at the bottom or not. That foreman had never seen them and had he known them personally he had not had time to recognize Bob. But it was a robbery and the Daltons were to blame. But this time he was right.

There was some delay in getting the messenger to open the door. It was only when Powers sent a couple of shots into the door that he decided to open rather than take a chance with dynamite, which was a bluff. But after that short delay, the work was quick and fast, and Doolin came out of the express car carrying a meal sack half full of money which to their great surprise and disgust proved to be all silver. Bob said here is where he thought they had enough to quit for life.

A few of the more venturesome from the train gathered into a little crowd near the baggage-car and were taking pot shots in their direction.

"Watch me chase them. They make me tired," muttered Bill Powers.

"Stick where you are ordered," said Bob, but Powers with the chance for a little excitement in view was not to be denied. Spurring his horse and whirling around with a wild whoop, he rode away straight back at the train, shooting as he went. Bob said, "I remember distinctly the antics of one stout passenger upon whom the glare of the light from the depot fell. As Powers rode toward the train shouting and shooting, this passenger became panic-stricken. He dropped his 22-caliber revolver which he had pumped once in our general direction, and scrambled for the steps of the first coach.

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"The colored porter had the same general idea about the same time. They both struck the steps together. There was not room enough for two and the fat man fell backward to the ground. Just then the train began to move and I could see him crawling on his hands and knees in the same direction the car was going as though he was trying to race the car. However, he got to his feet and managed to swing aboard the last car as it passed. He was angrily shaking his fist at us as the train was swallowed up by the night.

"I would like to hear that man's version of that holdup and the part he played in it."

When it came time to "divvy" up they had brought away about nine thousand four hundred dollars, all in dollars and halves.

Getting back to camp at Riley's, Bob asked me, "How much have we altogether?" I counted out the money in my belt and reported something over seven thousand dollars. "Then we are through," said Bob quietly.

"Through? What in the devil is the matter with you?" broke in Powers. "Why, I haven't started yet."

"I don't care whether you ever start or not," replied Bob. "You can't keep this up and get away with it always. We are going to slip sometime."

"Aw, hell!" said Broadwell, "nothing like it! Why, that bunch didn't have nerve enough to fight a sick cat."

"Well, it don't make any difference to me what you boys think, I'm saying I'm through;" said Bob firmly. I was listening to the conversation quietly when Bob's gaze turned to me and I could see a flash of affection show across it. "I don't give a whoop in hell for all the deputies they send after me. They never will get me alive to stick behind any bars and I'm not going to let Emmett get behind any while I am alive, either. Now take this just as it lies. We are through. You fellows have your wad. I helped you get it. I don't care what you do with it. You can gamble; blow it in any way, but remember that we are through from now on. Here is where I call it quits."

The conversation kept up like that for several hours as we sat in front of the dugout. Then getting on our horses, we all rode off toward Woodward. The others wanted to keep it up; then they wanted to know what Bob's plans were. He simply repeated his first conclusions and as to his plans he was absolutely silent. It was all a surprise to me as I rode along in silence.

About the time dawn was breaking I noticed we were near a ranch. "So long, boys, I will let you hear from me later on. Good luck!" was Bob's shout as he turned his horse around and said, "Come on, Emmett," and we were lost to sight. We rode away leaving the others staring after us. Not until then did Bob tell me his plan.

CHAPTER XIV

WE DECIDE TO QUIT

"We are really through," he said. "We can't beat this game forever. I guess we have taken enough out of the express company. I feel that Grat will get out all right. There ought to be some justice in this old world and maybe we ought to have stuck and fought it out ourselves. But we didn't and here we are. Now we are going to beat it down south, and then, us for South America. We are going to go into the cattle business there, as we have a good stake, and we will be safe. They can't bring us back for what we have done and they can't punish us for what we didn't do. What do you say, - are you through?"

"Well, see here, Bob," I wavered.

"See nothing," came the quick answer. "I said we are through and that's all there is to it. Come along."

Then in a flash I caught Bob's viewpoint. It was the first time I had stopped to consider the peril of our situation, except during the fleeting moment or two of danger. But I realized as he had done that it was a game we could not hope to beat at all times.

In the darkness of that little room in the California ranch house, the Dalton boys had started out. In the darkness of the plains they had made their second move in revenge for what they felt was persecution. Then again in the darkness, again on the plains, Bob and I shook hands solemnly and we felt then honestly that the Dalton gang was a thing of the past.

But we had reckoned without things beyond our control. We had forgotten the power of a rapacious corporation, the express company. We had forgotten for a second the ties of blood that bound us with that man who had been in the California jail. We scoffed at the possibility that justice, the goddess with the cloth about her eyes, could be so blind as to take an innocent man and banish him without cause. These things were too gloomy for consideration. We bucked the game. We had faced danger, first on the side of the law and then against the law. Our profits were larger now as enemies to law than as its defenders. But back of it all was that little something which pointed out the futility of forever fighting against those barriers with which law and convention surrounded themselves.

But as far as we knew the Dalton gang was through. And so we rode on. Arriving close to Woodward, we lay in the brush all that day, close to town, and that night rode into town where Bob saw Miss Moore. She quickly told him of Grat's predicament in California and that he needed money. Bob gave her some money and told her to take it to Grat and be back in thirty days, which she did. Then Bob decided to postpone our South American trip.

I remember one day we were riding through the Osage Hills and had stopped at the head of a steep canyon where there were some large protruding rocks and a fine spring. This

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place had been misnamed by the local fiction circulators "Dalton Cave." I presume because a man could walk back between the rocks fifteen or twenty feet.

Along in the afternoon, about three o'clock, Bob was sitting out in front on a rock. He looked up and saw mix men riding along and one on the ground stooped over as if he was trailing something. Lifting his field glasses to his eyes, he counted five farmers on horses, one negro riding a white mule with a halter, and an Indian on the ground trailing. They were armed with muskets, small revolvers and shot-guns. After watching them a few minutes, he discovered they were riding off in another direction. So we gave them no thought. About an hour later we heard an awful racket. Shots began to whistle all around, small tree limbs began to fall, and every once in a while some voice would ring out, "Come out'en there, dad gum you, we've got you!"

They had sneaked up to within about one hundred yards of us and opened fire without saying a word. Jumping behind rocks we returned their fire and soon had them on the retreat with one of their party slightly wounded. Walking around the rocks, to the edge of the brush, we looked out across a little prairie opening and saw all of them on a dead run, the negro on the white mule leading the whole bunch by about thirty yards with the Indian a close second. They had been looking for cattle thieves and had gotten on the wrong track.

CHAPTER XV

GRAT DALTON'S TROUBLE IN CALIFORNIA

After detective Smith had failed to catch Bob and McElhanie, he went back and arrested Bill for aiding them to escape. Bill employed W. C. Brackenridge of Merced to defend him and Grat. At the preliminary, Bill was turned loose. About six months later, Grat went to trial before a judge who had stepped from the office of Justice of the Peace into that of District Judge.

Bill had given Brackenridge one thousand dollars to defend Grat. Grat's trial - if you could call it such from a legal point of view - was the most noted farce ever perpetrated on an innocent man.

Brackenridge, he learned afterwards, was and had been for years the local attorney for the Southern Pacific railroad company, and railroad companies do not employ bad lawyers. All through the trial Brackenridge sat and never cross-questioned a witness for the prosecution, and every time Grat would ask him to ask some witness a question he would say, "Just wait; we have them just where we want them. When they are through we will move to dismiss, which the court will have to grant."

Grat, seeing how things were going, made arrangements through some of the other prisoners, with their friends on the outside, to smuggle him in some saws, which they did and with which he cut the jail bars. Brackenridge becoming suspicious that he would not succeed in landing Grat in prison went to him one day and said, "Now, Grat, if you have anything to break jail with, you would better let me have it and I will return it to you after the trial if they convict you." But Grat was not as big a fool as Brackenridge thought he was. He politely told Brackenridge that he had nothing and would not know how to use it if he had.

As badly as Grat had been defended by Brackenridge, bets were freely offered at five to one by those who had heard the witnesses for the defense that Grat would be acquitted. The judge would overrule every motion Grat's attorney made and would frequently insinuate before the jury as to Grat's guilt in his rulings.

After the jury, which was composed wholly of the judge's "best" friends, had wrangled over the case two or three days, they brought in a verdict of guilty, about four o'clock in the afternoon. After the sheriff had taken Grat back to jail, this fiendish detective Smith came around and, looking through the bars, said to Grat, "I told you I would land you." Grat said. "That's all right. It won't do you any good. I will beat the case yet."

In the meantime, Bill, my brother, knowing what was coming off, hid a Winchester and a hundred rounds of cartridges across from the jail in some weeds. About nine o'clock that night, the prisoners were all on their "tiptoes" waiting to see what Grat was going to do. He made them all take off their shoes, and walking up to the two bars he had cut, and closed up the cuts with soap and lamp black, he jerked them out. He took the lead and one by one all slipped out. Walking slowly across the street to where Bill told him the Winchester was, he picked it up, already full of cartridges, and put the rest in his pocket. As he told me later, that was the time he would have liked to have seen Smith the detective. All four of them walked down to a little church, where they selected a big gray team, got in the buggy and drove west towards Kings River, about fifteen miles.

About four miles west of Visalia, at a little town named Goshen, all but Grat caught a freight train. Grat drove on out ten miles to the ranch of a supposed friend by the name of Middleton. There he gave the team to Middleton and had him drive it to Tulare, ten miles south of Visalia and tie it to a hitch rack on the main line of the Southern Pacific.

The next morning the jail delivery was discovered. The team was gone, and about noon next day was found at Tulare. Then the wise detective Smith fairly burned up the wires, guessing the boys had driven to Tulare and taken a train. Middleton came back from where he had tied the team and a few days afterwards he and Grat rode up in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains about ten miles east of a town named Sanger. Here they pitched their camp, intending to await a favorable opportunity for Grat to get out of the country. As there was nothing against Middleton, he agreed to act as sort of messenger for

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GHOST TOWNS

(continued from page 28)

are made of empty beer bottles laid in cement.

Rhyolite, born in 1905 and dying in 1911, is a haunting ghost whose skeleton buildings seem shockingly modern and out of place on the lonely desert.

HAMILTON

Hamilton is in White Pine County 10 miles south of U. S. 50 from a point 37 miles west of Ely. The dirt road is closed in winter, but is graded most of the way in the summer months.

A lively silver camp in 1868, Hamilton's rip-snorting era lasted about 20 years. Then the camp awoke to the realization it was fading. During the 20 years there was plenty of life and action. The rich silver ore found in the Treasure Hill mine, the Eberhardt and others kept the population going from one New Year's celebration to the other. After the discovery of silver in 1865, the excited mining fraternity flocked into the area in droves looking for riches and excitement. The population reached 15,000 with more camping out in smaller clumps in the surrounding hills.

Indian Jim gave A. J. Leathers a chunk of rich, silver-chloride ore. And he even told Leathers where he found it. Then the mad scramble began. From a hole 70 feet long, 40 feet wide and 25 feet deep, the miners who were lucky enough to be in on that strike took out $3 million in silver. Before the camp was finished the diggers took more than $29 million out of the ground at Hamilton and its neighbors, Eberhardt and Treasure Hill.

The town was laid out in 1868 and there were at least 50 saloons, the county courthouse, many sturdy brick business houses and hotels, the bank buildings, the jail and even a little red school house. Then the usual big fire wiped out most of the town in 1885. With the fire went the spirit of the camp, for the mines had shown signs of failure. During the severe winter of 1868 - 69, two half-frozen miners hastily built a one-room cabin of stone. When spring came the cabin was found to be built of high - grade silver ore. They tore it down and made a profit of $75,000 from its sale.

The once famous Withington Hotel, many of the rooms luxuriously equipped with fireplaces, is now only a shell of brick and stone. The $50,000 brick courthouse and jail, first headquarters of White Pine County, was built in 1870 and burned in 1885. In 1887 the county seat was moved to Ely where it remains to this day. The stone ruins of the Old Smoky Mill still stand on a hillside on the outskirts of Hamilton.

High in the White Pine range, at 8,000 feet elevation the old camp, deserted and isolated, rests in the quiet solitude of the high desert. Now only the shells of a few buildings remain. Grass grows on the high centers of the streets, and the wooden structures are caved in or leaning precariously. Much of the camp was carted away, and all that remains of Hamilton are a jumble of brick, stone, steel, and timber, and waste dumps.

TUSCARORA

Tuscarora is in Elko County, 40 miles northwest of Elko and 7 miles from paved highway Nevada 11 on graded dirt Nevada 18.

The first mining on the slopes of Mt. Blitzen was by a pair of brothers, John and Steve Beard. For half-a-dozen years they prospected and placered for gold and hunted and fished in their leisure hours. And then came W. O. Week's discovery of a mighty silver lode in 1871. Life on Mt. Blitzen was never the same.

The brothers Beard were swallowed by a human avalanche and claims were staked on every side. The town of Tuscarora sprang up with stores and hotels and a newspaper. Despite a severe winter climate and her terrific remoteness from anywhere else, the new town attracted a population of 5000. It was the metropolis of Elko County and one of the most important mining centers in the West.

The completion of the Western Pacific Railroad in 1869 released an army of several thousand Chinese previously employed in grading and laying track. Fearing the availability of Coolies would bring widespread wage - cutting in the mines and mills, Nevada's white population adopted a militant stand against hiring Celestials. Their flimsy homes and beggarly belongings were often put to the torch and the terrified Chinese went fleeing.

Tuscarora exhibited a greater tolerance toward the ex-railroaders and it was only a short time until 2000 of them congregated in the vicinity. They devoted their efforts to re-working old tailing dumps and mining low-grade ore in properties already "worked out" and abandoned by the whites. Tuscarora's Chinatown was the largest concentration of Orientals in Nevada. Along both sides of a narrow, twisting street rose the squalid tenements and flophouses. In these dark, gloomy firetraps filled with fetid smells and eerie sounds, the Chinese of Nevada's "Little Shanghai" duplicated the pleasures of the Orient.

The religious center was an elaborately - appointed joss house, where an elaborate idol held court in a setting of gold and silver, carved teakwood and red lacquer. Opium dens supplied the Poppy; prayer lights flickered, incense smoldered, and gambling thrived. Every third Chinese in Tuscarora operated a lottery for the others to buck; while the games operated by professional Oriental gamblers saw thousands of dollars wagered on a single play.

The most prosperous period for Tuscarora was the years between 1872 and 1876 when six large silver mills were in operation. Mining and milling costs were almost prohibitive, for the region was but sparsely timbered and a large part of the fuel used in mill operation was sagebrush. There were times when as many laborers were engaged in cutting and hauling the brush as were employed in the mines. Pumping was another costly operation--a rushing flood of water was struck when the shafts were just below ground level. Even

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with these costs, the ore of Tuscarora was sufficiently rich to return a handsome profit. As in many cases, the crowning blow came in the form of a devastating fire which halted the pumps and permitted the workings to flood.

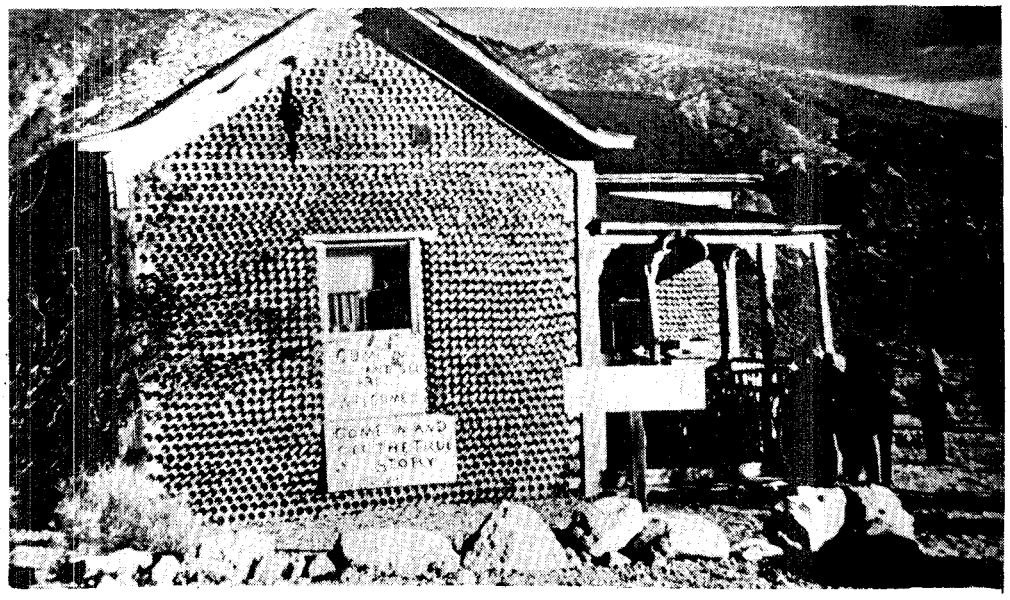
The Dexter gold mine continued to operate until 1898 and the camp on Mt. Blitzen produced close to $40 million in ore--a large part of it silver.

DELAMAR

DeLamar is in Lincoln County, 14 miles south of U.S. 93 at a point 18 miles west of Caliente. The dirt road is passable most of the time.

The original strike at DeLamar was made in 1892 and several of the leading claims were purchased for $510,000 by Capt. John DeLamar, a prominent mining promoter of the day. When the new town was laid out, it was given an Americanized version of the captain's French name. DeLamar grew rapidly. Most of her original settlers and merchants moved in from Pioche and many of the first buildings were brought there from the older town. Disaster is not a deterrent where gold is the god, and the "Death Dust" did not prevent liquor and money from flowing freely and the men living a fast pace.

DeLamar's pay-streak lay in Cambrian quartzite, more than 80 per cent silica; the volume of dust produced by this was terrific, and the mortality rate sadly



Cy Martin Collection

The famous bottle house at Rhyolite, Nevaaa. The walls were built with EMPTY beer bottles.

tragic. The work in DeLamar's mines and mills was performed by raw farm boys lured from the Mormon settlements of Southwestern Utah by the prospect of the "High wages" -- $3.00 a day. They never heard of silicosis, but "miner's con" doesn't wait for a formal introduction.

In three or four months at the DeLamar mill, the boys were coughing. Only a little hacking cough, at first. Another month and the cough was more frequent and lasting longer. Finally, the days and nights would merge into a single, red hell of wracking coughing. The fortunate died quickly, while others clung to life with grim persistence as empty husks, too far gone to

The Palmer House offered board at $25 a month. The wares of various general mercantile, drug, and hardware stores, jewelry and millinery shops and sundry saloons and cafes, as well as the professional services of a dentist, a lawyer, several midwives, and a stock brokerage office were all available. The Odd Fellows and Masons had active lodges and the Hebhurn Opera Company played at the $10,000 Max Schaefer Grand Opera House.

The town's greatest deficiency was water. After it was piped over the range from Meadow Valley, it needed hauling from the end of the pipeline to each home at a cost of 50 cents a barrel. As a result, the threat of fire hung over the town. Small blazes were frequent occurrences and the camp lived in horror of the day when a blaze coincided with a hard wind.

May 29, 1900, the air had been hot and dry for weeks, the town was a tinder box. The fire was first discovered in a lean-to on Edwards saloon and the flames spread madly to the buildings on either side. The camp was doomed. The rebuilding of the town was under way before the embers cooled, and by 1901 the camp was largely restored. It gained recognition as the leading gold producer in Nevada with the handling of around 400 tons of ore daily. The DeLamar mill each month was turning out work and too damn stubborn to die.

(continued on page 58)

Cy Martin Collection

The remains of the Withington Hotel at Hamilton, Nevada about 1954.

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INTRODUCING OUR WRITERS

MARY'N ROSSON

Mrs. Rosson was born in Cleburne, Texas, a small town near Fort Worth. History was always her favorite subject in school, but it was only after she moved to El Paso during the war that she really became interested in writing. For here was history in all its glory, from the Spanish conquerors to the John Wesley Hardins to the Pancho Villa era to the wild days after prohibition. So exciting! She and her indulgent husband spend their free time exploring the many historic places around El Paso. Outside of writing her only interests are her home, husband and two grown sons and their families. Mrs. Rosson's first contribution to REAL WEST, "El Paso's International Streetcar", is featured in this issue.

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

CORINNE, CAPITAL OF UTAH?

There is talk in Utah about making Corinne the capital, instead of Salt Lake.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Feb. 25, 1871

IMMIGRATION INTO TEXAS

A Texas paper reports that since September last 119,000 people, with 1664 wagons, have emigrated from Tennessee and Georgia into the Lone Star State.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Feb. 25, 1871

CHEYENNES BEING RELEASED

The Secretary of War has ordered the release of the Cheyennes and other Indians imprisoned at St. Augustine, Florida. These Indians have been confined for several years, and during that time three of their chiefs have died. It was held that their long imprisonment was sufficient punishment for their crimes. They will be sent to Fort Sill, Idaho Territory (sic).

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 20, 1878

TEXAS PLAGUED BY HORSE THIEVES

In Texas about 600,000 horses have been stolen in the past three years. There are now about 750 indicted horse thieves who are fugitives from justice at large, and half as many more in the penitentiary.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 20, 1878

GOLDEN TREASURE FOUND IN TEXAS

A. J. Coshow, while gathering pecans in Gonzales County, Texas, recently saw from his place on the limb of a tree something glittering on the ground below. It was a Mexican silver dollar. He dug at the roots of the tree, and unearthed $8,000 worth of the coins.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 11, 1878

INDIAN WAR IN CANADA

Our Canadian neighbors have heretofore congratulated themselves upon their comparative exemption from the Indian perplexities that have given the United States so much trouble and anxiety; but now their turn has apparently come, and the redskins on their western border threaten them with bloody and savage war. The tribes north of us have undoubtedly less provocation to vengeance than those of our own territory, but they have enough to make them dangerous, and they have great advantages over the Government in the climate, which makes it difficult to fight them during the long Canadian Winter, which often begins by the end of October. The Canadian Pacific Railway is liable to suffer from their depredations.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 9, 1886

UPBRINGING OF UTE CHILDREN

A Colorado correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes: "The Ute papoose when quite young is placed in a buckskin or rawhide receptacle with a straight board back. The buckskin opens down the centre of the front. The papoose is placed in it, and the edges of the buckskin are drawn tightly together by buckskin thongs, as you would lace a shoe. The child's arms are pinioned down its side; no part of the body can be moved except the head, which can be rolled slightly from side to side. Straps are attached to the board to enable the squaw to sling it across her back or hang it in the branches of a tree. You very seldom hear a Ute papoose cry. I have seen the little things standing up against a tree in the broiling sun in one of these bar-

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barous straight-jacket receptacles. The flies were crawling in and out of the corners of its eyes and mouth, great tears were chasing each other down its cheeks, but not a whimper nor sound was heard. They are kept laced up in this way, except at short intervals, until they are large enough to learn to walk. They are taught to ride a horse almost before they begin to walk, and it is curious to see the little things, often three or four on one horse and clinging to his back and to each other with the tenacity of monkeys. The children of five years old and up are often bedecked with war-paint and bead and silver ornaments until they are scarcely recognizable. Great silver rings are suspended from their ears, silver plates three and four inches in diameter hang upon the breast. Three, four, and sometimes five pairs of silver bracelets, of Navajo designs, adorn the arms. Beaded buckskin moccasins, a bright little Navajo blanket, otter-skin trimmings in the hair, rings upon the fingers, a brass or silver armlet above the elbow, and several necklaces of beads, wolf's teeth, etc., a buckskin belt five inches in width and gorgeously worked with beads, and you have a Ute child dressed and ornamented according to the fond parent's idea of artistic taste."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 9, 1886

SURRENDER OF
CHIEF NATCHEZ

The Indian Chief Natchez, who surrendered to General Miles on September 4, is the son of the great warrior Cochiz (sic), and is the first chief of the Chiricahua Indians. He delayed surrendering after Geronimo came in because he wanted to be the last one of his race to lay down arms against the whites, whom they had fought for more than two hundred years. While he was talking with General Miles a terrible storm came up, which seemed to the Indians to forebode some evil destiny, and they appeared very much dejected. After the storm passed over, a magnificent rainbow appearing in the heavens, they seemed to be in better spirits, and the whole band surrendered, asking to be treated as leniently as possible. All the Apache prisoners will be taken to Fort Bowie, where they will be confined under close guard until the Government shall determine what shall be done with them. It is understood, however, that Geronimo and the other hostiles will be tried by a military commission at that place.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, September 18, 1886. ●RW

WANTED: A HUSBAND

Women were rare in the "diggins" of '49 and competition for their hand in marriage was keen and fast. Even school teachers from the East were often wooed and won so quickly that some of them never did get to teach school.

A few hardy females with spunk and spirit tried their luck early at husband hunting by making the arduous cross-country trip, neither simple or safe, to the rough and crude gold camps of California. Miss Dorothy Scraggs' sole purpose was marriage, and she was straightforward in her aims and ambition. It was apparent from the first that she wasn't going to throw herself away cheaply on any kind of man. She wanted to look over the field carefully, be selective and set her price, doubtless thinking she was worth all of it.

Not many women in the mines however valued themselves as highly as she did. Here was a clever woman who tried to figure her real worth and wanted more than just gold-plating for the chains of matrimony. The ambitious female wrote a provocative advertisement for the Marysville newspaper that had a good circulation throughout the Mother Lode area. Combining a sense of humor with deadly earnestness Miss Scraggs produced a very commendable composition. It's a curious modern note echoing from the past.

WANTED: A HUSBAND

BY A LADY WHO can wash, cook, scour, sew, milk, spin, weave, hoe (can't plow), cut wood, make fires, feed the pigs, raise chickens, rock the cradle, (gold rocker, I thank you, Sir!), saw a plank, drive nails, etc. These are a few of the solid branches; now for the ornamental. "Long time ago" she went as far as syntax, read Murray's Geography and through two rules in Pike's Grammar. Could find 6 states on the Atlas. Could read, and you can see she can write. Could once dance; can ride a horse, donkey or oxen, besides a great many things too numerous to be named. Oh, I hear you ask, could she scold? No, she can't, you ----- ----- good-for-nothing -----!

Now for her terms. Her age is none of your business. She is neither handsome nor a fright, yet an old man need not apply, nor any who have not a little more education than she has, and a great deal more gold, for there must be $20,000 settled on her before she will bind herself to perform all the above. Address to DOROTHY SCRAGGS, with real name. P. O. Marysville.

There were many luckless miners who couldn't afford a wife with these extraordinary accomplishments, or a wife at any price, having all they could do to keep their own body and soul together. A disgruntled town handyman from Columbia, who was somewhat of a wit, scoffed disgustedly at Miss Scraggs' search for a rich husband, saying - "Who wants an uppity female like her anyway. She's probably the type of woman who'd fight a rattlesnake and give him the first two bites just to discourage him!" ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

"ANYBODY'S GOLD" by Jackson, N.Y. 1936;
"Mother Lode Facts & Fancies" by Morley Gray, Chicago 1908; and others.

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MAN WHO TOOK CUSTER'S PLACE

(continued from page 20)

are about 100 feet high. The strata is about 20 to 30 feet thick, all of which looks as if it had been formed by the action of fire. The mosquitoes are terrible, 10,000 to the inch, did not sleep a wink.

Aug. 6th

Marched 19 miles. Same kind of country. Camped for three and a half hours until sundown, packed up the mules and got up on the plains and traveled 12 miles. Then camped again during the night. Rained towards morning, got up but was so sleepy that I did not care. Heard Lebo bawling for some man to come draw a blanket over him. As usual he was too lazy to do it himself. I think he is the laziest man I ever saw. Was up at daylight and packed.

Lebo, again as usual, was calling for men to do this and that for him. After packing, three objects were spotted at a great distance - pursued them with 5 Companies. Bah! Found that they were wild horses. Marched on for 14 miles. Then the Indians who were acting as guides started firing at some distance ahead of us. We charged again and found 9 mounted Mexicans, well armed and with several pack mules. We took them in. No doubt they had been trading with the Indians. But they told us nothing. Continued the march, camped on double mountain fork Brazos, hard skirmish for wood, good grass everywhere, but the water was bad.

Aug. 8th

Started this morning after crossing the creek, marched on the plains North of West, twenty nine and one half miles over rolling plains, but perfectly smooth. Camped on the very head of double mountain fork, saw the last living water and had a hard time for wood. We could not get the buffalo chips to burn, and there was nothing else. Mosquitoes very bad.

Captain Baldwin slapped at a mosquito buzzing around his face. Another stung his arm through the cotton fabric of his uniform shirt. His face was a mass of bumps and itches from the swarming insects' bites and as he scratched he felt the stubble of wiry whisker growth on his cheeks. He shrugged. Shaving was a luxury in this vast land where water was so very difficult to find.

In the flickering lamplight he reread what he had written and wondered when a dispatch rider would be heading back to the Fort with a campaign report so he could send along the diary-letters to his wife. The lantern was attracting more mosquitos and he cursed and blew it out, then left his tent and stood under the vastness of the night sky and in the smoke of the smoldering buffalo chips campfire to find respite from the swarms of stinging insects.

Soon his eyes began to water from the smoke and he sighed and stretched to ease saddle-weary muscles, then scratched and walked back to his tent. As he lay down to sleep he thought of his wife and child and smiled in the blackness. Then the sound of a desert wolf's mournful howl brought him back to the present. Was it a wolf? or was it an Indian? In his mind he reviewed the placing of the guards. They were at good and strategic points. The camp was as safe as it could be made from surprise enemy attack. He relaxed. Presently he slept.

Aug. 9th

Started this morning with canteens filled. Marched 15 miles, found water hole, watered animals, but threw away the water in our canteens, which was bad, and refilled them. Continued the march, found more water and went into camp until night fall to cook rations and pulled weeds, etc. for fire. Will start again at sunrise, as the captured Mexican guides undoubtedly know the country thoroughly. All the officers are asleep while I am writing. Lebo, as usual, appropriated the coolest and best spot he could find.

We have been very fortunate in finding water on account of the hard rains on the plains, but all of the water found so far, with the exception of the streams, is only temporary. When dry weather sets in, there is not a drop in between the streams mentioned. There is no game except a few antelope, which are very wild. There has been very little sign of buffalo. Ward is jubilant, he is going to Washington, San Antonio, and everywhere else. Shafter is going to take him, but I think he is more likely to go to the devil.

I suppose my loved ones at home are wondering where Papa is. I am well and getting on finely.

It is supposed that tomorrow night we shall be at the Yellow Houses, so called from the appearance of the rocks which are of a yellow color. I have yet to find out what the plains are good for; there is no indications of anything but grass, and suppose that it does not last except when the season is wet. At the Yellow Houses we expect to find Indians, or sign of them. Shall go South from that point, with the expectation of finding the Indians that Nolan found. Should we find them, there will be a fight sure. It is my belief that the Mexicans now with us can take us direct to the Indians, should they wish to, but only time can tell. The plains traveled over today are very rolling with many depressions, but very smooth. I am now going to lie down and sleep, for tonight we will march.

I am very much amused at the men, they are drawing their rations and chattering like so many magpies. The only thing they care for is someone to look after them, they will never think for themselves.

Ward told me something yesterday, Sissie, that was very amusing. I am almost sick to tell you, if it is so, we are very right that a certain party has but little brains. Ward wants your horse "Squire" and I asked $500.00 for him. He wanted him for what I paid - Bah! He then offered me all of his ponies and horses for him, in addition to his buggy.

Started again this evening at sundown, marched 11 miles, it rained nearly all of the time. The guides got off their course, and at last had to go into camp. Everybody tired out, and cross.

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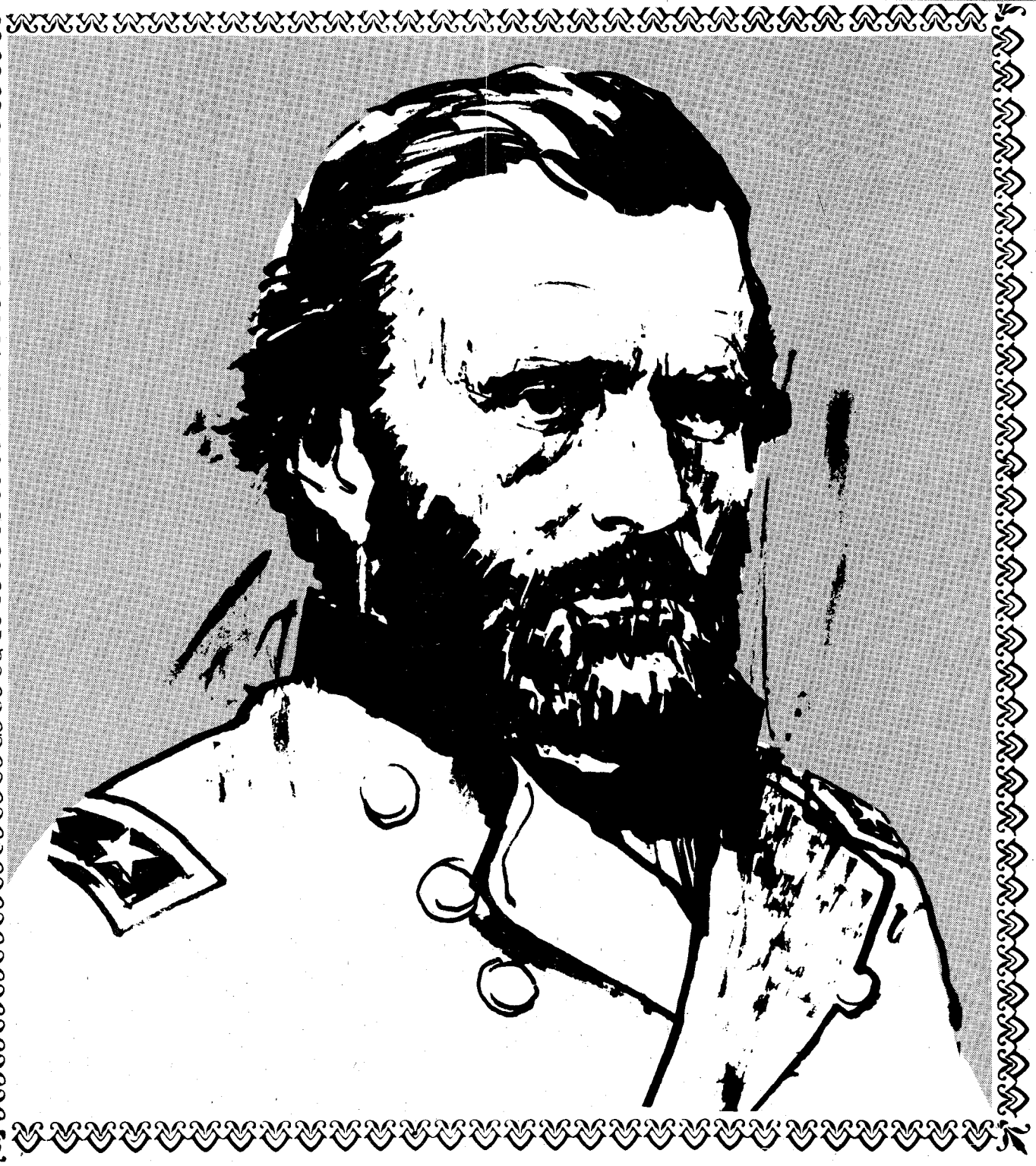

Ulyssus S. Grant, the Great Chief of the White Eyes, was part of the delegation that smoked the pipe of peace.

Aug. 10th

Broke camp this morning at a little after sunrise, everything quiet. Had no breakfast, no time to get it. We marched 14 miles and struck the Yellow Houses. There is nothing about the stop that it should bear the name it does. From the side on which we struck the place there was a low sand ridge. Just before you get to it you cross a valley which has undoubtedly, at one time, been the bed of a river. On crossing the sand ridge, there lies a beautiful lakelet one and a half miles long by one quarter mile wide. The water is beautiful to look at, but not good to drink. Salt! The banks are sand, and on the outer edges some gypsum is found, which sparkles when the sun shines. On the opposite side there is a high ridge of rocks with a great many holes in them, and just under the bank the Indians have dug the springs. The water is brackish, and not good. On the top of the hill overlooking the springs, the Indians or Mexicans, have laid up a sort of a fort out of yellow stone, which undoubtedly gives it its name. The Mexican guides say that the stones were put up when the Indians were at war among themselves, and it was done for the protection of the springs. There is no wood, and the Lord only knows how they cooked, etc. This place is picturesque, but mighty lonely. It seems it must have been the great trading point of

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HEAD QUARTERS, DISTRICT OF THE FRONTIER,

Fort Smith, Ark., Feb. 17, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS,

No. 45.

Miss CECILIA DE JEUNE, a resident of Fort Smith, having admitted to the General Commanding, that she is disloyal to the Government of the United States; that she gave utterance to exclamations of joy, when she heard that Major General BLUNT and all his Staff were killed; that she has expressed sentiments of disloyalty to the Government of the United States, at various times, since the occupation of Fort Smith by the Federal forces; that she has not lived at her father's house for two years, he being a Union man; And, it not being advisable that she should be sent through our lines at present, nor reside longer at Fort Smith, [illegible] that she should reside on the north side of the Arkansas; and it being desirable also, that the war should not cause the separation of members of the same family more than is really necessary:

It is therefore ordered, That the said CECILIA DE JEUNE leave Fort Smith to-morrow, at 12 M., under charge of the Provost Marshal, and be taken to Van Buren, and remain there until further orders: that she be restricted to the limits of her father's residence, and to intercourse with her father's family, only, all other persons being forbidden to communicate with her.

Any manifestations of disrespect to the Government and military authorities of the United States, will be promptly and properly attended to.

The Provost Marshal at Van Buren will see that this order is complied with.

BY COMMAND OF BRIG. GEN'L J. M. THAYER:

WM. S. WHITTEN,

A. A. General.

Original orders deporting the future Mrs. Baldwin from the premises of Fort Smith, Ark., Feb. 17, 1864. She openly displayed her loyalty for the Southern cause.

the Mexicans with the Indians, for the water being salt. Have just heard of Indians. Leaving everything and saddling up. Hurrah for Co. "I". Will finish when I get back.

Captain Baldwin mounted to begin his scout but swung his horse around to watch the rest of the Company awaiting the command to mount-up. The horses were in bad shape and the troopers were dirty, dusty and tired. Mentally he shrugged: so was he, but this was the army, the cavalry, this was Indian fighting and this, all this, they must endure. ●RW

The story of Captain Baldwin and the Texas Indian campaign will be continued in our next big issue of Real West magazine.

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GHOST TOWNS

(continued from page 52)

from $100,000 to $200,000 in gold bullion. But, it all only lasted two years, the DeLamar mines were beginning to curtail operations. The miners joined the stampede to Tonopah and in another year, the exodus was channeled toward Goldfield.

AURORA

Aurora is in Mineral County, 28 miles southwest of Hawthorne. The best road (and it is not good) is via Bodie, California--and be sure to inquire locally.

Late in August 1860, E.R. Hicks, J.M. Cory, and James M. Brawley were prospecting northeast of Mono Lake, California when one day while hunting for game, they found a piece of quartz which so excited them they located seven claims and hurried to Monoville to report their discovery. A few days later they laid out the ten miles square Esmeralda Mining District. Soon Monoville moved up in a body and put up tents and brush shelters on Esmeralda Hill. But this location was unsatisfactory, and the man moved down to the flat at the mouth of three gulches and laid out a new camp called Aurora.

At the end of the spring rush to the district, the silver camp in the high mountain valley was crowded with miners. Since the state boundary line between California and Nevada was not settled until September, 1863, Aurora's legal status was confused. Mono County was created by the California Legislature on March 24, 1861, with Aurora as county seat. Esmeralda County was set up by the Nevada Territorial Legislature in November, 1861, and again Aurora was the county seat. Since California acted first, it controlled the elections until the boundary was determined. Since the survey was not completed by election day 1863, a novel plan was devised to the satisfaction of everyone. Each county put up two full tickets and voters cast two sets of ballots, one at Armory Hall for Esmeralda and the other at the police station for Mono County. Both counties had officers without a special election, regardless of where the survey line finally ran.

The line passed four miles west of Aurora, putting it in Nevada. The newly elected officers of Mono County lost no time in piling the records in a wagon and taking them to Bodie, California.

During the Civil War Aurora was a "Union Town" and those with Confederate leanings were forced by the Esmeralda rifle team to swear allegiance to the Union flag or be shot.

Aurora was as notorious as Bodie for the number of crimes committed in or near it. But, in the spring of 1864, after a particularly flagrant murder, the solid citizens formed a Vigilance Committee, rounded up a few, and promptly hanged four from a single gallows. Following the execution, Aurora was more law-abiding and Bodie became famous for violence.

Aurora was a prosperous camp for four years, 175 stamps in 17 mills pounded out the silver from the Aurora, Real Del Monte, Cortez, Coffee Pot, Antelope, and Wide West mines. In 1864, the population reached 10,000 and the veins on the Last Chance Hill thinned out. By 1869 many of the mines were shut down and Aurora lost the county seat. Only 500 people lived in the town in 1880, but the *Esmeralda Herald* for September 15, 1883, hopefully commented:

> There has never been a lack of ore in Aurora, it has always been held back for want of capital and since the people can't get the mountain to come to them they have resolved to do the next best, work and prove their great worth. A contract to sink a shaft 100 feet deep on the Silver Lining, west of the Humboldt has been let. A few more pushers on the wheel and Aurora will resume her place of twenty years ago.

Two weeks later the same paper said:

> The few citizens of this place amuse themselves by going from store to store, saloon to saloon, to tell each other how dull it is.

From 1914 to 1918 the Aurora Consolidated Mines Company worked a few mines, but after its forty-stamp mill was hauled to Goldfield, Aurora became a ghost.

Unlike most mining camps, the town was built of brick. Not locally made brick, but shipped around the Horn and freighted over the mountains from Sacramento. These solidly built structures defied sun and frost. Then in 1950, they were torn down and their bricks were hauled away and sold in Reno for $65.00 a thousand. As a result, only fragments of the larger buildings remain. Antelope Street and Silver Street are gone to weeds. Wingate's office building, the imposing courthouse, and the Wells Fargo safe, from which $27 million was shipped, are now only memories.

Empty streets, sagebrush, silence, tired old buildings, crumbling walls, nameless graves make these true ghost towns. They all were mining camps which once had their finest day. Once men and women traveled into these dim corners to wrest gold and silver from the lonely hills. And a few remained to fill the now lonely graves. May their bones rest in well deserved undisturbed peace -- for it was they who broke down the West's great barriers of time and distance. Let us hope that these lonely ghosts are never brought back to life by the hustle and cheap commercialism of modern tourism. Each served as a forward step toward the settlement of our great American West. ●**RW**

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JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 23)

laws to leave St. Joe that evening for Platte City. The two returned to the James home at 13th and Lafayette Streets, about 8:00 o'clock and sat down to examine the papers. Jesse sat down in front of Ford, reading the St. Louis Republican. Ford hastily scanned the Kansas City Times which contained the news of Dick Liddil's surrender. Unseen by Jesse, Ford placed the paper under a shawl on the chair, but going to the kitchen for breakfast, the outlaw walked over to the chair, picked up the shawl and threw it on the bed, and taking the paper, walked into the other room.

Mrs. James poured out the coffee and then sat down at one end of the table. Charley was at the other end and the two children sat one on each side of their mother. Jesse spread the paper on the table in front of him and began to search the headlines. We can well imagine Bob Ford's feelings at that time. He later stated that he saw in Jesse's eyes a glare he had seen there before.

"Hello, what have we here? The surrender of Dick Liddil."

"That's news to me," gulped Bob Ford.

"Very fishy, if you ask me," said James. "You right here in the vicinity these three weeks and you knew nothing of it. I wonder why they kept it a secret so long. I've an idea."

Bob Ford could stand no more. He pushed back his chair, arose, and walked into the front room again. A few moments later Jesse appeared in the room and said with a smile: "Well, Bob, it's all right, anyhow."

Bob knew that he had not fooled the cunning bandit. He knew that plans were being made to waylay him as they rode towards Platte City that evening. Ford could tell that Jesse was now aware that he was there to betray him. The only reason he was not already dead was that apparently the outlaw

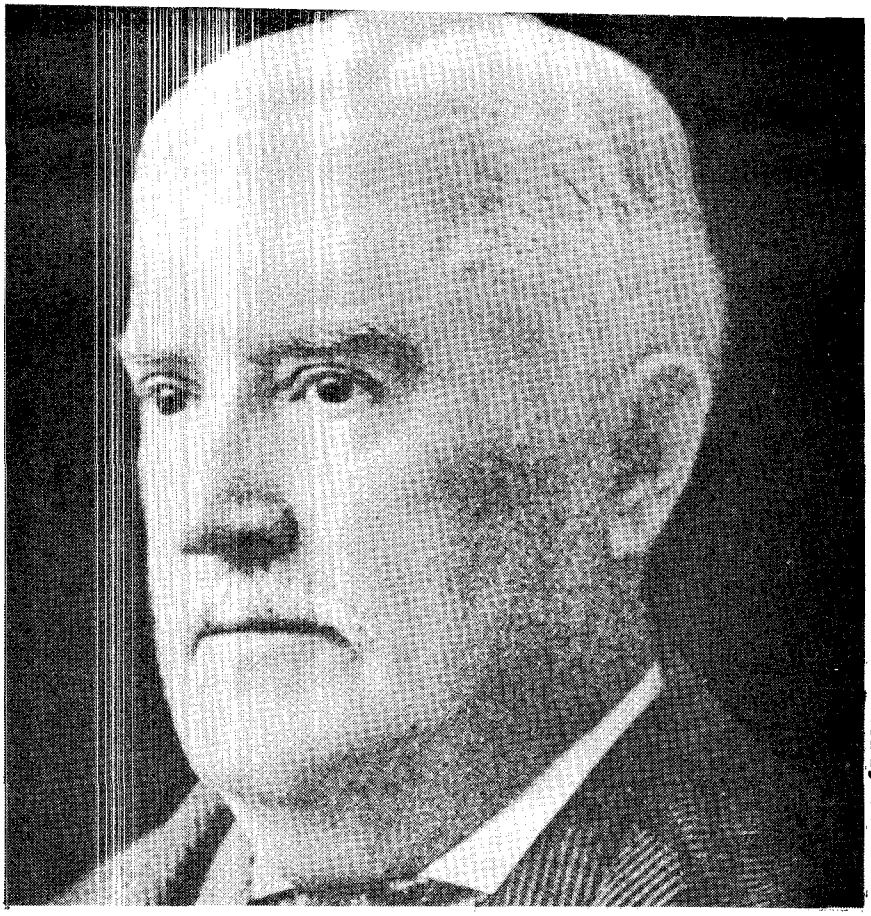

Photo furnished by the author

Governor Crittenden of Missouri who entered into a plot with Bob Ford to capture Jesse James.

did not wish to kill Ford in the presence of his own wife and children. Jesse also appeared willing to chance a test on Bob, for he walked over to the bed, and deliberately unbuckled his belt, with its weapon, and threw it on the bed. The revolver in the holder was a .45 calibre Smith & Wesson, but he also removed a pocket revolver, which was a .45 calibre 2 1/4 inch derringer type, and also placed it on the bed. But Jesse's calculations that Ford would not kill him in his own house was a character misreading.

The outlaw then appeared to busy himself to make an impression on Ford's mind that he had forgotten the breakfast table incident. He picked up a feather duster, remarking: "That picture is awful dusty."

Ford later stated there wasn't a spot of dust on the picture, but that Jesse placed a chair beneath it and then got upon it and started to dust the motto picture. He also stated that up to that time the thought of killing Jesse had never occurred to him, but as the outlaw stood there, with his back to him, and unarmed, he decided it "was now or never."

Without hesitation Bob drew his Smith & Wesson .44 calibre, and sent a slug crashing through Jesse's head. This nickel plated revolver, serial No. 3766, Model 3, was the same weapon which the noted bandit had given Bob as a present some days before. At the sound of the shot Charley Ford ran into the room and right behind was Mrs. James. Bob Ford asked a passerby to notify the police that Jesse James had been killed, and in a little while Marshal Craig of St. Joseph, Missouri came to the house and placed them under arrest. At 10:00 o'clock that morning telegrams were sent to Sheriff James R. Timberlake of Clay County, H. H. Craig, Police Commissioner of Kansas City, and to the executive mansion at Jefferson City, which read: "I have killed Jesse James." They were all signed, "Bob Ford, St. Joseph."

Another version of the killing of James was given in later years by Joe McKee, Bob Ford's bartender at Jimtown, Colorado. In substance his story agrees quite a bit with what has been stated in the preceeding account; al-

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though no mention was made that Ford was working with the law officers.

If McKee's story is true, then not much credit was given Bob Ford for ridding Missouri of Jesse. It was well known that no one could have taken the outlaw face to face. No one, of course, condones a cowardly act but Bob Ford was far from being a coward as this indicates.

It was well known that anyone who incurred Jesse's displeasure "went for a ride" and young Bob Ford was not unaware of that term. Jesse and the Fords were not related in any manner as some writers have stated. Bob remained around the St. Joe residence for a few days, posing as a Mr. Johnston, a cousin of Mr. Howard's.

According to McKee it was Bob Ford's duty to go downtown to get Jesse's mail and newspaper, as the outlaw wished to remain completely out of sight. There were no mail deliveries in those days and everyone had to go to the Post Office to pick up his mail. All papers were received under the name Thomas Howard. He sent young Ford to take care of this chore. There were no secrets between them concerning the reason for Jesse being holed up and so all went well. Ford never opened the brown wrapping around the newspapers, so he seldom knew the headlines. Jesse was very jittery in general around that time, knowing that it was just a matter of time that he would be all through and done. So on this particular day when Ford delivered the Kansas City papers there was on the headlines in bold type that the Ford brothers were in a deal to capture Jesse, and when Jesse read that he said nothing, but started to act like a crazy person. He told Ford that he received bad news and that they would have to ride out that night. Ford, being no fool, suspected what that meant, and so on his own hoped to beat Jesse to the draw. Jesse wore his guns at all times and only took them off when going to bed, but in order to throw Ford off, took off his guns in order to get upon a chair to straighten a motto picture. Now, the seat of an ordinary chair is

Photo furnished by the author

Jesse James after death. Scars on right chest indicate positions of the two lung wounds he received during the Civil War.

but 18" from the floor and in this case there was no need to remove guns. Hardly even any reason to get upon a chair since Jesse was not a short man and could easily have reached up and touched the picture while he was standing on the floor.

There the Kid (as Jesse called him) took full advantage of the situation and let Jesse have it in the forehead, killing him instantly. (This confirms my findings that Jesse was not shot in the back of the head.) The reward was completely an after-thought, according to McKee, who says Bob gave him this story and swore it was authentic. In fact, the Fords say very little of the reward money. Ford also told McKee that he never intended to kill Jesse until the outlaw spoke of "going for a ride" -- the Kid knew what that meant. Yes, the story sounds most logical indeed.

At 10:00 a. m. the morning of Jesse's death, Coroner Heddens was notified, and Undertaker Sidenfaden instructed to remove the remains to his establishment. As the body lay in a remote room of the building various comparisons were made by reporters to determine the authenticity of the dead man's identity. An inspection of the body revealed two large bullet wounds on the right side of the breast, within three inches of the nipples, a bullet wound in the leg and the absence of the tip of the middle finger of the left hand. Jesse lost the first joint of this finger when he was a boy. He was playing with a pistol when it discharged and tore off the first joint. The lung wound was received during the Civil War; one at the fight at Flat Rock Ford, August 13, 1864, and the other at Lexington, Mo., May 15, 1865, when he was shot by Pvt. John L. Jones, 3rd Wisconsin Cavalry. The leg wound was the result of a Federal ambush shortly after the Centralia battle.

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There were three other distinct marks of identification which have never been mentioned before, but were seen on the corpse by those who knew where to look. Jesse had a severe case of granulated eyelids which never completely healed and which caused his eyes never to be at rest. While a young boy, he had an abcess in his right groin, and it was lanced in 1862 by the Sallee physician, Dr. Glen E. Bishop at St. Joe. This left an identifying scar. Another prominent mark was the result of getting his left foot caught in the stirrup of his saddle shortly after the war ended and it dislocated his inside anklebone as it was pushed inward and it never healed properly, leaving a deep impression there instead of the bones coming back into normal position. Was this the injury sustained by the bank robber at Gallatin, Missouri, when his horse threw him and dragged him by his left foot? The inquest records show clearly that the gun used by Bob Ford was a Smith & Wesson and not a Colt as generally believed.

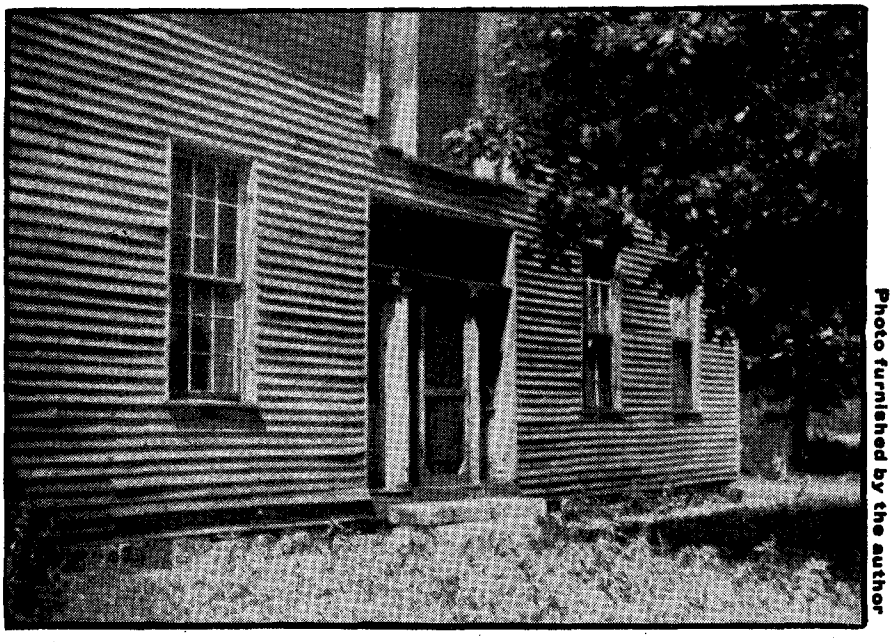

Photo furnished by the author

This is a rare photo of the Hite home near Adairville, Kentucky, where Jesse James tried to commit suicide in 1870. It was the home of Jesse's uncle, Major George B. Hite.

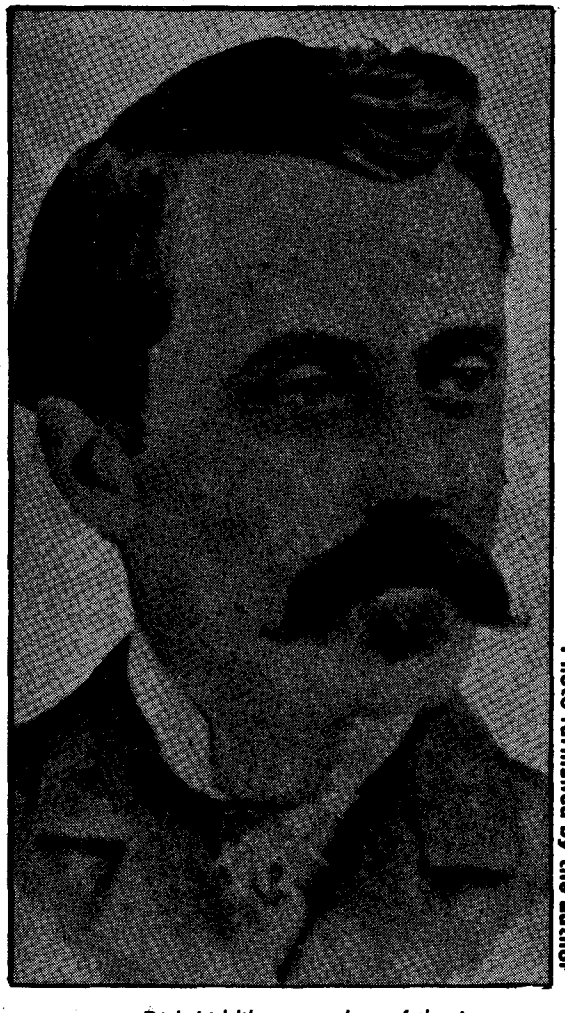

Photo furnished by the author

Dick Liddil, a member of the James gang, who surrendered secretly to the authorities and was promised amnesty if he would assist in the capture of Jesse James.

Charley Ford said:

Bob had a Smith & Wesson and it was easier for him to get it out of his pocket.

Bob Ford said in part:

I could see that it was all over with Jesse when that Smith .44 slug tore through his forehead.

It is not our intention to give a complete resume of the coroner's inquest and the testimony given by various persons, as most of this is not new. After said inquest, however, the two Ford boys were at once committed to jail charged with the murder of Jesse James, under a warrant sworn out by Mrs. Jesse James. They pleaded guilty to the killing on April 17, 1882, were sentenced to be hanged on May 19, 1882 and to be held in the Buchanan County jail until that time. On the same day Governor Crittenden issued unconditional pardons to Charles and Robert Ford. But their fame, if such it was, was short-lived for Charley committed suicide at Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, just two years later, and Bob was shot to death by Edward O'Kelley in the Creede, Colorado mining area in 1892.

The body of Jesse James was given over to his widow for interment, and in accordance with the wishes of his mother, it was arranged that the outlaw should be buried on the old homestead at Kearney. Frank James arrived in St. Joe Tuesday morning on the day following the shooting and registered at the World's Hotel, where he occupied room 27. Wednesday morning Frank left St. Joe and went to the homestead at Kearney. There he remained in the house while the last rites of the funeral took place. If anyone knew of his presence, there, he said nothing.

At 4:30 p.m. on the 6th, the funeral cortege arrived at the James-Samuel homestead, where the casket was lowered into an extra deep grave. After the casket had been lowered Mrs. Samuel screamed that someone had cut off Jesse's right hand; she made them bring the casket back up and open it so she could see that they had not. After that she calmed down and Jesse was buried.

The fabulous Jesse James had been feared and hated as a robber and killer, yet he came to be revered as an American Robin Hood. Perhaps this is partly due to his devotion to his mother and to the persecution heaped

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on his family and friends. At any rate, he has gone into folklore as a hero, and his memory is kept alive by the famed murals painted by Thomas Hart Benton for the state capitol at Jefferson City. Even the popular folk song mentioning Jesse was written in his memory. As long as the ballads are sung, they will continue to denounce Ford as a "dirty little coward" for firing the shot which killed Jesse--not taking time to listen to Bob's side of the story, and caring even less about such an explanation. The folks were so overwhelmed by the outlaw's death--and the way he died--that they made him a martyr and Ford a yellow - livered coward of the lowest type.

The .45 calibre Smith & Wesson, serial No. 366, 1873, which Jesse placed on the bed was the only revolver on the belt and it did not contain four or five guns as many accounts read. The belt Jesse wore has been examined and only one holster is attached; this being sewed tightly thereon and not looped as of today. The belt shows no place nor scar where any other holster was carried thereon. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Author's personal research of 35 years.

Personal interview with Edward O'Kelley's brother Frank.

Personal interviews with Stella James and Robert James.

LOST TREASURES

(continued from page 39)

Davis had not yet heard Miner's description of Charles Carey, so he had no way of knowing the importance of the men he had just captured. During questioning, both men insisted that they were only now arriving in the Black Hills having come from California, and naturally, they denied any knowledge of the Canyon Springs robbery. Their defiant attitudes and insolent way of answering his questions angered Davis, now a very tired and emotionally spent man, causing him to decide they were probably horse thieves or petty criminals of some nature anyway. He decided to waste no time on them by taking them to Deadwood for trial.

Davis shouted the order and, in a few minutes, Charles Carey and Red Cloud were both hanging by their necks from ropes tied to the same tree, writhing and kicking as life painfully drained out of their tortured bodies.

In the violent, vigilante aftermath of the robbery, two more captured men died of "rope poisoning." Strongly suspected of at least being accesories after the crime, William Mansfield and Archibald McLaughlin were forcibly abducted from armed guards transporting them from Cheyenne to Deadwood. Five masked vigilante "Minute Men" halted the stage coach in which they were riding, disarmed guards Jesse Brown and James May, and drove the stage under a tree near Little Cottonwood Creek close to Fort Laramie, Wyoming.

Moments later Mansfield and McLaughlin were hoisted to the top of the coach, ropes were tied to the tree, nooses were placed around their necks, and the coach was driven out from under them, leaving them to suffer the dreadful death of strangulation.

It was the stage line's division agent, Captain W. M. Ward and a Central Hills rancher named Uriah Gillette who succeeded in uncovering the clues that ultimately helped unravel at least part of the mystery of what happened to the gold stolen at Canyon Springs. In the Harney Peak area, they found a rancher who had sold a wagon and team of horses to some "Hard looking men" for $250. His descriptions of the men matched those of Carey, Red Cloud and the badly - wounded McBride, and sent Ward's possemen into a frenzy of anticipation. The trail at this point was little more than two days old!

The posse followed the wagon tracks southeastward until they arrived at the Horsehead Crossing stage station. Upon questioning the station manager, George C. Boland, reported that several days earlier, three men had driven into the station yard, their tarpaulin-covered wagon apparently heavily loaded. One of the men was near death from gunshot wounds and unable to travel further. After making arrangements with Boland for their wounded partner, the other two men hurriedly pulled out, heading north. Boland also claimed that, before dying that night, the stricken man said that his name was Frank McBride, and that he had buried McBride not far from the station the next morning.

After hearing what Boland had to say, Ward's bounty - hungry posse-men mounted their horses and raced away at top speed from the station, savagely determined to overtake and capture the fleeing outlaws. But even though the wagon was heavily loaded the trail wasn't always easy to follow, and the pursuit ran into many delays. About the only things that enabled the posse to stay on the right trail were the reports given by some freighters who had seen the wagon being driven rapidly nothward by two men.

It gradually became apparent, because of the generally north-eastern course being taken by the wagon, that the two outlaws were heading for Deadwood-Pierre trail. This conclusion was borne out when, just south of Rapid City, the tracks veered sharply to the right on a course that would by-pass that town and cut into the trail to Pierre, some 15 to 25 miles to the east.

As Ward's posse was passing near Rapid City, they were joined by a posse led by stage line agent John Brennan and Frank Moulton, variously described as being a sheriff, a marshal and just plain citizen. The combined posses rode down Rapid Creek to its confluence with the Cheyenne River and back, looking for the wagon tracks they expected to find, but did not. The posses then crossed over to Boxelder Creek and spent the night at a roadhouse, about 20 miles to the east of Rapid City.

The following morning, the

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two posses moved on down the Boxelder, toward the Missouri River, and shortly came to the tracks they were seeking. It was obvious that the two outlaws had simply waited out of sight until after the posse's return up Rapid Creek the day before, and then had crossed undetected over the divide separating Rapid and Boxelder Creeks. But not longer after encountering the tracks, the posses suddenly came upon the wagon, empty, without occupants, horses or load. At this point the outlaw's trail was lost and could not be picked up again.

In view of the violent events that took place in Beaver Canyon a few days later, after abandoning their wagon, it appears that Carey and Red Cloud cut back to the west and crossed the Black Hills on a course that led them to their discovery by Scott's posse and death at rope's end.

During the tracking efforts that followed the discovery of the outlaw's wagon in Boxelder Creek, a Doctor Whitfield with the Rapid City posse accidentally stumbled onto a gold bar, part of the Canyon Springs loot, that had been wrapped in cloth and hastily but inadequately buried, not far from the wagon. For his fortunate discovery the good doctor turned out to be about the only person known to have profited from this crime: The bar was worth $32,000, and Doctor Whitfield received a reward of $11,000 for its recovery.

As far as the records seem to show, only one other bar of the stolen gold was ever recovered. A small one, worth $4300, it had been carried east by one of the outlaws to the small town of Atlantic, Iowa. By carefully following a set of flimsy clues, Captain Ward had traced the movements of a "suspicious - appearing" young man to that town and found the gold bar boldly displayed in the window of the local bank for all to see! The bar, stamped "Homestake #12," was part of the treasure stolen at Canyon Springs.

Within a short time Ward arrested the suspect he had been following who turned out to be Thomas Goodale. This young man was the 22-year-old son of the owner of the bank in which the bar was displayed. The senior Goodale was a wealthy man, highly respected in the community and difficult to convince that his son was a common thief. But when Ward finally persuaded local lawmen to take young Goodale into custody, a gold watch and various valuable rings were found in his possession, all part of the treasure stolen from the *Monitor's* strong - box during the Canyon Springs robbery.

In spite of the evidence against his son, the elder Goodale made it very difficult for Ward to secure the necessary extradition papers and created other problems to harass Ward. When all was finally in order for the return, Ward took the precaution of having young Goodale placed in riveted leg-irons before boarding the train for the long trip back to the Black Hills.

Somewhere near present-day Central City, Nebraska, Goodale managed to slip out of those leg-irons while in the train's washroom and made good his escape. How he was able to do this, and why he was not missed by Captain Ward until the train arrived at Ogllala, some 200 miles to the west has never been satisfacorily explained. Ward later claimed that he had simply placed too much trust in the clean-cut, friendly young man and had been victimized by that trust. Although he had been a faithful, trusted employee of the stage line for a long time, Ward's story seemed too flimsy for the officials to accept. He was discharged from his job with the stage line immediately.

Whether he was actually a bought-off traitor to the law, or truly just too trusting will never be known for certain. Thomas Goodale successfully evaded recapture, and spent the rest of his life a fugitive from justice.

After all the many tallies were turned in on this robbery, one of the biggest stage-coach robberies ever committed, the box score seems to read about like this:

1) Human Cost:
Four men hanged to death by vigilante lynch mobs; three men (or more) shot to death; four men seriously wounded, and others with lesser injuries; three men disgraced for life; two fired from responsible jobs, one a fugitive from the law. Additionally, many hundreds of men have spent untold thousands of hours and expended vast amounts of effort seeking both the outlaws and the stolen treasure.

2) Property Cost:
Jewelry, watches and diamonds worth in excess of $27,500; Currency and gold coin worth $3500; 700 pounds of gold bullion from the famed Homestake Mine, worth at least $175,000 at that time, and an undisclosed amount of bullion from other mines in the Deadwood area. The gold alone on today's market would undoubtedly be worth far in excess of $400,000! Of the total loss, less than $50,000 is known to have been recovered.

It is quite probable that the lighter parts of the stolen treasure, the jewelry, watches, diamonds, currency and gold coin, for example, have all disappeared with either the various outlaws or with the lawmen who took them into custody.

But, 700 or more pounds of cast gold bars, some of them very large, cannot easily be disposed of by other than those who have legal possession of it. Even when parceled out in small amounts over a wide area, the impact of that much gold entering into commerce would have created ripples of interest and official notice.

What do I believe about this story?

Let me first say that I believe it all happened, much as I have written it here in this account.

And next: I believe that the amount of the stolen treasure was very large despite some of the reports to the contrary. I do *not* believe that 60% of the stolen treasure had been recovered within 30 days after the robbery as reported by the stage line officials. Granting this to be true, why would they have kept paid informers all along

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the way from Canyon Springs to the place called Pino Springs, where the wagon was abandoned, for more than five years after the robbery?

The quick posting of so large a reward and the offer of such an unusually-generous salvage percentage, coupled with the tremendous expense and effort poured into the pursuit indicated, at least to me, that much more than a small loss was involved. In no other recorded instance was so great an effort expended by a stage line company in an attempted capture and recovery.

Further, I believe that the stolen bullion was buried in one or more caches somewhere along the trail between where Carey bought the wagon and horses, and the place in Boxelder Creek where the wagon was abandoned. It is evident that the two outlaws could not have carried much of it with them after leaving the wagon; they had only two horses, which had to carry men, supplies and weapons.

And, finally, I believe that no more than ten percent of the entire amount of the stolen treasure has ever been recovered by outlaws, posse-men, owners and treasure hunters combined. The rest is undoubtedly lying right where it was cached waiting for someone to come along the right someone who will use the correct proportions of research, deduction, electronic detection equipment and serious effort, in order to recover it from its hiding place. Yes, given the opportunity, I would hunt for this one!

Now, let me make an admission:

I have three major versions of this story in my files, plus numerous mentions in various old books. And, I must confess, about the only details they all agree upon are: 1) The date of the robbery. 2) The location of the robbery, and 3) The name of the stage line. It is a frustrating fact that the names of many of the principals, the makeup and value of the stolen treasure, the claimed number of people involved, as well as many details of the aftermath events differ markedly from version to version. Even the locations given for most of the events are irritatingly "flexible," subject to miles-apart or irreconcilable differences.

When all the above are encountered during the writing of a story plus the added difficulties caused by the fact that a great many of the place-names given in the original accounts are no longer shown on modern maps, it can be seen that researching an event such as this is often an exasperating experience!

But, I believe that there are understandable, valid reasons for many of the inconsistencies, especially for those in this story. In the first place, from 1874, when men of General Custer's military expedition reported the presence of gold in the Black Hills, until the relinquishment treaty signed with the Sioux Indians in February 1877, the entire Black Hills country was deep inside Sioux territory. During those years not a single one of the many thousands of white men who, in their relentless search for gold, were legally there in "*Pah Sappa,*" the ancient, spiritual home of the Sioux.

Consequently, during those years there was only a provisional government without legal power to govern, and only marshals, without official laws to enforce. For the most part, personal safety and protection was provided by one's own alertness, and pistol, rifle or shotgun!

To help fill the desperate need, miner's courts were created. . .which at least had the prestige and power arising from long and well-established precedent. While they were, at best, but quasi - legal bodies that acted principally upon mining claim disputes and capital offences involving miners, they had the strength of the entire mining population behind them, and their decisions were final without appeal.

Even after the Sioux were forced to surrender their ancestral rights to the Black Hills, formal law and order was slow in reaching that remote spot in the vast expanse of the raw, western lands. It was well into the 1880's before really effective judiciary and law enforcement bodies were developed.

To further complicate a researcher's life, record keeping in all the frontier areas of those times was either completely nonexistent or woefully inadequate. And, unfortunately, the records that were kept tended to reflect both the ignorance and the personal bias of the record keepers! To compound these problems, very few of the skimpy records kept by Deadwood's residents during the years between 1875 and 1879 are known to have survived the holocaust that utterly destroyed that town on September 26, 1879.

On that day, exactly one year after the Canyon Springs robbery, a fire started in a bakery on Sherman Street. Within three hours, more than 2000 people were left homeless, cowering and shivering half naked among the surrounding mountain crags, and about 300 business buildings were leveled, with an estimated loss of at least $1,500,000 worth of contents and goods.

About the only chronicles of the area's events that are known to have been saved were the newspapers and letters mailed out before the fire, a few diaries, and the memories of those who lived through the times. Unfortunately for serious historical researchers and for treasure hunters, those newspapers, letters, diaries and later - written memoirs are shot through and through with provable errors and the "slantings" of personal opinions and entrenched prejudices.

The above is my way of explaining to you why I have taken the liberty of writing this story as I have, a composite of all the versions contained in my files and library, according to the way I believe that it could have and probably did happen. The "averagings - out" do not affect the important details involved and, with certain obvious exceptions, they do not restrict the use of this story as a waybill to the treasure.

Remember this fact: If I knew precisely *what* happened, back there in 1878, I would know precisely *where* the treasure is, and I wouldn't be sitting here at my desk writing about it; I'd be out digging it up!

Wouldn't you? ●RW

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

JESSE JAMES LEGENDS

Dear Sir:

I read every copy of your magazine as soon as it hits the newsstand. I love the magazine, but there is only one thing I cannot understand. In your magazine and all the rest I've read, everyone says Bob Ford shot Jesse James. I know that is supposed to be history the same as when Columbus discovered America. I happen to know that Bob Ford did not shoot Jesse.

My grandpa and ma lived in Missouri when Jesse was supposed to have been shot but wasn't. He stayed at my granddad's place a longtime after it was reported that he was plugged. My grandpa used to have a .44 colt given to him by Jesse and a lot of other things. When he died in 1953 he was very old. I was in the Army at the time and was called home to be a pallbearer along with my twin brother and other grandchildren. I was willed his collection but have never been able to find out who got them after the funeral.

My grandpa and ma lived in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois and Indiana and Jesse stayed with him a lot before and after he was supposed to have been shot. So did Frank. Jesse and Frank helped a lot of poor people during those days. My grandfather was always a church going man and everyone I know said he never told an untruth. His name was Thomas Jefferson Gobbard. He is buried at Knightstown, Indiana. I know with all my heart and soul that Frank and Jesse James both stayed with him. Why don't people get together and print the real facts and truth about Jesse and Frank. Well so much for now, I've got to go to work. I love your magazine and get it no matter where I am at.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas Zornes,
23 No. 32nd Place,
Apt. #3,
Phoenix, Arizona

Sir:

To start this letter off, first I will state that I am a 70 year old person, son of a Civil War veteran, C.S.A. a native of Alabama. In your latest issue of REAL WEST you have a story about Jesse James, Terror of the Union Pacific Railroad.

After the Northfield job Jesse James returned to the southern states and was in the western part of Alabama for quite some time and according to my father's story he spent several days at his home. Here is my father's story as I remember his, telling it often when I was a small boy and people back in those days did not *lie*.

Late one afternoon a stranger rode up to the house on a horse. He had two guns strapped around him which was not unusual in those days. He told poppa that he had been traveling for several days and was tired so he would like to spend the night and rest up. He did not give the name of Jesse James but some other name. When he left he told poppa that he had given him the wrong name and that he was Jesse James and he then gave poppa a roll of bills which amounted to around $500 and told him to help any needy people and his church.

Now do you have any record of Jesse James traveling through the southern states, especially Alabama?

Sincerely,
Herman J. Morris,
713 W. 21st St.,
Jacksonville, Florida 32206

We do not doubt the sincerity of the writers of the above letters, but it is our belief that history is correct and that Jesse James was, in fact shot by Bob Ford in St. Joseph, Missouri. See "THE TRUTH ABOUT JESSE JAMES DEATH" in this issue of Real West.

JESS WILLARD & BUFFALO BILL WILD WEST SHOW

Dear Sirs:

Just picked up an issue of REAL WEST in a barber shop and read the column which had to do and seemingly mentioned all the Buffalo Bill Wild West shows as well as other great western showmen and their shows. It mentioned the fact that Tammen & Bonfils, owners of the Sells-Floto Circus foreclosed it at the end of the 1913 season. During the seasons of 1914 and 1915 Buffalo was with the Sells-Floto Circus. Other noted shows were the Miller Bros. 101 Ranch, 1909-1931 and Col. Cummings Indian Congress and Wild West. In 1912 Col. Cummings joined up with Col. Seaver, their shows merging as the Young Buffalo Wild West & Col. Fred Cummings Far East combined.

What ever happened to the Jess Willard & Buffalo Bill Wild West Show which opened in Norfolk, Virginia April 11, 1917 and closed in Jacksonville, Florida on November 3, after 30 weeks. The show played 353 performances, visited 159 cities and towns in 25 states including most of the large cities in the northeast and midwest. I happen to have been on the show and still have the route card. I just thought a great show like that was worthy of mention. Thank you.

Truly yours,
Paul W. Hamilton,
Box 153,
St. James City, Florida 33956

Thanks for the information on this little known wild west show.

NED KELLY, THE JESSE JAMES OF AUSTRALIA

Dear Sir:

I am writing to say how much I enjoy your REAL WEST magazine, although, living where I do I cannot get it regularly. I would like to take this opportunity to pass on a piece of information which might interest your readers.

Ned Kelly, our famous outlaw, had an aunt on his mother's side. She lived in Ireland before going to America. Her name was Mary Cody and

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although it has not been proved factual, many Aussie historians believe that she was related to your own hero, Buffalo Bill Cody.

Kelly, like Jesse James, was forced into crime by the corrupt police force of Victoria, and many of his crimes were made up to put public opinion against him. His last stand was at Glenrowan, and he was hanged in Pentridge gaol in Melbourne.

Before closing, I would like to ask you for information on how to get a pen friend in America, preferably, Texas. I am 19 years old and would like to write to an American boy or girl of my age. My main interests are Australian Rules Football, fishing and hunting. I also enjoy reading western novels and magazines. My home state of The Northern Territory which covers a little over 500,000 square miles and in Australia, the third largest state. My home town is Darwin which was bombed by the Japs on February 19, 1942. The American warship, Perry, went down in that raid with the loss of 81 American lives.

I hope that these facts will prompt someone to write.

Thanking you,
Alan E. Frazer
c/o P. O. Box 70,
Darwin, Northern Territory,
Australia

LOOKING FOR INFORMATION ON THE GARRETTS OF GEORGIA

Dear Sir:

This letter is to ask your assistance in some research I am doing concerning my husband's ancestors. Because of the nature of your magazine, I am sure you run across all kinds of facts concerning the past of this country. My husband's grandfather told him that five Garrett brothers had settled in Georgia after leaving their native Ireland.

I wonder if you possibly know anything about those men. I realize Georgia is not what we call "west" but those were pioneers and perhaps you have some information concerning them. I have gone back to my husband's great-grandfather so far. He was born in 1830 and married in Dade County, Georgia in 1857. The Dade County Courthouse was burned in 1866 and all records along with it. So I am asking your help as I seem to have come to a dead end. His name was Thomas B. Garrett and I do not know whether he was one of the original five brothers or not. Any help will be greatly appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Jack R. Garrett,
Lot 49, Sollie Trailer Park,
Ozard, Alabama 38360

Can any reader aid Mrs. Garrett in her research?

A LETTER FROM NORTHERN IRELAND

Dear Sir:

I have just started to buy your magazine and find it very good reading as I have always been interested in American history and the old West. Have you ever done a story about the Apache, Mangus Colorado? I have never read a story about him, only seen his name in stories about Geronimo and Cochise, etc. so if you have please let me know.

I would like to tell you that all my friends find your magazine very interesting and enjoyable too, and will be sending for back copies like myself.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Scott,
12 Findon Gardens,
Upper Malone Road,
Finaghy, Belfast 9,
Northern Ireland

An article about Mangus Coloradowas published in the May 1971 issue of Real West, No. 93.

BUFFALO BILL

Dear Mr. LeBlanc:

I believe Mr. Copeland's article "I Knew Buffalo Bill" (May, 1971 issue) needs a bit of correction: Should anyone writing from research, take Mr. Hart's article (as recounted by "Mr. M.A. Page") as fact he would have his nose on the wrong trail.

I was riding broncs with Buffalo Bill's Show in 1910-11 and knew him about as well as anyone living today. Mr. Page being but eight years old at that time has let his imagination run away with him. The nearest Cody ever came to being a "freighter" was *acting as "Scout"* for a freight company, Russell & Waddell.

On page 25 Mr. Page has Cody saying "You old son-of-a-b. . . . ." In his early days Cody no doubt used that epithet plenty times, but *not in 1911*. The old fellow had become extremely religious and confined his swearing to nothing stronger than "By Godfrey!" or "Doggone your pictures!" Also, "Hey Rube!" was *never* used except to quell an attacking mob, and I don't believe father Page presented much of a threat.

Also, on page 70 Mr. Page has Buffalo Bill doing a shooting act with "his pistols." If Buffalo Bill did any "Pistol" shooting it was long before young Mr. Page was born. And in his final salute the Col. sure as hell never made it from *"standing in the saddle."* Yes, everybody "knew" Buffalo Bill.

"Fabulous Cripple Creek" by Jeannie Martin is a fine piece of writing. A dandy story.

Sincerely,
Harry E. Webb,
10660 Wilsey Avenue,
Tujunga, Calif. 91042

CONGER MINE IN COLORADO

Gentlemen:

My favorite reading is the Bible and *true* western stories, historical, and needless to say "Real West" magazine IS one of my favorites!

I refer now to your Jan. 71 issue, page 48, center column, bottom paragraph, where it lists several "best" Colorado mines.

The one that naturally interested me was the Conger mine. One of my uncles mined years ago in Colorado so am intensely interested in that this might be the one.

Do you have further information about this mine, if not, how can I get more data? Please help me, your assistance will be greatly appreciated.

Incidentally, Hiram U. Porter, grandfather on Mother's side struck it fabulously rich at Georgetown, Cal. in 1849. (He lost it all tho trying to buy a whole town.) Result: he died with his boots on, on his placer claims. He might have been the one to find gold at Sutter's Mill and got *his* name in history instead of Marshall had he remained with Sutter and had not moved to Georgetown.

Oh yes, I've done a bit of prospecting and dug a little gold. Plan on so doing in E. Oregon all this summer, from June 1 to just before snow flies next fall.

Respectfully,
Ray Conger,
Walla Walla,
Washington

●RW

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. About Billy the Kid: Was he really killed in Ft. Sumner by Pat Garret? What about Deluvina's picture of the Kid - was he what they say or was he more educated? B.R. Underwood, Amelia, Ohio.
A. Yes, Billy the Kid was killed by Pat Garret in Ft. Sumner. From all accounts, the Kid was a cold blooded killer; as for his education, he could read and write some, but would hardly qualify as really educated.

Q. Was Doc Holliday married to Big Nose Kate? L. Lettieri, Phoenix, Ariz.
A. All accounts indicate a common-law relationship, with no record of a formal wedding.

Q. What ever happened to Ike Clanton, one of those involved in the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral? E. Jamison, Dallas Texas.
A. Ike Clanton was killed in 1887 on Bonita Creek by Deputy Sheriffs J. V. Brighton and George Powell. They had ordered him to put his hands up as he emerged from his cabin, but he decided to make a run for it, getting two bullets in the back.

Q. What was Kit Carson's opinion of Colonel Chivington and the Sands Creek Massacre? H. Ford, Amarillo, Texas.
A. Carson denounced Chivington and called him a dog. He said, "I don't like a hostile Redskin and when they're hostile I've fought 'em as hard as any man. But I never yet drew bead on a squaw or her papoose and I loathe and hate the man that would . . . no one but a coward or a dog would do it . . . when we white men do such awful things, these poor critters don't know no better than to follow suit."

Q. Were Jesse and Frank James "Robin Hood" type robbers who took from the rich and gave to the poor? K. Shea, Sacramento, Calif.
A. That is one of the many myths which have been woven about the Jameses. According to one Al Gilmore, who knew them, they were bona fide bad men not inclined to charity. Jesse, when sober (said Gilmore) was a sullen, mean sadistic killer, good natured only when drunk. Frank, on the other hand, was mean only when drunk. When sober, he became disgusted with Jesse's murderous ways and tried to quit the gang several times.

Q. Is lynching a Western custom and why is it called "lynching"? J. Olaynack, Seattle, Wash.
A. No, it is not essentially Western. There has always been a question as to how it started. Some sources say it was introduced into America in So. Carolina during the years 1767 to 1769. During the Revolutionary War it was used against Tories, near what is now the town of Lynchburg, Virginia. Here some say it was started by Colonel Charles Lynch, hence the term. Other authorities credit James Lynch of Piedmont, Virginia.

Q. Did you ever hear of a "turkey snake"? O. Coburn, New Orleans, La.
A. The turkey snake is one of the tall tales of the frontier. It was said to entice turkeys by mimicking their call and kill them by piercing them with its spearlike tail.

Q. What can you tell me about the Fit River Indians? G. S. Eyles, Anaheim.
A. I think you mean the Pit River Indians. They are a group of North American Indians of the Shastan linguistic stock, also called the Palaihnihan. In the 1800's they occupied the Pit River in NE California. Pit River derived its name from the many game pitfalls constructed by these Indians. They lived in bark or brush dwellings or in semisubterranean houses resembling sweat houses. Polygamy was practiced and women held a low position. Today there are approximately 400 Pit River Indians living on reservations in California and Oregon.

Q. I was reading a book which referred to the Nez Perce Chief Joseph's "moving speech" without quoting it. Can you print it? J. Corkery, Des Moines, Iowa.
A. Chief Joseph, a most eloquent speaker, spoke as follows:

"I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are all killed. Looking Glass is dead. Too - hul - hul - sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no . . .It is cold and we have no blankets, no food. The little children are freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me! My chiefs, I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more, forever."

Q. Did the Indians hold a "wake" such as we do for the dead? B. Helfner, Canton, Ohio.
A. The principle was the same, although the practice was a little different. If a man died in camp, as opposed to battle, burial was postponed for a day and a night by the Sioux in case the person should revive. After the elapse of this period, the squaws assumed that death was final and commenced their wailing. All relatives assisted in dressing the corpse in his finest clothes, complete with earned decorations. The male mourners ran pegs through their arms and legs and the women slashed their limbs and often severed their little fingers at the first joint. Men and women both cut their hair short. This ordeal lasted four days, and included other ceremonies too lengthy to mention here.

Q. Why did Indians refer to soldiers as "Long Knives"? T. Brennan, Las Vegas Nevada.
A. The cavalry was so referred to because of the swords or sabers which they carried.

Q. What was the Indians' favorite method of cooking buffalo and what parts were regarded as particular delicacies? J. Kenyon, Billings, Mont.
A. Boiling was the method most used. The buffalo's brains, nostril gristle, the tongue, and the hump were favored, although the hump was usually roasted. Soup was made from the hooves and the tail. The lung and the pancreas were savored. The intestines were turned inside out,

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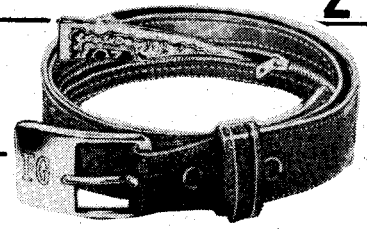

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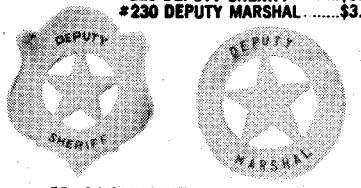

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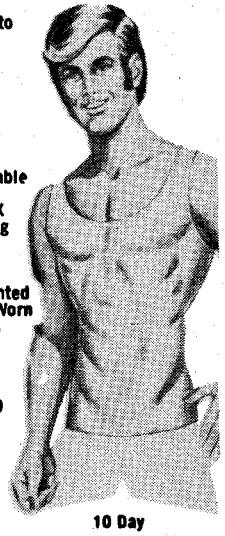

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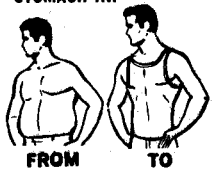

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cleaned and filled with strips of meat, and tied at intervals to make sausage. A prime favorite was boiled unborn calves.

Q. I know what it means in the East, but what does "hot - foot" mean to a Westerner? D. Donovan, Scranton, Pa.

A. "Hot-foot" to a Westerner means to burn a calf between the toes with a red hot iron. This practice was followed by some rustlers to prevent a stolen calf from following its mother.

Q. What was the concoction called "trappers' butter"? K. Gillies, Helena, Montana.

A. It was marrow from the bones of an animal. It was usually put into water, heated to the boiling point, then animal blood was added, making a thick broth.

Q. What is the cattle disease known as "lump jaw"? B. Moore, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

A. Its actual name is Actinomycosis. It produces suppurating tumors about the jaws of cattle. Also known as big jaw, and wooden tongue.

Q. How did the Indiasn shave? L. Prentice, Bloomington, Illinois.

A. They didn't, really. A common practice was to utilize a pair of clam shells to pull out the face hairs.

Q. What is the meaning of the Western phrase "long-ear"? J. Hudson, Port Hueneme, Calif.

A. This refers to the practice of Indians and plainsmen of placing their ear against hard ground (preferably) and listening. This somehow magnifies distant sounds, such as an approaching war party, troop of soldiers or herd of buffalo. It is believed that this practice originated the saying, "keep your ear to the ground."

Q. How did the Ford brothers, Charles and Robert, who killed Jesse James, meet their own ends? S. Lippitt, Dallas, Texas.

A. About four years after killing Jesse James, the body of Charles Ford was found in a patch of weeds near Richmond, Missouri, an apparent suicide. Six years later, his brother Robert was killed by a man named Kelly in Creede, Colorado in a quarrel over a woman.

Q. Did the famous (or infamous) bad men of the West mostly all "die with their boots on?" J. Deacon, Flagstaff, Arizona.

A. Mostly all died violent deaths. There were a few exceptions: Ed Tewksbury and Doc Holliday died of consumption. Robert Younger died in prison. Cole Younger died of heart disease, and Frank James died in bed on his farm in Missouri. Judge Roy Bean, "The Law West of the Pecos", passed away of natural causes.

Q. Given their lack of hygenic and medical knowledge, the Indians must have had a high death rate, outside of battle deaths. B. Newman, Minneapolis, Minn.

A. Not really. The Indian was not as deficient medically as we think. They were for centuries well acquainted with the medical plants in their vicinity, and passed this knowledge on to their descendants. They knew, for instance, of the efficacy of cascara sagrada, lobelia, puccoon, cohosh, foxglove (digitalis), cinchona (quinine) and many others which they contributed to us. ●RW

KNIGHTHOOD

(continued from page 6)

In practice the squire learned to joust by fighting against a quintain, a pole planted in the ground with a cross piece pivoted on top. On one end was a sandbag, on the other was a square broad target at which he lanced. He followed his lord to war and tournament and if wounded it was his job to drag his master to safety.

At 21 he was ready to be knighted, if worthy. Knighthood could be conferred on special occasions even to the peasantry if an especially noteworthy feat of courage were done. But to be knighted was one thing, to live like a knight with a bushel-eating monster of a war horse on your hands and complicated armor to buy and repair, and lances to buy, was another. Of course, a knight could make his way up the economic scale by lambasting a few rich knights and holding them for ransom and winning a few jousting tourna - ments. But this would take practice with expensive equipment. And then he might lose all his equipment in his first joust and be a knight with a pitchfork.

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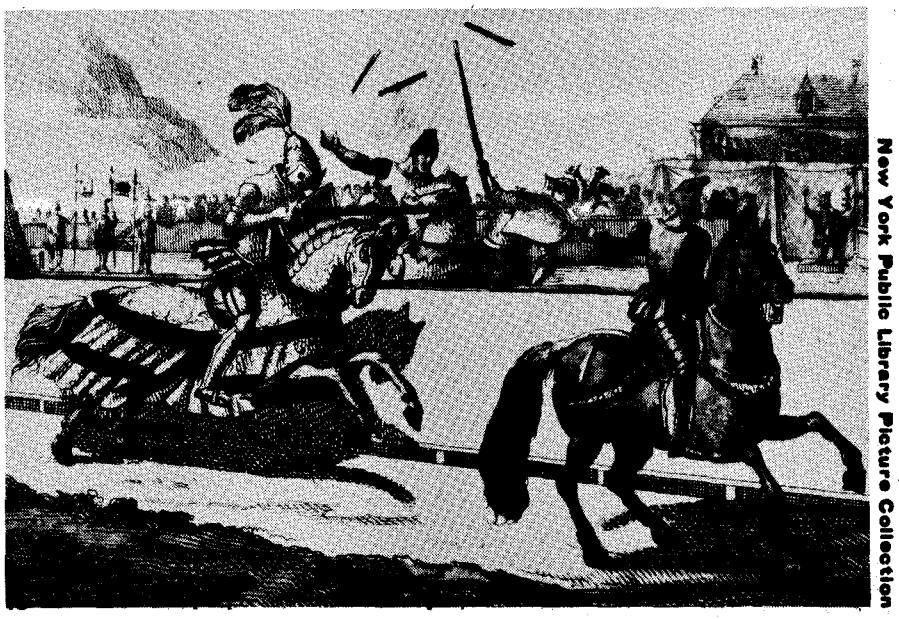
When knighted, a feast was held, at which he was present with a horse, lance, shield and helmet. He was expected to show his horsemanship in front of the gallery which usually meant mounting the horse without touching the stirrup. When knighted he was dubbed "In the Name of God, St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee Knight; be gallant, be courteous, be loyal."

The ideals of Knighthood were basically Christian -- service, loyalty, courage to uphold justice, courtesy and generosity. But knights were as varied as human nature, and it wasn't only the Black Knight in black armor and black horse who committed evil, but a few on white stallions. This was an age more rough and violent than the pistol slapping days of the Old West. Some historians claim that knights were little better than braggarts and glorified hoods who flaunted their superior arms like a western gunfighter. He drank a lot, and was as likely as not to behead a servant who spilled his wine.

There is a chronicle of four friendly knights who once traversed a forest trail when they came upon a damsel in "distress." Sportingly, they decided to joust for her, and while they proceeded to puncture and batter each other to the ground, the bloody victor crawled about to notice that the damsel had proceeded willingly away with a shepherd.

The wandering knight had another fighting horse besides his charger -- in fact he really had four: his charger, his courser, his palfrey, and his pack horse. So a fully equipped knight could be seen coming down the road in a caravan of four horses. His courser, however, was a horse for fighting in the woods or countryside. This one had the power of a huge draft horse with the speed and endurance and agility of a race horse. He was both a charger and run-em-down-and-get-em horse.

A knight was supposed to help the downtrodden and oppressed, but often he stooped to extracurricular activities like knocking the chip off the shoulder of that arrogant knight in the next castle, and he constantly scoured the countryside for knights who thought they were better than he. If he rode through the forest green and saw a shield hanging on a tree he would whack it loudly as a signal for the owner to come out and joust, which he immediately did. Sometimes two strange knights on the plains would greet each other by rushing together and pricking each other amiably to death.



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A tournament of the 1400's. Tournaments were the rodeos of medieval times.

Tournaments were considered good training for the knight; little wars in themselves and the apprenticeship for great ones. When a tournament was to be held the Lord sent out servants to "crying the tournament" for 20 miles around. Some knights would form teams and post a message on roadside trees: "Five knights from Castle Algernon will be ready to joist with all comers."

A carnival atmoshpere prevailed at a tournament, much like a rodeo. Clowns performed and the peasantry clapped loudly when a well-dressed damsel appeared. "Bring on the jousters!" is commanded, and a blare of trumpets is heard. A parade is then held. Four heralds lead the procession on foot. Then come the jugglers, and then the arrogant, clanging knights prance by.

When the tourney was ready to begin the knights began to offer challenges which were eagerly taken up with taunts such as "His Lordship St. Bubu will shortly be toothpicked into the mud with his horse's four legs facing the sky," -- and off they strutted to the starting line.

There were always women present for the knights to show off their skills. Otherwise why fight, they insisted. And if a knight lost too often he was likely to lose his lady fair. But he always had his horse.

The chargers gathered speed slowly winding up all the iron on their back gradually until they began to thunder like a runaway locomotive. The ground quaked. Both knights bent low in the saddle swinging their shield to cover their body; helmets are lowered and lance points dropped. Both horses came roaring towards each other in a cloud of dust. Guided by the rider's knee, they come as close as possible to allow a head-on thrust -- horse and man fused into one terrible flying weapon.

With a raucous explosion they meet. Lances may splinter. Men and horses sometimes topple to the ground and the battle continues on foot with swords. If they have not been unhorsed they get new lances and drive again at each other until one has been thrown or

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"The lance so struck him in the mouth, that his tongue was borne into the hinder part of his head, and so he died." Henry II of England entered a tilt and got the lance through his eye, into his brain and out the back of his head -- to the delight of Henry III.

There were some unhappy knights who picked a horse which after a charge or two refused to budge. Or some simpleton of a stallion would cross the path of his opponent leading to a wildly thrashing, cymbal-like scramble on the ground of horse, unbuckled armor and blushing knights. Such performances were roundly booed. (It was prohibited to hurt the horses and whoever did so lost the prize.)

Tournaments varied in their rules, but usually the victor could ransom the defeated knight's horse and weapons, and sometimes even the knight himself. Professional knights (bounty hunters) who were experienced riders and lancers could make a good living by defeating rich knights.

Like a modern ballgame the spectators, male and female, discussed the techniques and style of the knights, praising the champions, lamenting their favorite defeat. After the

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Author's collection

A U.S. CAP cadet and a cadet from Canada discuss the merits of an ancient suit of armor during a tour of a British museum.

tourney all would visit their tents where great suppers were cooking (barbecue) and toasts were drunk to everyone. Sometimes alliances were formed binding one castle of knights to another for greater protection. (Vigilantes).

Sometimes a climax of a tournament was a *melee*, a pitched battle between 50 or more knights on a side. As the group came together in a terrific crash there is now the added danger of being crushed by the churning hoofs. If at first the battle was a friendly contest it could degenerate into earnest swipes of sword and lance to vanquish, to destroy, to kill. As the rival banner falls and is captured, the battle is over and the wounded and mangled are cleared from the field.

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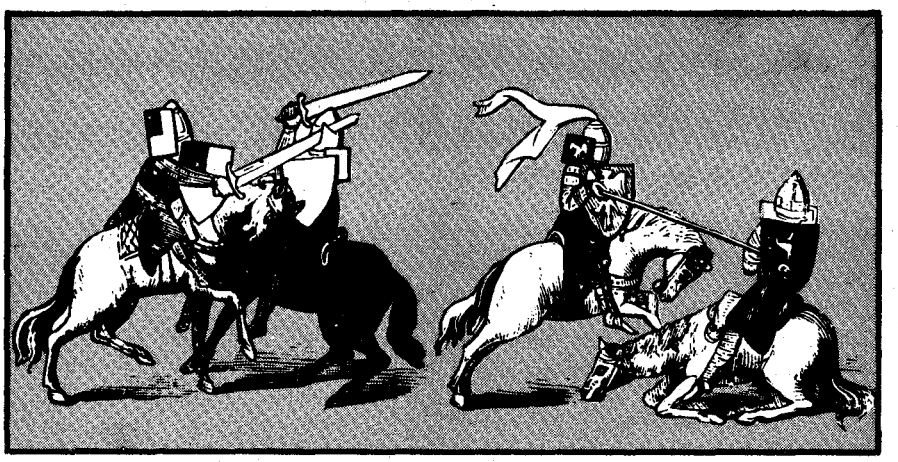

Tournaments went out of style in the 15th century. They had become too savage and too many knights were killed in these "sporting" events making for a shortage of manpower to wage wars.

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Some of the tournaments were international affairs bringing together the best knights of many nations. In a tournament in Beaucaire, France, 10,000 knights once gathered for a contest.

(We know from the size of their armor that knights were smaller men in those days, but they certainly were stronger men at least before 1300. They could swing a heavy three foot sword that a modern man would need two hands to lift.)

One historian claimed that not all actual battles were bloody. In 1217 he insisted a great battle took place pitting 600 against 800 knights -- and only one knight was killed! This is hard to believe. Knights carried swords too, and when knocked from their mounts would battle with the deadly hand sword. Usually infantry would follow the knights after the initial charge and mop up the unseated knights with great two hand swords and axes. Here is an account of a medieval fight:

"Then the knight mounted on a stout charger, and struck spurs into his sides, and brake into the midst of his enemies, who smote upon him and wounded him in the face and drew him to earth. Then came his unmounted garrison lance in rest and smote the horses in the bowels so that they overthrew their masters whom they then proceeded to dismember with sledge hammer first to enter their steel cocoons, and then the contents with an axe."

Even some tournaments had become brutal especially in Germany. In one tourney held in Cologne in 1240 more than 60 knights were killed.

In the 15th century the sport of jousting went out of style for the court began to realize the terrible waste of manpower. Such savagery ought to be reserved for war not dissipated on sport. Knights would not be too eager to go to war if they found jousting as satisfying. Even the church put a ban on tournaments and refused Christian burial to anyone killed in such sport.

It wasn't long after that the proud and lance-happy knight became extinct. Gunpowder was being perfected and even his ever-increasing armor could not withstand the hot leaden balls which would enter his armor like butter and redden his Long Johns.

Duelling with swords replaced jousting for 400 years to satisfy the competitive-killer instinct of man until Sam Colt invented the six - shooter and the western gunfighter was born.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

History of Chivalry and Ancient Armor, by R. A. Lowry. The Knight and Chivalry by R. W. Barber. Knights Life in Days of Chivalry, by W. C. Meller.

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EZRA KIND

(continued from page 15)

Mr. Frank Thomson of Spearfish is probably the most informed and knowledgeable person about the Thoen Stone and the individuals mentioned in the inscription. He has spent many years in research and writing, and it is to him most credit should be given on this single subject. Although he acknowledges most of his conclusions as being suppositions, he should be credited with the effort, and quite frankly, not one person has been able to dispute his findings with research of their own. Mr. Thomson concentrated his research mostly on biographical and genealogical documentation, a formidable feat in itself since only one name on the Thoen Stone was in full with the others having either a last name only or a first initial. One of the seven names was obviously an Indian name, and that fact alone would make research almost impossible. Who were they? Mr. Thomson suggests this:

INDIAN CROW — At first it was believed he was a Crow Indian who acted as guide for the party since the Crow trading post in SE Montana was not too far from there. However, after discovering the possible identity of Wm. King, Indian Crow turned out to be a Cherokee friend of Wm. King's. Since gold and its mining was not unknown to the Cherokee it is assumed Indian Crow had knowledge of the techniques of placer mining.

Wm. KING — After much research, Wm. King is believed to be William King, son of Silas King of Dahlonega, Georgia. William, however, according to family records, went west and was never heard of again. He was also a placer miner by experience.

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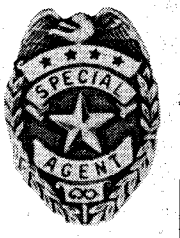

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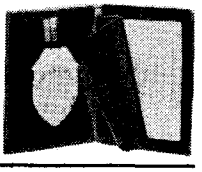

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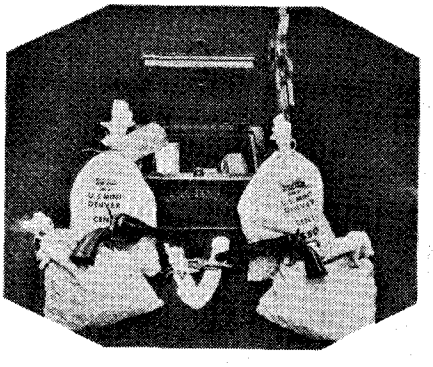

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Potato Creek Johnny, typical of the prospectors who later came into the Black Hills looking for gold. He was one of the lucky ones, making his strike early.

T. BROWN — It is probable this is William Thompson Brown commonly called Tom Brown, and sometimes simply T. Brown, son of Andrew Jackson Brown, a farmer of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. Family records indicate his birth as November 22, 1800, making him only 33 at the time of entry into the Hills. In 1824, he and his family migrated to Lincoln County, Missouri, where he gained knowledge of placer mining by working at Mine La-Motte in Missouri.

R. KENT — This is possibly Robert Kent who was a friend of T. Brown, according to family records, and who went with the Hudson Bay trappers at about that time, early 1830's. Nothing more has been learned about him.

G. W. WOOD — Nothing has ever been uncovered about this man.

De LACOMPT — This is very likely Joseph De Lacompt, a Frenchman who was known to have lived and worked in that area on the Missouri River about 1815. He was married to an Indian woman. One of his jobs was to carry messages for the Hudson Bay Company on the Missouri River to St. Louis. It is strongly believed he would have known of gold in the Hills, and because of his knowledge of the area, his friendship with the Indians, the respect for his skills and strength the Indians professed, and his probable interest in the possession of gold, that he was the leader of the group. Even the fact his name heads the list as etched by Ezra Kind suggests he was the leader of the party. It is

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even suggested because of his known sympathies for the Indian and the fact he was well known by the Indians that he escaped the massacre. There is no way of ever knowing, of course, and certainly Ezra Kind would not have known.

EZRA KIND — This remarkable gentleman - remarkable in that he is the one responsible for having left this message for the world to read and ponder in the decades to come - probably came from Saxony, Germany, with his three brothers in the 1820's and first settled in Eastern Pennsylvania. Ezra was also the only one of the brothers to go west, never to be heard of again, except in the few words he managed to etch on a slab of stone before meeting his fate, whatever it was.

The story told on that slab of stone is as exciting as a complete book of tales of adventure probably because much is left to the imagination, and the fact that mystery always adds intrigue. How, in all that expanse of land, did the Indians know of their presence? One possible answer is offered in one of the four murals decorating the Ezra Kind Room at the Kelley's Motor Hotel in Spearfish. It is scene number two which shows the discovery by the Indians of the prospectors. According to one Indian legend, the Indians found the intruders after noticing that a creek was muddier than usual because of gold-panning activity upstream.

A second mystery is in what order did the seven men die, if indeed all seven died? There will always be speculation about De Lacompt exercising his prowess as a backwoodsman and managing to escape. Also the fact he was known by the Indians and known to have an Indian wife only lends fuel to the speculation.

A third mystery centers around the death of Ezra Kind himself. In fact, did he die? How? Of starvation? Of death by torture and scalping? Quickly with an arrow in his chest? This one will never be resolved.

And yet another mystery surrounds the fate of the gold. How much gold, exactly, had they managed to mine? Ezra states categorically "all of the gold we could carry." Was it all the gold they or their ponies could carry? That would make a huge difference. Was it possible to placer mine that much gold in the short period of time they were in the Black Hills? If so, where did they do their panning? That is of particular importance for it would denote a strike far larger than any one discovered area yet in the Hills.

There are some interesting facts which are known, however, and one is that the Black Hills yielded over $850,000,000 in raw gold AFTER 1874 - AFTER Custer confirmed gold to exist there. How much had the Hills yielded before then is unknown.

Since the Ezra Kind party was in the Black Hills a full 40 years before Custer, one cannot help but ponder the path of history had this party of seven managed to leave the Black Hills with their gold intact and made their announcement to the world. There very probably would not have been a Sioux War in 1875 resulting in a Custer massacre at the Little Big Horn. Many alterations of events maybe would have transpired, but these are only probabilities to ponder. As one views the Thoen Stone today at the Adams Museum in Deadwood it is possible to dream of history - or what maybe would have happened if. . . . . ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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2. *The Ezra Kind Mural*, Kelly's Motor Hotel, Spearfish, South Dakota, a pamphlet, n.d., n. p.

3. *Detroit Free Press*, January 29, 1888

4. *Black Hills Pioneer*, January 1, 1882

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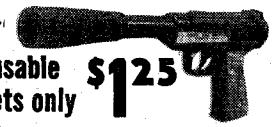

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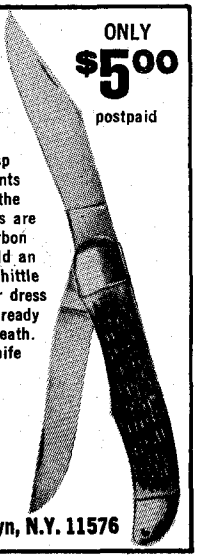

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The Ship Buried In The Desert

by Charles Getts

"Clabasa speak true words to white man. Not far from here to the south, is the ship. The winds of the desert storms have uncovered part of it from the sands."

The mahogany-hued, deep-lined face of the old Cocopah Indian remained immobile as he faced his laughing audience.

The men around him were surveyors and, in 1929, were working out of a camp located a few miles south of Yuma, Arizona. The Indian had wandered into a camp asking for food and then had told them his story of discovering the remains of a ship buried in the desert. It was about as reasonable to them as would be the statement of a sailor that he had seen a camel on the ocean.

But the Indian persisted in saying his story was true.

Later, the tale reached the ears of some of the desert prospectors that drifted into the camp for a day or so. They did not laugh but began talking to the engineers about old desert legends that had come down from early times.

"Why, many's the time I've heard tell thet way back in 1540 there was one of them Spanish galleons thet come from Mexico up into the Gulf and then up the Colorado River. They was bringin' grub and supplies to Coronado's army. It seems he was lookin' for the Seven Cities of Cibola which he figured were full of gold. But turned out all he run acrost was some Indian huts. Anyway, they tell 'bout one of the ships bustin' up and lost in a storm. Claim it went down carryin' gold bars from Mexican mines. Ain't never found it yet, least as far as I've heard."

Another old desert rat told an even more fantastic story.

"The waters of the Gulf of Cortez went on clean up into the Imperial Valley and above Indio," he said. "An there was a Spanish ship went down with a treasure chest of black pearls in her hold. Still waiting for someone to find it, maybe only six or seven feet down in the sand and somewhere 'round Indio."

One of the surveyors became interested and spent quite a bit of time looking through old historical papers. He learned that the delta of the Colorado River, where it joins the Gulf of Mexico, once fanned out into numerous, twisting channels cut in the shifting sands. Boats went from the Gulf up to Fort Yuma.

Finally, he was ready to check up on the Indian's story. He got together a few other men and they left to find the ship.

They went south, following Calabasa's instructions, until they came to San Luis on the Mexican border. Then they continued on a few more miles until they reached a small ranch owned by a Mexican named Baulio Chavez. He greeted them cordially.

"*Si, senor,*" he said in response to a question about the ship. "There is what is left of one lying in the sands. *Vamanos*, I will show you. The people here call it *La Barca.*" (The Boat)

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He led the way and within a short time they reached the rusting remains of a ship lying half-covered by the sand and in a broad basin that had been hollowed out by the strong desert winds.

All that now remained were the iron ribs that rested in a long row and lifted their curved ends up into the air in a way that resembled the skeleton of some giant prehistoric monster.

"The people have taken most of the metal sides, *senor,*" explained Baulio with a wide grin. "The men give them to their women to use for stoves and to cook the *tortillas* on."

The surveyor who had looked up the old documents knew that they were looking at what was left of the iron stern-wheeler that had been named, Explorer. He told the story to the others.

"It used to be a 50-foot steamboat that was built in Philadelphia in 1857 under orders of the U. S. War Department. It was built of sheet-iron and powered by a 3-ton boiler mounted in the mid-section. It's purpose was to discover if the Colorado River was navigable up above Fort Yuma and for what distance.

"After a test run on the Delaware River, it was shipped in sections by boat to the Isthmus of Panama then up the Pacific to San Francisco to be hauled overland in wagons to Fort Yuma.

"Its life was probably the shortest of any boat in the history of maritime shipping. It made a three or four month run up the Colorado, during which the Cocopah Indians followed it by running along the river banks and found much pleasure in laughing hilariously whenever the boat ran aground on the many sand bars.

"Then, on its return to Yuma, it was sold to river men for the purpose of carrying goods back and forth to the ocean going steamers which, at that time, sailed up the Gulf of California.

"Well, after only a half dozen trips, it seems that the Explorer broke loose from her moorings one night and went exploring. It drifted down the river to disappear in one of the many channels of the delta and was never found."

And there in the sands, the Explorer had ended its days as, during the passing years, the delta dried up and turned into a wasteland. After 69 years, it had been found.

The little group of men returned to camp and word went out that the mystery of the ship in the desert had been solved.

But the old-timers just smiled as they settled back in their chairs and talked once again, through the long, quiet nights, of the Spanish galleon with its treasure chest of black pearls. ●RW

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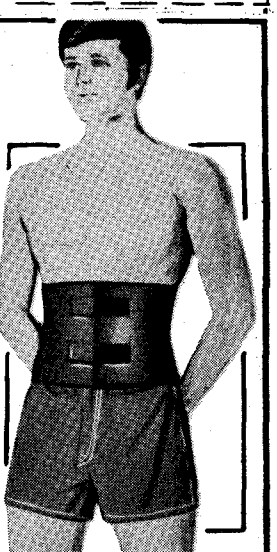

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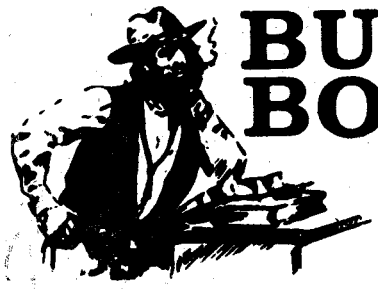

BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

TENTING ON THE PLAINS
By Elizabeth Bacon Custer
with an Introduction by
Jane R. Stewart
University of Oklahoma Press,
Norman, Oklahoma 75069
$8.85 the set Illustrated
725 pages in 3 volumes

From the time of her husband's death at the Battle of the Little Big Horn until her own death fifty-seven years later at the age of almost ninety-one, Mrs. George Armstrong Custer devoted herself to defending her husband's reputation or adding a higher gloss to it. She would tolerate no criticism of him and is known to have stopped publication of material she felt would harm his image. This account, the second in the trilogy she wrote, concerns the period immediately following the Civil War, when Custer was stationed in Louisiana, Texas and Kansas. "Libbie" Bacon was the daughter of a Monroe, Michigan, judge, and neither her sheltered life nor the Michigan climate had prepared her to be an army wife on the plains. Yet this frail looking woman followed her husband to every duty station to which he was assigned with the same determination that would help her outlive all but one of the survivors of the Little Big Horn campaign. The story of the Custers' life together on the plains gives a human, if understandable biased view of General Custer. This three-volume edition are Numbers 46, 47 and 48 of the University of Oklahoma Press Western Frontier Library.

THE TAOS TRAPPERS
The Fur Trade in the Far Southwest
1540-1846
by David J. Weber
University of Oklahoma Press,
Norman, Oklahoma 75069
$8.95 Illustrated 260 pages

Using Taos as a base for their operations, French and American traders and trappers made that remote village in northern New Mexico one of the most tant markets for beaver in the In the first comprehensive history of the fur trade in the Far Southwest, David J. Weber surveys the development of the Taos trade and the activities of its trappers. Utilizing Spanish, Mexican and American sources, the author describes the early penetration of the Taos area by French and American traders. Three such colorful characters as Ewing Young, Kit Carson, Peg-leg Smith and the Robidoux brothers pioneered new trails to the Colorado Basin, the Gila River, and the Pacific and contributed to the wealth that flowed east along the Santa Fe Trail. The permanent settlement of these men in the Southwest was also important, says Weber, for their presence served to soften the impact of American military conquest in 1846.

THE CHICKASAWS
By Arrell M. Gibson
University of Oklahoma Press,
Norman, Oklahoma 75069
$8.95 Illustrated 320 pages

For the United States government the absorption of the Chickasaw Nation into the emerging state of Oklahoma in 1906 marked the successful integration of the tribe into the American community. For the Chickasaws, however, it signaled the end of their existence as a semiautonomous Indian republic--their death as a nation. In the first book-length history of the Chickasaws the author recounts the Indians' 350-year struggle to preserve a measure of their tribal institutions and independence in the face of increasing encroachments by white men. It is a record of the gradual alteration of Chickasaw lifeways from the early day contacts with Europeans and Americans to the time the tribe bowed to the inevitable and set about adapting their customs to the social, political, and economic systems of the white men. Volume 109 of THE CIVILIZATION OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN SERIES, this interpretation of Chickasaw history spans the years 1540 to 1907 and highlights the persistent and imaginative efforts of the Indians to adjust to life in the radpidly developing United States.

AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

two different types of sand paintings, those that belong to the rhythm of the night, and those that belong to the rhythm of the day. Nature is different during the night, and a sand painting belonging to the night must begin right after sunset. The painting must be made, used and destroyed before sunrise of the following morning. The day sand paintings must begin at sunrise and be finished, used, and destroyed before sunset of the same day.

After the painting is completed, attention is then turned to the patient. The painting and the ceremony is attended by trained specialists called 'singers'. The 'singers' learn by apprenticeship and each will specialize in one, two and at the most a half dozen chants or songs. The whole is a vast complex of songs, prayers, ritual, plant medicines, material properties and symbols.

The 'Holyway' chants are categorized in seven sub-groups; the Shooting Chant, Mountain Chant, God-Impersonators, Wind Chant, Hand Trembling-way, and Eagle Trapping. Each of these is represented by a proper sand painting. At the end of the ceremony to cure ailments, or the evil in the patient's body, the one so afflicted sits, partially naked, in the center of the sand painting. Then sand from the painting is applied to parts of the patient's body and when the patient leaves the hogan, the sand painting is destroyed. It isn't unusual for a patient to be carried into the hogan and after the ceremony to be able to walk out, apparently cured. There is a strong belief in the miraculous effect of the chanting and ritual upon the patient, and the Navajo believe that the healing power of the 'sing' will cure a sick mind and a sad heart. There are times when the Medicine Man will allow those present to take a bit of the sand and put it in a bundle to be placed about their neck to be worn as an amulet. Usually, though, the sacred sand is gathered and destroyed. The Medicine Man will walk first to the east, then to the south, west and north, and finally with a symbolic gesture to father sky and mother earth, he scatters the precious sand to the six directions from whence it came. Sometimes there are occasions when the sand is buried. If the sand painting is for ceremonial purposes it will follow a completely different sequence than one which is made for public showing. The former is very sacred and executed with rever-

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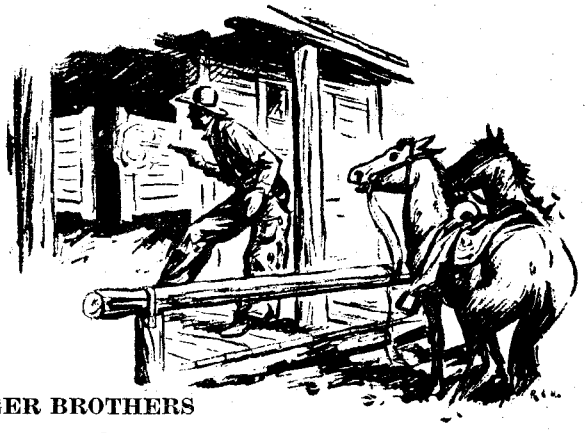

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ence while the latter is merely for public exhibition and in this case the colors and directions are reversed, thus the secret altar of the sand painting is not desecrated nor any of its symbols violated.

The main theme symbols, with a few exceptions, are arranged according to one of three types of composition. There is the linear, with figures in a row, or rows. This is repeated to increase power, and the main figures usually stand on a locality bar which is generally black to represent the earth. Another type is radial. This has important symbols cardinally oriented in the form of a Greek cross, and with subsidiary symbols in the quadrants in the form of a Saint Andrew's cross, around a central symbolic locality such as a spring, pool, mountain or dwelling, where the commemorated episode took place. The extended center, with a central motif occupying most of the space is another type. Symbols often occur in pairs or multiples of pairs, and these are called male and female which represent differences in power. If mishandled the symbols can be dangerous, as they are always combined in a prescribed manner for both the ritual and artistic or public paintings. An encircling guardian, usually the rainbow, surrounds the whole picture with an opening to the east for the exchange of good and evil with the outside world.

There is no way of knowing the number of designs used, but more than five-hundred different designs have been recorded. Today, paintings similar to these dry paintings are being made for commercial sale and some of these can be bought in local folk art stores. ●RW

BEYOND THE LAW

(continued from page 50)

Grat. The Railroad Express Company and Tulare county had offered a large reward for Grat. One day Middleton went to Sanger and bought some provisions and cartridges and while there wrote the sheriff of Tulare to meet him at Sanger four days later and he would tell him where Grat was. In the meantime, a large stray grayhound had come to camp and made himself at home, following Grat wherever he went. On the appointed time, Middleton made an excuse to go to Sanger for some tobacco.

Grat had become suspicious of Middleton's actions and never laid his Winchester down. In fact he - as all men do when scouting - slept with his clothes on and his gun in his hand. About four o'clock that evening. Grat was sitting in front of his little tent with his Winchester across his lap, and the grayhound lying down by his feet.

Every once in a while the grayhound would look up at Grat and utter a little whine, then look off out in the brush and growl.

Grat, not thinking it possible for any one to get up close to him without him seeing or hearing them, paid no attention to the dog. Finally he got up and moved back close to the ravine bank and said to the dog, "Catch him!"

The dog barking made two or three bounds towards the brush and about at that time the heads of six men shot up on three sides of Grat's tent from behind trees and banks and called out, "Throw up your hands!" all shooting at the same time and riddling his tent but not touching him. Instantly Grat brought his Winchester into play, firing three or four shots at the one behind the tree and jumping over the bank. Being cut off from his horse, Grat ran around a little hill down towards where a farmer was plowing, - the grayhound following him all the time. Just as he came around the hill he looked down a ravine and there about three hundred yards off he saw six men, the sheriffs and deputies driving off and leading his horse behind. Once more he raised his Winchester and opened fire on them, knocking a few spokes out of the wheels of their carriage.

Putting the whip to their team, the brave sheriffs ran into the brush never to bother Grat again.

Fate had played a noble trick when a strange dog intervened to save an innocent man from prison or maybe death.

Traitor Middleton's visions of a large reward and a lifetime position with the express company had vanished. This is as it should be with all such traitors.

Making his way down to where the farmer was plowing, Grat took the best horse the farmer had, which he sent back later, and started over to Judge Gray's ranch, about fifteen miles from Merced. Judge Gray, a wealthy rancher, was an old friend of the boys and a brother-in-law of W.C. Brackenridge, Grat's attorney.

Grat stayed about two weeks in a secluded room at Gray's ranch, fed every day by the Chinese cook, who became very much attached to him. One day Grat said to the Chinaman, "John, if any strangers come here looking for me, you tell them you cannot understand English." The cook said, "Me savvy, you all same hiblinder." Every few days Judge Gray would drive to town to get the news for Grat. Then finally, the last day Grat was at the ranch, the judge came back from town and told Grat he had received a letter that Brackenridge had gone to Frisco, got on a big drunk and died. It was rumored that he received five thousand dollars for allowing Grat to be convicted.

However it may have been, it seems as if a ministering angel had been hovering over an innocent man to help him escape and punish those who helped contribute to his unfortunate position.

By this time Grat had decided to try and make his way back to Oklahoma and join us. The night Grat left Judge Gray's ranch, the judge took him out to the barn and gave him his best saddle horse, and told him to come back any time he needed another. Grat, leaving his grayhound in safe keeping, got on his horse and started on his almost record-breaking ride on one horse. He made the distance from Merced, California, to Kingfisher, Oklahoma, in one hundred and four days.

Leaving Judge Gray's ranch, he rode along the edge of the foothills to Bakersfield, California, then on to Los Angeles. Then over to Arizona, New Mexico, Pan Handle, Texas, and into Oklahoma. There he met us, and today there in the cemetery at Coffeyville, Kansas, is a little mound of earth which stands as a monument to the cold-blooded and ruthless greed of a heartless corporation and its hirelings - the grave of Grat Dalton.

If we are conscious in the next life of what happens in this, I want to be there when my brother Grat meets detective Smith. If it is heaven, I am sure it will not be that long. ●RW

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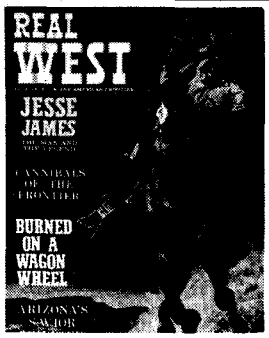

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Witchcraft Among The Indians

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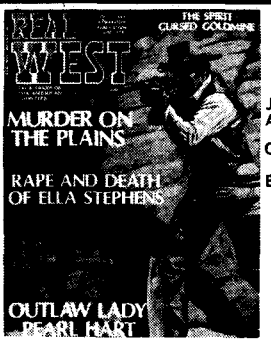
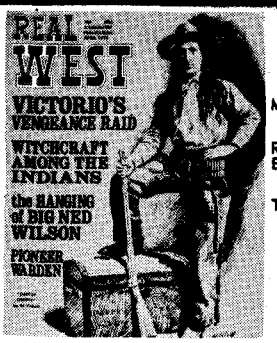


MAY, 1970

Jesse James, The Man And The Legend

Cannibals Of The Frontier

Burned On A Wagon Wheel

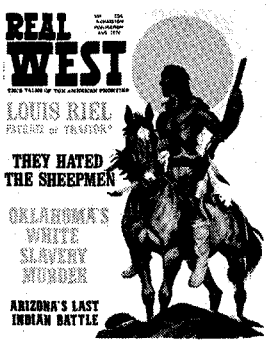


JUNE, 1970

Murder On The Plains

Rape And Death Of Ella Stephens

Trapped In The Mountains



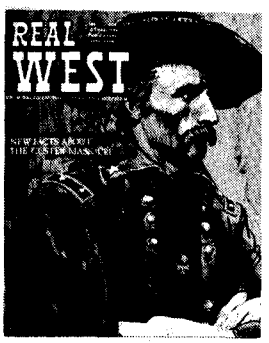
AUGUST, 1970

Louis Riel ,Patriot Or Traitor?

They Hated The Sheepmen

Oklahoma's White Slavery Murder

Arizona's Last Indian Battle



SEPTEMBER, 1970

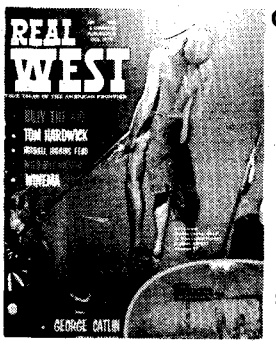
New Facts About The Custer Massacr

Temple Houston, Swift Mind-Fast Gun

Will Rogers Revisited

The President Of Calif.

Nevada's Prehistoric Cannibals



OCTOBER, 1970

Billy The Kid

Tom Hardwick

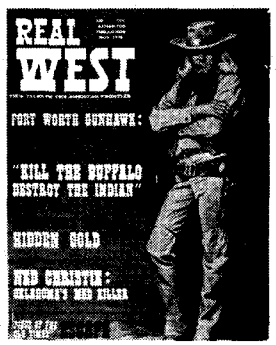
Horrell, Higgins Feud

Wild Bill Hickok

Winema

George Catlin,Indian Painter

"A Man Called Horse" Special Report



NOVEMBER, 1970

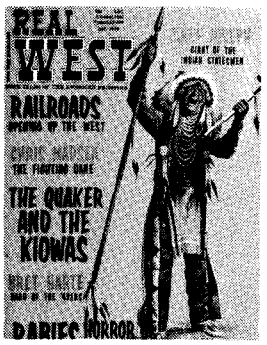
Fort Worth Gunhawk, Longhair Jim Courtright

"Kill The Buffalo, Destroy The Indian

Manhattan's Fabulous Hidden Gold

Ned Christie:Oklahoma's Mad Killer

Escape From Barbed Wire



DECEMBER, 1970

Railroads Opening Up The West

Chris Madsen, The Fighting Dane

The Quaker And The Kiowas

Bret Harte,Bard of The '49ers

Rabies,Horror Of The Frontier

JANUARY, 1971

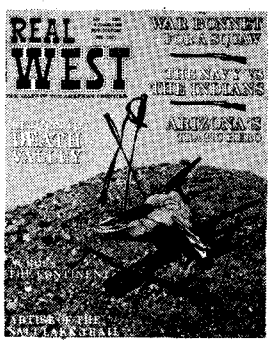
Flesh Eaters Of 1872

Daring Escape Of Yellow Hand

Cheyenne, The Devil's Cauldron

The Rodeo Clown Was A Woman

Bloody Hatchet Murderer Of Southern Texas



FEBRUARY, 1971

Return To Death Valley

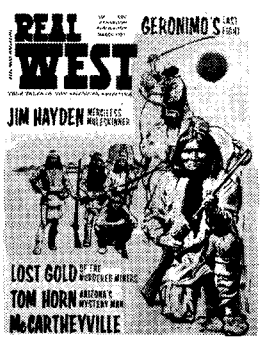
Across The Continent

Artist Of The Salt Lake Trail

War Bonnet For A Squaw

The Navy VS The Indians

Arizona's Tragic Hero



MARCH, 1971

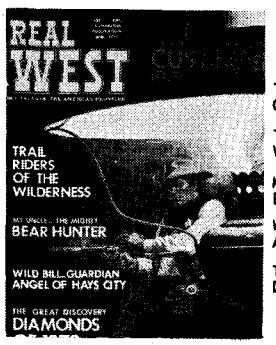
Geronimo's Last Fight

Jim Hayden Merciless Muleskinner

Lost Gold Of The Murdered Miners

Tom Horn Arizona's Mystery Man

McCartheyville Bloodshed City



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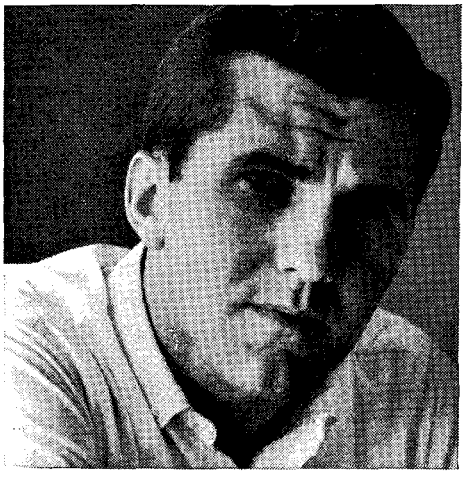

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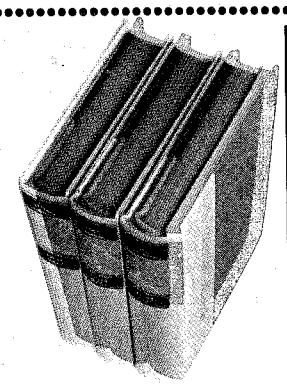

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